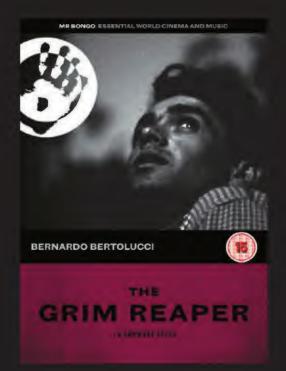


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Bernardo Bertolucci

### The Grim Reaper

(La Commare Secca)

Bertolucci's directorial debut masterpiece La Commare Secca aka The Grim Reaper is based on a book by Pasolini and tells the story of a prostitute who is brutally murdered in a park near the Tiber River in Rome. The police track down people spotted in the park that night in hopes of catching the killer. The story is told in flashbacks as the suspects each give an account of their actions that night.

"Vivid proof of his ability to generate genuine tension in a classic whodunit format"

The New York Times

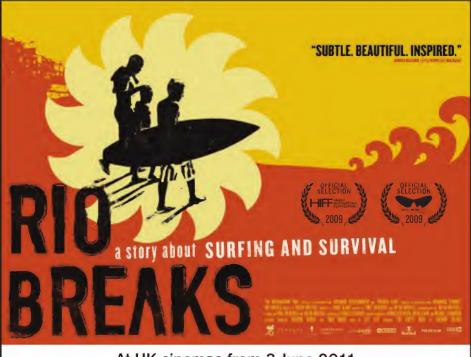


Bertolucci Season at the BFI:

7 - 30 April

**The Grim Reaper:** 10 April - 15:30, 12 April - 20:40, 18 April - 18:00

www.bfi.org.uk



At UK cinemas from 3 June 2011 **UK Premiere** at Empire, Leicester Sq, London.

Justin Mitchell

### **Rio Breaks**

Set against the volatile and dangerous world of the favelas, Rio Breaks tells the story of two surfobsessed friends, 13-year-old Fabio and 12-year-old Naamā. The pair live in Rio de Janeiro's Favela do Pavão, which is controlled by one of the city's most dangerous drug gangs. However, their attention is focused on the waves of Arpoador Beach and on a coming surng event that may help them become professionals and escape the world of gangs.

"Gentle, touching and gorgeously lensed"

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### Mamma Roma



Pier Paolo Pasolini's masterpiece stars Anna Magnani (Rome Open City) as the ery Mamma Roma, a prostitute who attempts to better her life for the sake of her son, Ettore. But her efforts may be too late: Ettore is drawn to life on the street, and falls, ironically, for a younger prostitute.

"A work of shattering beauty"
Time Out

John Cassavetes

### Minnie & Moskowitz



Pioneering director and legendary actor John Cassavetes, wrote, directed and starred in a breakaway from his usual fare, the hilarious romantic-comedy Minnie & Moskowitz.

"Captivatingly witty"
Time Out

Ermanno Olmi

### II Posto (The Job)



Olmi's partially autobiographical II
Posto is a satirical take on the alienation
of office life. Domenico, a boy from
the suburbs, goes for a job with a big
corporation in Milan. Applying with him is
Antonietta, to whom he takes a teenage
fancy. After a gruelling entry process
both he and Antonietta are accepted, and
Domenico begins his life as a corporate
worker.

"Remarkably simple yet complex, ingenuous yet profound"

**New York Times** 

Luis Buñuel

### Susana



Susana aka The Devil and The Flesh is a powerful melodrama in which a beautiful, sultry delinquent girl (Rosita Quintana) escapes from a reform school and finds solace in the home of a well to do family. She uses her feminine wiles to tempt the men around her and turns the orderly lives of the locals into a frenzied chaos.

"Engaging steamy classic"

NYTIMES

Luis Buñuel

### The Brute



The Brute aka El Bruto is a bold, brutal and blistering melodrama starring two of Mexico's finest actors, and is the highlight of Buñuel's Mexican period.

"Voluptuous"

**New York Times** 

"Powerful...magnetic... unforgettable"

Time Out

## Sight& Sound

### May 2011

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#### COVER

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Next issue on sale 3 May

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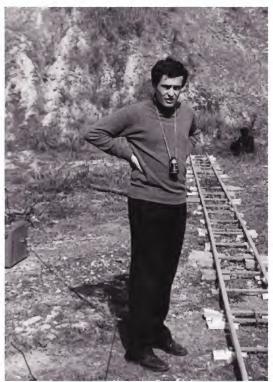
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Welcome. The western may no longer be the dominant genre it once was, but its shadow still looms as large as a Monument Valley butte. This month Kelly Reichardt illuminates the unsung experience of pioneer women in *Meek's Cutoff*(far left and p.38), while in *The Clock* (p.30) the very different work of artist Christian Marclay uses western imagery as seconds tick away towards the showdown at noon. We look back at the early days of Bernardo Bertolucci (p.26), when even he had a hand in Once upon a Time in the West, and forward to the 3D experiments of another giant of European cinema, Wim Wenders (p.20). Moving east, we celebrate the latest product of Russia's arthouse revival, How I Ended This Summer (p.32). And as our own clock counts down to next year's 'greatest film of all time' poll, we peer over the edge into the bottomless depths of one contender, Vertigo (p.44). Hold on tight. ❖ Nick James

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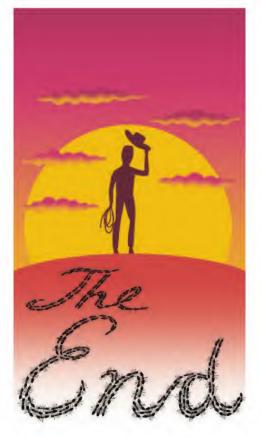
### FROM THE DIRECTOR OF THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE WEIRD FEATURING THE STAR OF **OLDBOY**



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### **FAREWELL** THE ANT WRANGLER





An argument has flared and sputtered for a few years now at Sight & Sound about the usefulness of our continuing to print comprehensive credits for every UK film release. These credits were once a badge of honour for

the magazine - we even used to say they were what marketeers like to call a Unique Selling Point. Yet the credits have also represented a dilemma for us, taking up an ever larger amount of space as the number of films released in the UK grew and grew. More than 40 films are now being released each month (in the late 1990s it was around 25). Nonetheless, we were happy to stick with full credits as long as we were the only dedicated source for them. But during the past few years, film credits data has been made widely available for free to all web users through such sites as the IMDb

Lately, then, publishing the full credits has felt like an indulgent use of magazine space that might better be dedicated to publishing more articles about wider subject-matter. We still remained reluctant to break with a long tradition by reducing them, but circumstances have now forced our hand. For reasons that I explain in full below, from next month onwards we will be publishing a more limited credits list based on the creative heads of departments among the crew, and the headline cast of actors playing named parts (no more first or second policemen).

Since the 1990s this information has been gathered, collated and input by the BFI's Filmographic Unit (a branch of the BFI's library services), by recourse either to the actual credits viewable on a copy of the film, or to a printed credits roll provided by the film's distributor. Other pieces of information, such as exact length and certification, have been gathered with the help of the BBFC (and we will be continuing to provide those elements in the new credits lists). The credits were collected for a dual purpose, to be input into the BFI's database and for publication in the magazine each month. We published them as part of the magazine's function as a journal of record for future researchers, but it was always a nice by-product that we were - however briefly - acknowledging the work of the thousands of unsung individuals who contribute towards the making of a feature film. In the information age that we live in, however, these credits are now more easily accessed elsewhere.

This undeniable circumstance was reflected in the BFI's response to the UK government's decision to cut its grant-in-aid by 15 per cent. The Filmographic Unit has had to reprioritise its work and suffer staff cuts. When they asked us how we could best manage a reduction in their services, it was obvious that reducing the credits list was the only answer. It may be hard to imagine that it is someone's job - nearly every day - to gather such film data and enter it painstakingly into a database. I'd like to give credit here to all the Sisyphean heroes who've worked with our credits researchers Julian Grainger, Patrick Fahy and Kevin Lyons, and to those who will go on providing our slimmeddown credits. A new, improved BFI database is part of the forthcoming offering of the BFI's online services. There you will in future find fuller credits for all British films released - but not, alas, for films from abroad.

So it feels like a moment for permitted nostalgia. Among our favourite credits have been 'Ant 

### Our favourite credits have been 'Ant Wrangler', and the recent credit on Herzog's Cave of Forgotten Dreams - 'Executive **Producer for Creative Differences'**

Wrangler' (no fewer than three of them on Darren Aronofsky's Pi), 'Rough In-betweener' and the recent credit on Werner Herzog's Cave of Forgotten Dreams - 'Executive Producer for Creative Differences'. There's been at least one 'Monkey Fabricator', but perhaps the greatest seeming absurdities come from credits of unimaginable length, such as 'Sweden 2nd Unit Skidoo Chase Aerial Shots Helicopter Focus Puller' (which, Mr Fahy informs me, didn't make it into the magazine). Right now, I feel for that focus puller.

The full credits listings – like all the various elements of the S&S review pages - owe their origin, of course, to our sister publication Monthly Film Bulletin, absorbed when S&S became a monthly 'glossy' in 1991. Throughout the history of these two publications, the amount of credits published has waxed and waned, reaching a peak under my editorship in the late 1990s. Several small trims have occurred since then. The logic and good sense of this new reduction is, I believe, unassailable, but the sentimentalist in me can't help grieving a little. At the same time, I'm looking forward to the extra pages we will have to devote to film coverage.

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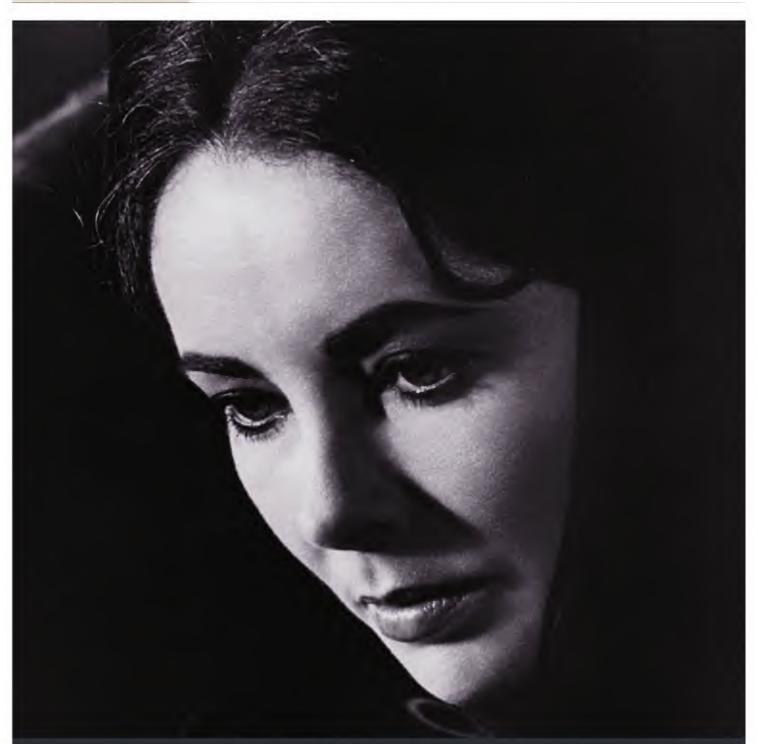








### THE BIGGER PICTURE



Elizabeth Taylor 1932-2011 "That girl has true glamour,"
Richard Burton once remarked
of Elizabeth Taylor. "If I retired
tomorrow, I'd be forgotten in
five years, but she would go on
forever." Taylor, who died as this
issue was going to press, first
enraptured the public back in
the days when Hollywood could
still claim to have 'more stars
than there are in heaven.' But

unlike so many of those, her stardom never waned, despite the little film work she did in the last two decades of her life.

Her life story hardly needs recounting: born in England to American parents; child stardom with 'National Velvet'; the first of her eight marriages in 1950; critical acclaim with such films as 'A Place in the Sun', 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof; 'Giant' and Joseph Losey's 'Secret Ceremony' (above); a \$1 million pay day for 'Cleopatra'; her great love affair, two marriages and many films with Burton; more marriages, more diamonds... In later years she suffered ill-health and acted seldom, though she used her undimmed celebrity to campaign for Aids research.

### **REDISCOVERY**

### Little Britain

John Samson's documentaries cast the same gentle eye on trainspotters and fetishists, says **Joseph Bevan** 

John Samson once told *Atomage*, the magazine that inspired his 1977 bondage documentary *Dressing for Pleasure*, that his aim was to bring "the ordinary to the extraordinary". The documentaries Samson made in the late 1970s and early 80s go some way to achieving this goal, though not in any grandiose sense – they're notable as warm, loose, even superficially slight affairs, made cheaply on film school equipment or with wrangled funding,

Samson found his subjects in down-to-earth ways: via small ads in magazines, cold-calling sex shops, meeting railway-preservation enthusiasts in pubs – or contacting Britannia Air on the off chance they might wish to invest in a film on the restoration of a steam engine named Britannia. The films are curiosities – in the best possible sense of the word – showing a gone but familiar Britain of shabby front rooms, care homes and smoke-wreathed pubs.

Samson was born in 1946 to working-class parents in Kilmarnock, Scotland. He worked at the docks on the Clyde and later as a social worker. He went to the National Film School in Beaconsfield, joining a documentary course run by Colin Young, and there met his friend and collaborator Mike Wallington. That period produced two films, Tattoo (1975) and Dressing for Pleasure. The latter, which looked at bondage fetishism and its adoption as an aesthetic by the early punks, features unforced, informal interviews with a genteel underground of bondage specialists and rubber-mackintosh enthusiasts – as well as punk icon Jordan, working behind the counter of Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood's King's Road shop Sex.

On leaving film school, Samson went on to make Britannia: The Last of the First (1978), about the eponymous steam engine; Arrows (1979), about darts player Eric Bristow; and The Skin Horse (1983), which records a dating night for the disabled. These films were funded in diverse ways, whether via the creative pursuit of corporate sponsorship (as on Britannia) or via patronage by Central Television and Channel 4 (The Skin Horse). There were also contributions from the Eady Levy, which until 1985 redirected a small percentage of the cost of a UK cinema ticket into the production of British short films.



### 'Dressing for Pleasure' features unforced, informal interviews with bondage specialists and punk icon Jordan

Though *The Skin Horse* won a Bafta, Samson's films were largely ignored by an industry into which they and their director could never easily fit. Following Samson's death in 2004, they remained all but forgotten until their recent revival thanks to the efforts of his son Robin and his widow, the artist Linda Samson, who organised a retrospective that played at the 2009 London International Documentary Film Festival.

Samson meant to show outsiders as normal people; he understood and utilised the hazy, affectionate comedy that occurs when non-professional people take part in making a film. These self-deflating, egalitarian documentaries are attempts to show his subjects in the act of making the piece with him. Samson used natural charm and a barrage of genial, offscreen conversation to relax his subjects. He always edited each film around a single controlling cinematic idea, often cribbed from American cinema: the darts player as gunslinger, the steam train as a phoenix rising from the flames.

One almost invisible tactic is deployed beautifully in *Arrows*: through editing, lighting and framing, Samson manages to transform the non-acting denizens of a crowded working-men's club into a choreographed ensemble of character actors and extras, seemingly without their knowledge. The rough alchemy of this passage of film is a triumph of the romantic notion that real life can be beautiful cinema – and of Samson's belief that working people are somehow innately and

unselfconsciously creative. It is as if some grace had entered and unlocked the unattended fiction in the room.

These films are notable for the warmth they find at the margins of things; their fundamental decency has not aged. Samson's exploration of what would soon become known as 'subcultures' predated both their tabloid notoriety and the plundering of their aesthetics by a vigilant mainstream. Any rediscovery of these films would really be the rediscovery of the people who populate them — with whom these films represent expressions of a sometimes amused but always genuine solidarity.

Samson never ridicules; instead he manages a half smile, a mild glee, as Eric Bristow downs the pints and chain-smokes fags as if these were his true sports and the darts a mere sideline – or as a simple cut reveals a middle-aged, middle-class, bespectacled talking-head interviewee to be wearing a full, shiny suit of leather. There's a goodnatured sweetness to Samson's work that by its very nature can never truly be fashionable – a genuine interest in the world that's engaged rather than voyeuristic or parasitic. This is the same distinction Samson makes between the fetishists and the punks, about whom he was ambivalent. As one of Dressing for Pleasure's rubberclad subjects explains: "It's the difference between being interested and just being attracted, I suppose."

■ 'Dressing for Pleasure – The Films of John Samson' is available now on DVD from Screen Edge

### IN PRODUCTION

- Yorgos Lanthimos the Greek director of 'Dogtooth', which surprised just about everybody when it was nominated for a **Best Foreign Language Film** Oscar this year - is following that success with a film entitled 'Alps', to star 'Dogtooth' actress Aggeliki Papoulia. Lanthimos has described the film as being "darker and funnier" than 'Dogtooth', and "mainly about death and substitution. If you can substitute people that have died with other people and how difficult that can be." Peter Strickland is definitely
- following his Romania-shot feature 'Katalin Varga' with a project a little closer to home, as first reported last year.

  Shooting began in March on 'Berberian Sound Studio', a story set in a sleazy post-production studio in Italy that specialises in cheap 'giallo' horror-shockers. Toby Jones plays a British sound engineer who finds life horribly starting to lmitate art.
- David O. Russell, riding high after his comeback from Hollywood-pariah status with 'The Fighter', is reportedly eyeing up an opportunity to direct a biopic of Russ Meyer, the colourful director of 'Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!' and other such exploitation flicks starring busty women.
- Dave McKean, the British illustrator, graphic designer, musician and filmmaker perhaps best known for his collaborations with writer Neil Gaiman, is in post-production on 'Luna', the follow-up to his 2004 feature debut 'Mirrormask'. It's a fantasy story about a couple who visit a friend in his isolated seaside house after losing their baby, and see the life of the dead child lived out in a series of dreams.
   Brian De Palma, below, has
- Brian De Palma, below, has announced that he is working on 'Passion', a remake of Alain Corneau's 'Love Crime', which starred Kristin Scott Thomas and Ludivine Sagnier as feuding corporate executives, one of whom is driven to murder the other. The film will be De Palma's first since 2007's 'Redacted'. He says of the project: "Not since 'Dressed to Kill' have I had a chance to combine eroticism, suspense, mystery



### Object lessons

Artists' film meets the sitcom in Nathaniel Mellors's 'Ourhouse'. By **Isabel Stevens** 

The films of British contemporary artist Nathaniel Mellors often have a sci-fi feel to them, concerned as they are with characters trapped in strange places – the man imprisoned in a tape recorder in his 2007 film The Time Surgeon, the medieval explorers lost in a giant's intestines in 2009's Giantbum. The scenario for his latest venture, Ourhouse, may sound familiar: a grand house; an uppermiddle class family; a strange, unexplained visitor; ensuing havoc... But Pasolini's 1968 Theorem was only a starting-point for Mellors's six-part serial – three episodes of which are currently on show at London's ICA. Imagine a sitcom written using the 'exquisite corpse' game – the players being David Lynch, Samuel Beckett, Larry Cohen and Monty Python – and you get some sense of what it's like.

When it comes to television, most contemporary artists prefer to interrogate the medium from a distance rather than actually produce work for it. Mellors, though, admits to becoming frustrated with the hermetic nature of art installation. Part of the appeal of *Ourhouse*, he explains, was to use the half-hour



Omnivorous: Brian Catling as 'The Object' in Nathaniel Mellors's 'Ourhouse'

episodic format and the perennial subject of the sitcom – the dysfunctional family – as a means to explore more theoretical concerns.

When he was writing the script, it was the concept of the mysterious stranger – listed in the credits as 'The Object' – that came first. "I liked the idea of a human figure appearing inside a house that the resident family do not 'read' as being human," he explains. "Then I had the idea that the Object was controlling the environment through language – through the ingestion, digestion and regurgitation of books. The books it

eats affect the story. The family are forced to play out and deal with scenarios that are the product of half-digested texts."

As the Object removes their powers of communication, the confusion experienced by the family is also acutely felt by the audience – the film itself slips between different genres: horror, sci-fi and satire, as well as the sitcom. Mellors deliberately withholds any explanation of the Object. "Initially I thought of it as a humanoid version of the monolith in 2001," he says. "This figure revolutionises its environment,

apparently just through its presence. Brian Catling, who plays the role, is a performance artist with an extraordinary ability to control the atmosphere in a room. With minimal physical movement, he can psych a place out."

Balancing the absurdity of Ourhouse, though, are the highly naturalistic performances. "The main character of Charles 'Daddy' Maddox-Wilson was the most difficult role to cast," Mellors admits. "He's selfish and foul, but also entertaining. When I was writing, I was thinking: What would Withnail be like in his 60s if he had won the lottery?' Fortunately Richard Bremmer made him into someone you would want to spend time with." Certainly the scenes with Bremmer are the most humorous. Mellors, though, insists he is less interested in belly laughs than in "the point where comedy becomes unfunny, grotesque and disturbing".

Most intriguingly, forthcoming episodes of *Ourhouse* promise to contain a climax and a resolution — conventions not normally found in artists' film and video. What Mellors needs now is more funding — and ideally a slot on the box.

■ 'Ourhouse' and an accompanying programme of films and talks is at the ICA, London until 15 May

### THE NUMBERS

### Snob stories

Charles Gant wonders why UK audiences don't like to watch the modern moneyed class on film – and how 'Archipelago' bucked the trend

It's long been a puzzle for distributors and exhibitors that the UK arthouse audience will happily watch British films about the moneyed class if they're set in the past (Alonement) or if they're comedies (Tamara Drewe), and will embrace contemporary dramas featuring affluent characters—as long as they speak French. But will they watch the contemporary British rich? Not so much.

Take the film career of Julian Fellowes: he made his name as a scriptwriter with *Gosford Park* and *Vanity Fair*, but when he followed up with contemporary upper-middle-class crime drama *Separate Lies*, the

film tanked at the box office. Martha Fiennes's *Chromophobia* took two years to reach UK cinema screens after its Cannes 2005 premiere — and evaporated on contact with the market. As for Dan Wilde's *Alpha Male*, there was nothing alpha about its revenue returns.

All of which makes the relative success of Joanna Hogg's Archipelago a challenging arthouse film that has not been universally loved by audiences - all the more exceptional. While her earlier Unrelated was considered a pleasant commercial surprise with box office of £102,000, the follow-up has grossed £215,000 in 17 days, looking set for a lifetime of at least £300,000. Not that it's all been plain sailing for its distributor Artificial Eye, as sales boss Ben Luxford says: "I was amazed with a lot of the obstacles we faced from regional arthouses who would book an Andrea Arnold or a Ken Loach

film at the drop of a hat. When it's *Archipelago*, they weren't so keen." The problem was, he adds, that "they didn't think anyone would want to spend time with these characters."

The film's March release was crucial to its success. "We had to let the awards season simmer down," explains Luxford. "We could not take the risk of having this film ripped apart in January or February. It could have been Blue Valentine [£635,00], but on the flipside it could have been Rabbit Hole [£122,000]." Conveniently, the astonishing success of The King's Speech provided a fantastic trailer platform for Archipelago, especially in the key Curzon Artificial Eye cinemas, where the distributor could ensure exposure for Hogg's film at every single screening.

Unsurprisingly, early returns saw a significant London skew, with a 70/30 per cent revenue split favouring the capital, and particularly strong

### Contemporary affluent British dramas at UK box office

Film	Year	Gross
Match Point	2006	£2,468,373
Archipelago	2011	£215,147*
Unrelated	2008	£101,899
Separate Lies	2005	£50,369
Alpha Male	2006	£21,139
Chromophobia	2007	£9,031
* Gross after 17 days		

showings in affluent areas such as Mayfair, Bloomsbury, Richmond and Greenwich.

"We knew we had a challenge to get the audience that will watch those [upscale] French films to come and see it in English," Luxford concludes. "And I'm pleased we have succeeded. I think it was the date, the reviews—and Joanna. She's an incredibly original, unique voice in British cinema."

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### **REVIVAL**

### Getting the picture

'The Last Picture Show', now 40 years old, stood on the cusp of Old and New Hollywood, as director Peter Bogdanovich explains to **James Bell** 

Released in 1971 amidst the dopefuelled rush of the New Hollywood, Peter Bogdanovich's second feature The Last Picture Show was in many ways an out-of-time anomaly. With its black-and-white photography, gentle pace, period setting and formal classicism, it was closer to the work of critic and film historian Bogdanovich's mentors John Ford and Howard Hawks than it was to that of his New Wave-inspired peers at the BBS production company. But it was immediately embraced as a modern classic – *Newsweek* wrote that it was "the most important work by a young American director since Citizen Kane – propelling Bogdanovich at a stroke into the front rank of US filmmakers.

Adapted from a novel by Larry McMurtry, the film takes place in a small Texas town over the course of a year (from October 1951 to October 1952), following the relationships and entanglements of its inhabitants, both school kids on the cusp of graduation – played by then newcomers Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Randy Quaid and Timothy Bottoms – and their elders, played by Ellen Burstyn, Ben Johnson and Eileen Brennan.

The film is an elegy at once for a period in history, for a time in one's life, for small-town America – and for the kind of studio-produced cinema that Bogdanovich loved, but that was ironically being supplanted by the energies of his peers.

James Bell: 'The Last Picture Show' was made for Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider's legendary BBS, who were the vanguard of the New Hollywood at the start of the 1970s. Did you feel part of that movement?

Peter Bogdanovich: You're never fully aware you're part of something when you're in the middle of it, but I did dimly recognise that we were moving into a new era. What happened was that Henry Jaglom was friendly with Bert Schneider and Bob Rafelson, because he'd helped them edit Easy Rider. Henry saw [Bogdanovich's 1967 debut] Targets, and brought it to the attention of Bert and Bob. They liked it very much, and said to me that if there was anything I wanted to make, I should bring it to them.

Later on I was told that Bob and Bert had a bit of a disagreement about doing the picture with me after they had dinner with me and my wife at



Instant star: Bogdanovich, centre, cast Shepherd, left, after seeing her in a magazine

the time, Polly Platt, because we were not into grass or cocaine or anything. Bert said to Bob, "They're so square. Are you sure we should do the picture?" Bob said, "Look, we've got enough crazies around. We should do it." They encouraged me to add bad language and all of that, and I somewhat reluctantly embraced that — if I was going to do this story about teenage lust and love, we'd better tell it honestly. Most of the sex in the picture is really funny rather than erotic — as teenage love often is.

JB: In other respects the film is very classical looking back to an older.

classical, looking back to an older
American style of filmmaking – in
contrast to other BBS films, which
borrowed from the European New Wave.

PB: I grew up with the classic American cinema. I didn't like all that jiggling camera, jump cuts, zoom lenses – I felt it took the audience out of the picture. But it wasn't a crusade of any kind. One of the things that makes *Picture Show* intriguing is the tension between the material and

I saw Jeff Bridges recently and he said, 'It sort of stands by itself. There's not a picture like it' the execution. The material is very frank and candid, unlike the classic American cinema, which was more oblique. Certainly the [Production] Code would have prevented the kind of stuff we were doing.

JB: For all its 1950s setting, much of the film plays like a western. Did that arise naturally because you were a fan of westerns yourself?

PB: I guess it must have had some western reverberations with me, but I wasn't thinking of it that way. I did think of it in the sense of what the West had become, and what had gone – so at the end I used the clip from Red River, where there's adventure, a frontier to be broken. All that was over and passed, and they're living in this end-of-nowhere place.

JB: Other cinephile directors – Scorsese, for instance – very openly borrow particular shots from their influences. Is this something you did on 'The Last Picture Show'?

**PB:** Not really. But I learned the technique and craft of making movies from watching classic American cinema. Hitchcock once said to me: "Never use an establishing shot to establish." Why? "Because it has no dramatic meaning. Only use it when it has dramatic meaning in the story."

I took that advice on *Picture Show*—for example in Sam's funeral scene.
It's all played in very close shots—until the last shot, when Ellen

Burstyn's character walks away, and we drop back and show what would normally be an establishing shot, with the great open sky above them. It has much more power at that point because you're invested emotionally.

JB: Apparently Bert Schneider was alarmed when he saw you hadn't shot establishing shots, and were cutting 'in camera'?

**PB:** Well, from watching the masters [at work], I saw that they only shot what they needed – they didn't shoot additional scenes and coverage and so on. I once watched Ford put his hand over the lens and say, "That's enough of that."

JB: You discovered Cybill Shepherd after seeing her photo on the cover of a magazine. What convinced you she would work on screen?

**PB:** It was a look on her face. She was wearing this shirt which had little 'I love yous' written all over it, but the look on the face belied the sentiment on the shirt – it was more 'well, maybe I'd love you.'

Then when I met her, I remember a gesture she did. We were in a hotel room and she was sitting on the floor, and there was a breakfast tray on the coffee table next to where she was sitting. There was a little vase with a single rose in it, and as we were talking she started flicking the rose around with her finger, very casually. I thought: "That's the way she treats guys." That gesture, small as it was, convinced me that she had this kind of offhand delivery that would work with the picture.

JB: Do you think 'The Last Picture Show' has had a lasting influence?

PB: I don't know. I saw Jeff Bridges recently and we talked about *Picture Show*, and Jeff said, "It's funny, it sort of stands by itself. There's not a picture like it." The actors, of course, all became well known. I remember seeing Emir Kusturica's *Do You Remember Dolly Bell?* at the Venice Film Festival in 1981, when I was on the jury. I thought it looked familiar to me, and I then found out that he'd been very influenced by *Picture Show*. We gave him an award!

JB: Has it ever felt like a millstone?
PB: No, I'm very proud of it. It's the film of mine that people return to.
Orson Welles and I were talking about Greta Garbo one time, and he was raving about her transcendent quality, and me being pedantic said, "Yes, but isn't it too bad that there are only two great films?" — thinking of Ninotchka and Camille. He looked at me for a minute and said, "Peter, you only need one." I have my one.

■ The restored version of 'The Last Picture Show' is out on 15 April

### **LOST & FOUND**

### Brothers in blood

A few years before Tarantino, writer-director Eric Red was playing bloodstained genres games in his 1988 debut 'Cohen and Tate'. But where is he now, asks John Wrathall

Serial killers work alone, but hitmen come in pairs. Or at least they do in the movies. Pulp Fiction's Vincent and Jules are probably the most famous example of a tradition that stretches back to Hemingway's 1927 short story 'The Killers', via the Siodmak and Siegel movies it inspired – or perhaps even to the First and Second Murderers hired by Macbeth to assassinate Banquo (though Shakespeare cheated by having an unexpected Third Murderer turn up to help them on the night). But before Vincent and Jules there were Cohen and Tate; and before Tarantino, there was Eric Red.

In the late 1980s, when I first started reviewing films, US cinema was in a definite creative slump (these were the years when Oliver Stone was fêted as a great white hope). The movie brats of the 1970s had hit midlife crisis, and the Sundance/Miramax generation of the 1990s hadn't quite come of age. We were all waiting for the next big thing to arrive, and for a while I thought Eric Red was it.

In the space of three years, when he was still in his twenties, he wrote three lean, mean movies that reworked and blended genres in exciting and visceral new ways. The Hitcher (directed by Robert Harmon, 1986) may have owed a lot to Duel, with the truck replaced by Rutger Hauer, but it established Red's blend of gallows humour, expertly engineered suspense and flashes of horror, all in a distinctive road-movie world of lonely service stations and truck stops. Better still was the hugely influential Near Dark (1987), cowritten with its director Kathryn Bigelow, which unleashed a family of trailer-trash vampires into the same desolate milieu.

Writers with this distinctive a style and vision usually want to direct, and so it proved with Red. Cohen and Tate (1988) was his first film as director, and its opening sequence shows off his fluency with mixing genres. The setting – an isolated Oklahoma homestead, complete with whirring windmill overhead - is straight out of a western, and there's a definite echo of The Searchers as a child (nineyear-old Travis, played by Harley Cross) runs out of the house, just in time to witness the impending



Stand-off: Cohen (Roy Scheider, at the wheel) negotiates a roadblock in Eric Red's 'Cohen and Tate'

massacre from a distance. But the killers, when they arrive, are heralded by moving POV shots straight out of a horror film.

What Red's in fact setting up here, however, is pure noir: Travis, witness to a mob killing, is under protection by the FBI – but not for long. With a burst of gunfire, Cohen (Roy Scheider) and Tate (Adam Baldwin) arrive to escort the boy to Houston, where their bosses "want to talk to him". The rest of the film, until its brutal dawn finale, plays out during the overnight drive, as the two killers get increasingly on each other's nerves, until Travis eventually drives a wedge between them.

Then 55, Roy Scheider is perfect casting as the hardened pro Cohen, who tells his partner he's been doing this job for 30 years; you just have to look at that Mount Rushmore profile to know what he's been through. But Red also gives Cohen two deft humanising touches: a hearing aid - the only sign that he's slowing up – and an envelope, pre-addressed to "Pamela Cohen", which he fleetingly unfolds, fills with cash and mails when it's clear the job is going bad. (If only someone had filmed one of

### It plays out during the overnight drive, as the two killers get increasingly on each other's nerves

Richard Stark's Parker novels with Scheider back then, instead of leaving it to Mel Gibson a decade later.)

What Red also gives Scheider, of course, are some killer lines: "In this business," Cohen tells Tate, "they don't give you any social security and you don't get a gold watch. What you do get one day when you're not looking is a brief pain in the back of your head and a quick glimpse of your brains flying out before they scrape you up off the sidewalk." In the showier psychopath role of Tate, meanwhile, Adam Baldwin (Animal Mother in the previous year's Full Metal Jacket) holds his own, with verbal riffs – about what it feels like for bugs to hit windshields, and "why they print this shit they got on matchboxes" that beat Tarantino to the punch.

In 1992 America wasn't ready for Reservoir Dogs, which only took \$2 million on its original big-screen release; four years earlier, it was even less ready for Cohen and Tate, which took a fraction of that. As a result, Red's film went straight to video in Britain – though there was enough of a buzz about it for the Everyman Cinema in Hampstead to resurrect it for a brief run in 1989. And VHS is where it has remained - to my knowledge there has been no DVD release, though the Screen Archives label in the US apparently has one in the works, hopefully complete with the bloody final shootout heavily cut on the film's original release.

Kathryn Bigelow, with whom Red went on to write the worthwhile feminist cop movie Blue Steel (1989), is now an Oscar winner. Tarantino is a brand. Even Adam Baldwin has a cult following for his TV roles in Firefly and Chuck. But what of Eric Red? I kept the faith through his second film as director, Body Parts (1991), a hokey Boileau-Narcejac adaptation featuring an unlikely but chilling turn from British thespian Lindsay Duncan as a sinister surgeon; and through The Last Outlaw (1993), a western he wrote for television, in which the then out-offashion Mickey Rourke effectively blurred the boundary between gunslinger and serial killer.

Since then Red has worked only intermittently, as writer-director of one TV film (Undertow, 1997) and two low-budget horror features (Bad Moon, 1996 and 100 Feet, 2008). I haven't seen any of those, but the fact that Undertow stars Lou Diamond Phillips and Bad Moon Michael Paré gives the impression that Red's talents have been underused. He turned 50 in February. Let's hope there's a late Red flowering still to come - profondo rosso, if you like.

### What the papers said



'Eric Red scripted 'The Hitcher' and co-scripted 'Near Dark'... however this film owes a more direct allegiance to the crime movie than its predecessors,

with specific echoes, in the eponymous partnership between the grizzled veteran and unstable subordinate, of Don Siegel's 'The Lineup' and 'The Killers', while the brevity of running time, compact narrative and minimal exposition summon up the spirit of bygone **B-pictures." Tim Pulleine, 'Monthly** Film Bulletin', June 1989

"Despite tight scripting, occasional violence and some tense scenes, this pic... is too much of a onesituation story to hold interest to the end." 'Variety', 19 October, 1989

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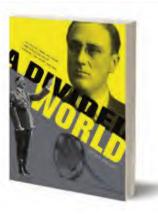
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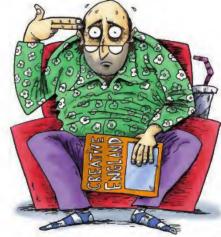
### **MR BUSY**

### Big society, little clue

Here follows a number of current clichés about the film business 1) Film festivals are a massive growth industry: each year there are at least 3,000 around the world and rising. 2) Film festivals are now a crucial part of the modern independent (and especially foreign-language) film business, where the rubber (or, as we might say, individual creativity) hits the road (ie money). 3) Film festivals now constitute an alternative 'distribution network' - a slightly misleading term, since the only alternative is non-distribution. 4) Film festivals are about discovery, revealing to the world films that the existing distribution mechanisms fail to reach.

**5)** The future holds the promise of a vibrant film-festival culture across the regions in the UK. Look upon the provinces, ye Odeons, and despair: a new dawn is coming. Where once there were post offices, there shall now be film festivals - because this point is not so much a current cliché as a (more or less) direct quote from a bouncy new government policy document entitled 'Creative England', which lays out the blueprint for the brave new world that will blossom out of the ruins of the UK Film Council. It is a document full of bright new ideas and lots of Big Words in Capital Letters. 'Regions' is one of them, a sexy term for the Provinces and designed, at the same time, to send a message to those other Places (sorry Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland) that they are not invited to the party and will have to wait a little longer for their own bright creative dawns to break.

Oh my Lord. Let's just, for the sake of balance, shade a little reality into some of these clichés. 1) New film festivals are indeed springing up all the time, particularly in North America, which has discovered them big time, but the established ones are under severe financial pressure. This year's London Lesbian & Gay Film Festival was cut from two weeks to six days for what may well be its swansong. The Edinburgh International Film Festival (all right, not England, but the oldest film festival in the UK) is also struggling financially and is betting the farm on a new, situationist-tinged model that may or may not hold the key to the future. All film festivals rely on three revenue sources - ticket sales, public money and sponsorship - in an era when the latter two are shrinking while the number of festivals increases. Figure that one out, Spock.



### There is an underlying assumption that the market will somehow rush in to fill a void that it has so far failed to address

2) All film festivals rely, like seasonal fruit picking in Herefordshire, on a number of poorly paid short-term staff, backed up by a small army of unpaid volunteers. Since long-term employment prospects are bleak, one has to assume the latter are doing it for the sheer pleasure of the job - or, should we say, to give something back to film culture? In which case, the Big Society has been in operation for years. No wonder the coalition gives them such a juicy role to play in the Creative Future of England. 3) Film festivals may be an alternative distribution network for a certain type of film, but one entirely devoid of a business model: apart from the occasional screening fee (sort of like the administration fee my bank charges me for the pleasure of speaking to them), no money is generated for the film's maker. Ticket revenue goes to the festival. This seems to be not so much a new means of distribution as the filmic equivalent of self-publishing. 4) There are not nearly enough good films to go around. I have been to more film festivals than usual in the past six weeks – three in three different countries – and the quality deficit has been striking at all of them. To put it bluntly, if film festivals exist to encourage some of the films I've been watching, I'd rather they didn't.

All this, however, is not to say that there isn't a grain of truth in the government's document. For most film lovers it doesn't matter whether Berlin stops Rotterdam from getting films, or whether Cannes makes sure it gets the pick of the crop, or even whether there are 300 or 3,000 film festivals worldwide; what matters is

what films are available to be seen within walking or driving or bus-route distance. And here, I begin to agree just a little with 'Creative England': it is the excessive top-down structure of the film distribution system that has got us into the present situation - one in which we see what films Warners or Paramount (or Momentum, Artificial Eye or, indeed, Picturehouse) decide we should see, when they decide we should see them and for as long as they decide we should see them. Behind the government's document lies a world melding the infinite potential of the digital realm with an old-school belief in the market, but with the emphasis shifted towards demand rather than supply. Goodbye 'show it and they will come'.

There is also, lurking behind the document, a rather touchingly mid-2oth-century evocation of the world of the film society, vaguely reinvented for the digital era: if the local cinema closes, there's always the village hall. Above all, there is an underlying assumption that the market will somehow rush in to fill a void that it has so far failed to address — or, for that matter, shown any interest whatsoever in filling.

To a degree, of course, any serious film lover is already a mini-festival in his or her own right, putting together retrospectives on DVD or download, or tracking down new films that fail to cross the M25. But festivals as (I think) 'Creative England' understands them are not going to be the saviour of film culture — or only if, like the RSC or ENO on tour, film culture becomes a once-a-year binge. Life may be a cabaret, old chum, but I doubt it's a film festival.

### **EVENTS**

- Kraszna-Krausz Foundation's And/or Book Awards, which gives prizes to the best books on photography and the moving image, are announced on 27 April. John Baxter's 'Von Sternberg', Philip Brookman's 'Eadweard Muybridge', Matthew Solomon's 'Disappearing Tricks: Silent Film, Houdini and the New Magic of the 20th Century' and Richard D. Pepperman's 'Illuminations: Memorable Movie Moments' make up this year's shortlist.
- Cambridge Super 8 Film Festival celebrates all things related to the 8mm film format, with screenings, talks, education events and panel discussions. Squeaky Gate, Cambridge, 28 April to 1 May.
- The British Silent Film Festival this year explores the use of music and sound in the presentation of silent film, with the BFI's Bryony Dixon hosting a debate on the relationship between radio and film. It also looks at cinemagoing in World War I, and boasts screenings of films including Cecil Hepworth's 'Helen of Four Gates', Richard Eichberg's 'Pavement Butterfly' (with Anna May Wong) and Paul Fejos's 'Lonesome'.

  Barbican, London, 7-10 April.
- The Celluloid Curtain –
  Europe's Cold War in Film
  collects together 11 European
  features made either side of
  the so-called 'celluloid curtain'
  during the Cold War, including
  a number of rarely screened
  films that will show alongside
  such classics as 'The Spy Who
  Came In from the Cold'. Riverside
  Studios, London, 6-9 May.
- Patrice Chéreau, the French director of films including 'La Reine Margot' and the London-set Hanif Kureishi adaptation 'Intimacy', is making his debut directing for the English theatre with 'I Am the Wind', which opens at the Young Vic, London, from 26 April.
- East End Film Festival this year opens with a screening of Roger Sargent's access-all-areas doc on The Libertines. There are new features and shorts from British filmmakers, archive selections such as Ken Russell's 1971 film 'The Devils' (pictured below) and the UK premiere of the newly digitally restored version of Scorsese's 'Taxi Driver'. Various

venues across East London, 27 April to 2 May.



### **INTERVIEW**

### Nine shots of Tindersticks

Since 1996 members of UK band Tindersticks have scored films by director Claire Denis, as documented on this month's free CD. They tell James Bell about a unique collaboration

'Immersive' is a word that's often used when describing the films of Claire Denis. It's more than just the narrative that draws you in; instead they impact on you in a sensory way, the flow of sound and image creating an engulfing whole. Since 1996, a vital part of that whole has been the brooding, atmospheric music of the British band Tindersticks, with members of whom Denis has now collaborated on six films.

The collaboration began after Denis heard the band's song 'My Sister', and approached them about working on the soundtrack for her 1996 film *Nénette et Boni*. Though the band's music had often been described as cinematic, they hadn't worked on film scores before. But inspired by Miles Davis's approach to scoring Louis Malle's *Lift to the Scaffold* (1957), they improvised to an early cut of the film, in the process finding a real kinship with Denis's images.

The various members of the band all worked together once again on the score of Denis's 2001 film Trouble Every Day, building musical themes around the eponymous title song, whose lyrics the band's singer Stuart Staples wrote after watching the film. But this marked the last time the full band worked together on a score; by the time Denis was making her next film Vendredi soir (2002), Staples was preoccupied with writing for the band's sixth album Waiting for the Moon, and so violinist Dickon Hinchliffe worked on the score alone - thus embarking on a successful path as a solo composer for films including the Red Riding trilogy and Debra Granik's Winter's Bone.

By now the initial line-up of the band had fractured, and music for Denis's next film *L'Intrus (The Intruder,* 2004) was composed solely by Staples, who then reunited with founding members David Boulter and Neil Fraser to work on 35 rhums (35 Shots of Rum, 2008) and White Material (2009), shot back to back by Denis.

The collaboration has clearly been a rewarding one on both sides. "I've learned so much from working with Claire – the way she works with everybody, from actors to cinematographers to editors," says Staples. "Deep down she's really



sure of herself, and because of that she lets other people have freedom to bring things to her. She's able then to take what she wants from them, and make the whole thing richer, rather than making people work within boxes of her vision."

Hinchliffe takes up the theme: "Claire encouraged us to write in a much broader way, to respond to the themes of the film – the sensual, emotional aspects, the atmospheres. You have to give yourself up to her films, and it's a little like that with our music – you can put it on in the background, but to get something out of it you have to engage and become an active listener."

Band members Stuart Staples, David Boulter and Dickon Hinchliffe talk us through the tracks on the CD 'Claire Denis Film Scores 1996-2009'

'Opening' ('35 rhums')

Stuart Staples: I went to see Claire in Paris and she showed me the opening montage, which she'd put together roughly. My mind jumped back a few weeks to something David had been working on. The piece went perfectly: the perfect tempo, the perfect length... It was something more than coincidence. David Boulter: It was a bit of a happy accident. Myself and Stuart had been working on an album of children's songs, and this was a piece I had written for that.

• 'Train Montage' ('35 rhums')

DB: We wanted something that had this sense of progression, and suggested a train moving. But it's also mournful. I felt the film had

### 'We'd just be playing along to a VHS – we didn't have any fancy equipment. It was crude and naive, but it was interesting'

some connection to *Nénette et Boni* in that it had themes of children growing up and things ending — careers, relationships, people's lives. We used melodicas, which do sound a little like accordions, so that gave it a particularly French feel.

SS: The breath that runs through the film because of the melodicas was something we really liked.

• 'La Passerelle' ('Nénette et Boni')

Dickon Hinchliffe: We used this theme in several different places in the film. It evolved in a very natural way with the band, rather than it being one person's idea. With Nénette et Boni we worked in a very loose way: we'd have something basic like a melody, which we'd play over different parts of the film and see what happened. We'd just be playing along to a VHS – at that time we didn't have any fancy



equipment or anything. It was crude and naive, but it was interesting, because we really got a feel for the film as a group of people.

DB: With Nénette et Boni, Claire had already used a couple of our tracks over rough edits, so the template of sounds and feelings was there.

We didn't see the point of completely wiping that away and starting afresh — we just adapted those ideas so they

weren't straight songs.

• 'Opening' ('White Material')

SS: The African landscape was the starting-point, and it was almost making abstract, non-musical sounds in response to that. The score grew as we found the different sounds for it. One of the most important was the sound of this old harmonium - this sense of something dying came off it. DB: It immediately struck me that, although this is a film set in Africa, the music shouldn't have anything to do with African music. The film is about Europeans who are somewhere where they don't really belong. Even though generations have lived there, in some way they're still the invaders.

The first scene I saw was where the Boxer [Isaach de Bankolé's character] walks through a church and sees all these people lying dead, and it made me think of the first Europeans going into Africa, and how many of them were missionaries. It made me think of using a harmonium. Also, the fact

that it's the end of the Isabelle Huppert character's life in that place, and she's looking back, allowed this dreamlike quality. The music could live and exist in her head, rather than be the soundtrack to the scenery.

'Children's Theme' ('White Material') SS: When she came back from filming, the first thing Claire was thinking about was the children in the film – in particular the child soldiers. We tried to find a certain kind of lyricism and naivety in the music. It was able to stand up as a moment of release within the film. DB: Playing an electric guitar over this African scene was another way to get that feeling of European invasion, and giving the sound of the menace of what was happening on screen. There's a strong development in the music throughout the film, which made the editing very important – the score had to be allowed to grow through the film to reach this kind of end, and then come back round on itself.

### • 'The Black Mountain' ('L'Intrus'/'The Intruder')

SS: It was a strange time for the band, and a tense time personally: the band – in its previous form – was coming to an end; I decided to give up smoking; and on top of that I got faced with working on The Intruder alone. It's one of Claire's more abstract films. We'd just made an album [Waiting for the Moon], which was very layered and considered and arranged, and The Intruder was a reaction against that.

I didn't feel any melody in the film, or from Michel [Subor]'s character. In the discussions I had with Claire, we both recoiled from the idea of melody. Starting from that point, the music became a real challenge. This track is probably the only melody in the film; it comes over the penultimate scene, a two-minute shot of a landscape.

### 'Trouble Every Day' ('Trouble Every Day')

DH: Originally this was an instrumental piece of music we'd written for our album *Curtains* (1997). It was a track that we liked but didn't really know what to do with. We worked on it in two ways: Stuart wrote lyrics and we worked it into a song, and also I took it apart and used it to work up different themes for the score, so that it would work as a thread, a backbone through the film.

Claire said to us that the film was about when a kiss becomes a bite. She would say something like that about each film, which would really stick in your mind and help with the music. It's quite an abstract comment to take on, but I found



'Nénette et Boni' (1996)





'Vendredi soir' (2002)



'L'Intrus' ('The Intruder', 2004)



'35 rhums' ('35 Shots of Rum', 2008)



'White Material' (2009)

it to be amazing direction musically – it told me all I needed to know.

### • 'Le Rallye' ('Vendredi Soir')

**DH:** One of the first things Claire said to me was that she wanted the music to feel like it was floating in the air, drifting on to the streets at night through people's car windows and from cafés and restaurants to create this strange, slightly magical, eerie world. It was to say that a night like this only happens once a generation. I responded to that by using a lot of high strings and celeste and piano.

I wrote this track without any specific scene in mind. Ironically, given what I've just said, this probably has more rhythm than any other piece in the film. Claire used it at a point in the film where things start to shift in the relationship between the two main characters. I

wanted the track to suggest that sense of progression, and also the sensuality – things are still quite fragile, and you're not sure where they're going, so it has that suspended feel.

### • 'Rhumba' ('Nénette et Boni')

DB: With Nénette et Boni, Claire said she didn't really know what the film was about, but the two things she felt strongly about were bread and water. I think it had some connection with filming next to the sea in Marseille – and with a woman having a child, because while the child is in the womb it's surrounded by water. There are always a lot of different things you could take from what she says. It can be vague, and you have to make up your own mind. But that freedom is one of the great things about working with herbeing able to express yourself, as

well as hopefully complementing her expression.

■ The Tindersticks CD 'Claire Denis Film Scores 1996-2009' is free with UK issues of this month's Sight & Sound. Non-UK readers can listen to the tracks at: http://cstrecords.com/cst077/ This CD is a sampler for a five-CD boxset – featuring all six complete Denis scores by members of Tindersticks, four of them previously unreleased – out on Constellation Records on 25 April. Band members are in conversation with Claire Denis at BFI Southbank, London on 27 April, followed by a screening of 'Nénette et Boni'. Tindersticks perform the scores at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London on 26 April, and in Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Basingstoke, Coventry, York, Northampton, Brighton and Gateshead in October

### Reader offers

### COMPETITIONS

### STANLEY KUBRICK: Two copies of book on 'Napoleon' to be won

A new book from TASCHEN pays tribute to Stanley Kubrick's unmade film Napoleon. Slated for production after 2001: A Space Odyssey, the film was to have been a sweeping historical epic, for which the director embarked on two years of intensive research. Alison Castle's mammoth study,

Napoleon: The Greatest Movie Never Made, makes Kubrick's valiant work on Napoleon available for the first time in an unlimited edition, including correspondence, location scouting photographs, research material, script drafts and much more.

We have two copies to give away.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. As part of his research, Kubrick conducted interviews with which Napoleon expert? (clue on taschen.com)

- a. Frank McLyn
- b. Felix Markham
- c. Philip Dwyer



### LUIS BUNUEL: DVDs of 'Susana' and 'The Brute

Mr Bongo films proudly presents on DVD two key films from Luis Buñuel's Mexican period of filmmaking, Susana (1951) and The Brute (1953). In the former, Susana escapes from a reformatory for delinquent girls, subsequently finding shelter in the home of a contented family, where she gradually uses her powers of seduction to undermine the stability of the household. In the latter, a brutal landlord hires a labourer to evict unwanted tenants, but things get complicated when he falls for the landlord's wife. We have five pairs to give away.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

Q. The lead actor in 'The Brute', Pedro Armendáriz, starred in which James Bond film?

a. Goldfinger

b. Dr No

c. From Russia with Love





### ANDREITARKOVSKY:

Two collections to be won



Andrei Tarkovsky's catalogue of seven feature films brought him acclaim internationally and in his homeland - and marked him as one of the most famous Soviet filmmakers of all time. All seven of his feature films are now brought together in one deluxe box-set by Artificial Eye. It includes his feature debut, Ivan's Childhood (1962), along with Andrei Rublev (1966), Solaris (1972), The Mirror (1975), Stalker (1979, above),

Nostalaia (1983) and his final film, *The Sacrifice* (1986), which completes the set. We have two collections to give away. To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

### Q. Which one of these Tarkovsky films was shot in Sweden?

- a. Nostalgia
- b. The Sacrifice
- c. The Mirror

### FILM MOMENTS: Five books to be won

BFI Palgrave's Film Moments is a book of essays examining key moments in a wide spectrum of memorable films. Film critics and academics give their analyses of specific scenes from movies such as The Band Wagon, Life Is Beautiful, Siegfried, Rear Window, Bonnie and Clyde,

The Searchers and La Bête humaine, to name just a few of the 38 films discussed. Film Moments provides both an enlightening introduction for students and a dynamic account of key film sequences for anyone interested in enhancing their understanding of cinema moments.

To be in with a chance of winning, please answer the following question:

### Q. In 'Rear Window' what is the profession of James Stewart's character?

- a. Journalist
- b. Detective
- c. Photographer



### **HOW TO ENTER**

- Email your answer, name and address, putting either 'Napoleon Book', 'Luis Buñuel DVDs', 'Andrei Tarkovsky Collection' or 'Film Moments book' in the subject heading to s&scompetition@bfi.org.uk.
- Or send a postcard with your answer to either 'Napoleon Book competition', 'Luis Buñuel DVDs competition', 'Andrei Tarkovsky Collection competition' or 'Film Moments book competition'; Sight & Sound, BFI, 21 Stephen Street, London WIT ILN

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Wim Wenders's new film 'Pina' marks not just the culmination of a 20-year quest to film the work of choreographer Pina Bausch, but also a bold leap into the world of 3D. He talks to **Nick James**, while overleaf **Nick Roddick** examines the director's life in documentary

# **MOTION PICTURES**



FARAWAY, SO CLOSE Pina Bausch, above, died in 2009, days before Wim Wenders, top right, started shooting her work – including the dance piece 'Vollmond', left – for his film 'Pina'

t would be hard to find a more central figure in modern European cinema than Wim Wenders. A key director of the New German Cinema of the 1970s, he has been making films all over the world for 44 years, and is nowadays the president of the European Film Academy. Yet of late his critical reputation has reached its lowest point. Even though his most recent dramatic feature Palermo Shooting (2008) was in competition in Cannes, it was very poorly received by critics (myself included). Apart from a brief flurry of excitement surrounding his 1998 documentary Buena Vista Social Club, he has generally come to be regarded – at least among UK and US critics – as a once-important director who has lost his way.

That reputation does not, however, dim one's memories of the period when he was, at the very least, an important—and very fashionable—creator of road movies and other films that seemed to capture the zeitgeist, especially for rock-music fans whose taste extended, like his, from The Kinks and Ry Cooder to Elvis Costello and U2. His run of features that includes *The Goalkeeper's Fear of the Penalty* (1971), *Alice in the Cities* (1974), *Kings of the Road* (1976), *The American Friend* (1978), *The State of Things* (1982), *Hammett* (1982), *Paris, Texas* (1984) and *Wings of Desire* (1987) provides a vivid catalogue of the junkyard of cultural fascinations in those years, especially the shared European notion

- stated in *Kings of the Road* - that the Americans had "colonised our unconscious".

By 1990 Wenders was so successful that it was already fashionable to knock him. In a thendefinitive documentary about him, Paul Joyce's Motion and Emotion: The Films of Wim Wenders, the German critic Kraft Wetzel nailed the director's tendency to marvel at whatever he didn't understand, saying that Wenders's attitudes could be summed up as follows: "Aren't women mysterious? Aren't children wonderful in their innocent wisdom? Let's put on another record." Amusing though that quotation is, it demonstrates the suspicion that's often aroused by any filmmaker who shows too great an enthusiasm for the work of others - and Wenders's career can be seen as a series of tributes to figures he admires (see p.24) as much as a pursuit of his own aesthetic.

That boyish aura of the fan who can't quite believe the tremendous things he's experiencing persists in Wenders today, at the age of 65 — and it has now led him to make what is, for me, a thrilling 3D movie: *Pina*. Initially conceived as a collaboration with the German dancer-choreographer Pina Bausch, it became instead his tribute to her following her untimely death in 2009.

A member of the same generation as Wenders – and as much an international cultural superstar as he is – Bausch studied dance in Essen in the early 1960s under the tutelage of Kurt Jooss, a veteran of the Weimar Republic's expressionist school of

### Wim Wenders Pina

dance. After stints studying and performing in the US, she went on to join Jooss's Folkwang Ballet Company. Eventually she became a choreographer herself, succeeding Jooss as the artistic director of the Folkwangschule. But it was after Bausch transferred her skills to the Wuppertal Opera Ballet (later renamed the Tanztheater) in 1972 that she began to make an international impact, especially with her two early signature pieces, "The Rite of Spring' (1975) and 'Café Müller' (1978).

'The Rite of Spring', set to Stravinsky's still startlingly modernist ballet score of 1913, consists of two explosive yet impressively synchronised tribal groups – the men stripped to the waist, the women wearing shifts – stomping a sacrificial ritual into brown earth. 'Café Müller', set to parts of Purcell's opera Dido and Aeneas, has female dancers with their eyes closed tottering their way through a café scene while male dancers do their best to remove impeding tables and chairs before collisions occur. I've seen these pieces performed at Sadler's Wells and, while I'm no ballet aficionado, I can testify to their remarkable power – and appreciate how strong the temptation would be to capture these events on film. But this was a lure that Wenders resisted for some time, as he testifies below.

Long before she finally persuaded Wenders to document her best pieces, however, Bausch herself had strong connections to the cinema in her own right. Excerpts of her performance at the Nancy World Theatre Festival feature in Werner Schroeter's characteristically eloquent documentary record *Die Generalprobe (Dress Rehearsal*, 1980) — a clip from which appears in Wenders's film. She played the part of a blind princess in Fellini's *And the Ship Sails On* (1983), and her pieces 'Café Müller' and 'Masurca Fogo' form an important element in Almodóvar's study of communication between the sexes, *Talk to Her* (2002). She herself directed just one film, *The Lament of the Empress* (1990), which — as we shall see — proved crucial to

Wenders's decision to take her dancers outside the auditorium for the second half of his film.

Pina is made up of two separate elements: the first a 3D record of four of Bausch's major stage pieces ('The Rite of Spring', 'Café Müller', 'Vollmond' and 'Kontakthof'), the second a series of solo and duet dances filmed outdoors in Wuppertal and the surrounding area. The film is not entirely free from some of Wenders's characteristic peccadilloes: it is sometimes sentimental and reverent in a way that the austere Bausch, one imagines, might not have felt comfortable with. Purists may also quibble with the freedom of interpretation that the director allows himself. Yet what's most exciting about Pina is the way you can experience Wenders and his team feeling their way towards an expression of movement and space that has not been technically possible until now.

### Nick James: When you first set out to make this film with Pina Bausch, were there any ground rules you set yourself for how to approach her dance pieces?

Wim Wenders: There were a few ground rules that Pina established herself. First: no biographical approach – she wanted the emphasis to be on her pieces and on her work, not on her as a person. And the second: no interviews! Pina was never at ease explaining or interpreting her work. When she talked, you always felt like she knew she was betraying her real gift.

### NJ: Am I right in thinking you'd never shot any dance sequences before making 'Pina'?

**WW:** I never did. When we started talking about the film we wanted to do together, and I contemplated how I could possibly shoot it, I looked at a lot of dance movies. Pina and I also looked at the works of hers that had been recorded already. I couldn't help noticing that she wasn't happy with them. She felt that there should be some different way to do it! I had to tell her honestly that I didn't know how to do it much better. I could do wide shots and travelling shots, the camera could be handheld or

shoot from a crane – I could perhaps do a little better here and there. But I couldn't do it essentially better than what there was before.

But I realised she had higher expectations. That really scared me, especially because we were good friends. I didn't want to disappoint her. So I ended up telling her I needed more time, until I understood how her art could be filmed.

NJ: Were there films of other people's dances she liked? WW: She figured we should start from scratch with the whole business of recording her work. Of course I saw everything she'd done — and in Pina's pieces there is something special going on. I don't know if you ever saw one live?

### NJ: Yes, I saw 'The Rite of Spring' and 'Café Müller' at Sadler's Wells in London 2008.

**WW:** Those are the classical pieces, but already with 'Café Müller' – let alone in any of her newer pieces - there is something about the sheer physicality of her dancers that is so contagious! You can feel everything they're doing in your own body, much more than you can when you're watching other types of dance. Even though 'Cafe Müller' is such a sober piece, to say the least, there is such an existential intensity - behind all that pain - that I felt I couldn't really capture on film. There was this unique quality in her pieces – even more so in her newer works like 'Vollmond' - that really jumped at you as a viewer. I always felt that whatever happened on stage really concerned me, really dealt with me, with all of us sitting there watching. And I told Pina that my cameras could not touch that - could never convey that immediacy, that joyfulness, that complicity. I felt I was in front of an invisible wall I could not cross.

Pina was saddened by my saying so, but she pushed me to continue thinking, so the next time we saw each other she would look at me hopefully and say, "And have you figured out how to shoot it?" And I always had to admit I still did not know how. At any given moment during these 20 years I would have dropped everything I was doing to make this movie with her, but I was waiting for that breakthrough that didn't come. I felt it was my own 'director's block'.

But Pina didn't give up on me. And it became a more and more urgent matter, because she was overburdened by the amount of pieces she had created and the fact that these pieces would only continue to live if she continued to perform them. Dance theatre has no other life – you can't write it down. Her desire for us to make a movie was also her desire to find out if there was a way to preserve a piece other than by always continuing to perform it.

The revelation finally did not come from anything I made up conceptually, but from technology – from a place I had expected it least. When I saw the first [live-action] digital 3D film, U23D—the precursor of the new craze – I realised that was the answer! I'd never thought of 3D as a solution in all these 20 years, but there it was. With this technology one could do justice to dance – one could enter the very realm of the dancers: space. One could finally shoot Pina's dance theatre in an essentially different way! From that moment on, in the summer of 2007, we started preparing actively.

NJ: Was this before the 3D piece 'If Buildings Could Talk' you made for the Architecture Biennale in Venice?

# 'With this technology one could do justice to dance – one could enter the very realm of the dancers: space'



**WW:** We did that piece after my *Pina* shoot, immediately before the Biennale in June 2009. After a year of shooting *Pina* we had finally developed a prototype of Steadicam equipment for 3D that was so light and flexible it allowed me to do that little film in which my cameraman walked and ran through that building [the Rolex Learning Center in Lausanne] for two days.

NJ: One thing that's very beautiful in 'Pina' is the way certain moves that are specific to certain dancers look like levitation – you do a little edit sometimes to accentuate that movement. It must have been an exciting thing to discover.

**WW:** That was my job, to accentuate Pina's work as much as possible and film it so it would look its best in this new 3D medium. It meant we had to know every second of the pieces by heart, so as to position the camera at the one angle that would show that second off to the best advantage, without us having to cut like maniacs.

#### NJ: How did you find shooting in 3D?

**WW:** I'd never shot anything in 3D except for the tests we'd done. When we finally started to shoot, Pina was no longer standing next to me. She could no longer view it as we had planned or give her opinion or advice, so all the time I had to look over my shoulder and ask myself, "Is that what I promised her? Was it good enough?!"

We made a lot of discoveries with 3D. We started shooting very conservatively, in front of the stage. Only then did we slowly allow ourselves to move on to the stage. Our equipment was still very heavy - this huge techno-crane - but we learned how to move it and slowly the point of view got closer to the dancers. When we started to move the camera and to fly it over and into the stage I discovered a whole different architecture to the pieces. I had seen 'Cafe Müller' countless times, but I did not know how perfectly it was constructed – it had an interior logic that I hadn't really grasped before. I became more and more in awe of Pina's gift. That was the privilege of 3D: you could take the viewer to these positions from where you're not usually allowed to watch.

NJ: In 'Pina' there's an astonishing freedom of camera movement in relation to the bodies. Classically, in 2D films, you're supposed to let dancers dance, and you just hold the shot on them, whereas with this film there's a dynamic between how the camera is moving and how the dancer is moving.

**WW:** But Pina's art has such freedom anyway, and 3D was so new there was an inbuilt freedom. And of course there was *space*. That discovery of 'space' was part of the film, and the physicality of those dancers was part of the discovery. I could not have had the freedom to make this film without 3D. In 3D there is this other dimension: the film is *inside* the dancers' very own realm.

### NJ: Has 'Pina' been shown at an IMAX?

**WW:** They're playing it on a gigantic screen in one IMAX in Nürnberg. You're just not supposed to sit too close. You have to sit in the middle ground, otherwise it gets just too overwhelming.

NJ: The IMAX in London has a terrific sound system. WW: We worked hard on the sound. The toughest thing was to get a studio big enough to have a real theatre feeling, where we could also watch it in 3D while we were mixing it. We prepared the mix in a 2D mixing stage and then, in the final week, a



BREAK OUT
In the second half of
'Pina' Wenders takes
Bausch's dancers
outdoors, left, after
filming 'The Rite of
Spring', opposite, and
other pieces inside
the theatre

theatre with a console put in a 3D screen for us. All of a sudden we realised that in 3D – because the eye is guided so differently – you need to hear more from wherever your eye is guided to. So we had to remix the whole thing – to invent a whole different approach. Wherever you were guided to look, you wanted to hear a little more.

I had never mixed in 3D, and when I've seen 3D movies I had the feeling that their mix was not done specifically for 3D. I'm not even sure about *Avatar*. It's probably the same mix as the 2D version. But then again, I don't know. I'd like to find out. Back then I couldn't ask anybody, anyway.

That was one of the funny conditions of the film. We had started shooting months before *Avatar* came out, and when it did it was such a relief. We were thrilled, because it meant we weren't doing our film in no man's land. James Cameron had put the whole medium on the map, and I'm eternally grateful that he did. And we did learn a lot from *Avatar* for the second half of the shoot. But I never read anything about how he mixed it. Let's try to find out, especially as the magazine is called *Sight & Sound*.

NJ: I'm curious about the second half of the film: the desire to show the city of Wuppertal through these individual dances.

WW: The courage to take the dancers out into the street was based on the only film Pina ever made herself, The Lament of the Empress. I had promised to help her with it, but that was the year I did Until the End of the World. The Lament of the Empress is probably very rarely shown because, at the time, a lot of people felt Pina should stick to her guns—should do dance and not start doing movies. Pina liked it. I saw it again recently and remembered she did the whole film off stage, in the city.

So I developed the idea that the second half of *Pina* should continue her own method, because Wuppertal is really an essential part of the equation. The city sustained her for 40 years. She could not have done this body of work in any big city—not in Berlin, Paris or London. She needed an anonymous city like Wuppertal. Pina often described how she would watch people in her city—in the supermarkets, on the *Schwebebahn* [monorail] lines or the bus stations—how she always felt she was inspired by the people in the area. So the city needed to be in.

The film that we would have done together would have included scenes where Pina was just watching people. That film we never got to make had as its subtext or subtitle *Pina's Look*. It would have been about the way Pina looked at the world. 

➡

### Wim Wenders Documentaries

But I never was able to shoot any footage with her

 not even a single close-up.

### NJ: Wuppertal, of course, features in one of your earliest features, 'Alice and the Cities'.

**WW:** Yes, it's very funny that I shot in Wuppertal in 1973 at exactly the same time that Pina took over what was still the Ballet Wuppertal – a couple of years later it became the Tanztheater. But we didn't know about each other then. We never met until 1985. But 1973 was an important year for both of us, and we spent it in Wuppertal. And Pina had shown Alice in the Cities repeatedly at her festivals. NJ: Was she really as tough as her reputation has it? WW: She was a strange mixture of fragility and toughness. She was tough mainly with herself, and that gave her a right to be demanding with others. She really wanted to get the best from everyone, and you don't get the best by just being kind. Elvis Costello sang about that: "You've got to be cruel to be kind."

#### NJ: Is your next film going to be 3D?

**WW:** Absolutely. I feel I have only scratched the surface. We had to learn it all – nobody really could give us any advice. My stereographer Alain Derobe had experience: when we started shooting our first test in 2008, there wasn't any equipment in Europe that didn't already have his name on it – he had handmade each and every rig that was circulating. But his main asset was not that he knew the technology – it was his interest in the physiology of seeing! Probably a lot of people can tell you how to shoot 3D, but Alain's great gift is that he really was interested in how two eyes see and how two cameras come close to translating that.

#### NJ: Have you read Walter Murch's objections to 3D?

**WW:** Yes, but I entirely disagree, and I hope that *Pina* will convince a few of those people who think it's a passing gadget to take it seriously as a medium. That's also James Cameron's concern: he's quite pissed off that nobody really took 3D seriously after *Avatar*. They took it as an attraction, and it's really the only [3D] film so far that stands as a huge masterpiece. He put the bar up high, but since then they all just ran underneath it. Nobody even tried to jump over it...

### NJ: One of the problems with 'Avatar' for Hollywood must be that it took so long to make that it doesn't look like a viable model for an industrial process.

WW: Yeah, but now 3D is there and it's available for documentary filmmakers, and there are small rigs you can shoot relatively quickly with. And it's not just an attraction. I was grateful to Alain Derobe that he took me seriously when I said, "Let's make a film where people forget after a few minutes that it's in 3D. Let's not use any of the effects. Let's keep the dance itself as the attraction!"

I think 3D deserves to be taken seriously as a medium—in documentary most of all! I feel that's where 3D can really make a quantum leap, and vice versa: 3D will help documentaries to a whole different level. You can take your viewers into the world of your characters in such a complete and immersing way! In storytelling, I don't know yet. I want to finally write something where the story itself has an affinity to space. I don't know quite what it could be yet, but I'm eager to do it.

• 'Pina' is released on 22 April, and is reviewed on page 67

### THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE

Less famous than Wenders's features, his documentaries show an emotional response to the world, says **Nick Roddick** 

In Hollywood, only mavericks like Scorsese, Demme or Stone have the ability — or inclination — to switch between fiction and documentary. In Europe, it's more normal: with Godard, the line is often difficult to draw; with Herzog, the quizzical eye is as likely to settle on something real (underwater, underground) as it is on a fictional character. (Even then, with Kinski and Bruno S, the character is only partially fictional.) But Wenders is a special case: almost a third of his output — rising to nearly a half over the past two decades — has involved looking at the real rather than manipulating the fictional.

For him, music has been the focus since the start. 3 American LPs, the 1969 short he made immediately before his graduation feature Summer in the City (1970), is made up of tracks by Van Morrison, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Harvey Mandel. The visuals consist of shots through the windows of a moving car, and there is a discussion between Wenders and Peter Handke about how American music is about emotion rather than sound.

# Wenders's great strength – and sometimes his weakness – as a filmmaker is his openness to emotional stimuli

That, really, is the key: when he's at his best (and even when he isn't), Wenders's imagery is above all an emotional response to a place -Berlin, Texas, Tokyo, Lisbon, Havana, Los Angeles, Palermo or Butte, Montana – rather than at the service of a plot, which hardly seems to interest him. His greatest films, like *Kings of the Road* (1976) and Paris, Texas (1984), are almost plotless. Similarly, what he appreciates in the work of the directors he venerates – Nicholas Ray, Ozu, Antonioni - are responses to the world, rather than directorial signatures. Sometimes it is a single phrase that inspires the emotions: "Until the end of the world..." are the final words spoken in Ray's King of Kings, an efficient but journeyman 1961 epic about the life of Jesus that could hardly be more different from the mix of metaphor and metaphysics that Wenders erected around the phrase in his 1991 feature of that name.

There are, of course, some almost 'straight' documentaries, like *Buena Vista Social Club* and *Willie Nelson at the Teatro* (both 1998). But *The Soul of a Man*—Wenders's 2003 film about blues artists Skip James, Blind Willie Johnson and J.B. Lenoir—



**ODE TO HAVANA 'Buena Vista Social Club'** 

is, in his own words, a "poem" rather than a documentary: not a record of but a response to the emotion in the music. And that music is mainly American; the only film about a German artist before *Pina* is the little-seen (but well worth seeing) *Viel passiert – Der BAP Film (Ode to Cologne,* 2002), about veteran German rock band BAP, which is a lot more than a concert film.

If Wenders's later career has often suggested a director searching for a subject, his work as a whole has confirmed him as a filmmaker with an almost boundless curiosity. Pina is as good an example as any: a film embodying an emotional response to the work of another artist, filtered through but not dominated by the technology of 3D. The film it echoes most is Tokyo-Ga, Wenders's 1985 film 'about' Ozu. Here, his commentary on his own website is revealing. "My trip to Tokyo was in no way a pilgrimage," he says. "I was curious as to whether I still could track down something from this time, whether there was still anything left of this work. Images perhaps, or even people..." Substitute 'homage' for 'pilgrimage' and you have the key to Wenders's non-fiction work: not to record but to respond, at the risk of offending the purists (which has happened with Pina). Wenders's great strength and sometimes his weakness – as a filmmaker is his openness to emotional stimuli, triggering a need to find an onscreen equivalent to what he has felt. Credibility, even characters, are secondary to this – as they are in later features such as *The* End of Violence (1997) or Palermo Shooting (2008).

There is a certain paradox here: Wenders's films undeniably have a voice, but that voice comes from an artist whose response to the world is almost sponge-like, soaking up a place or – as with Pina - the work of another artist. Something else Wenders says about Ozu sums this up quite neatly: "For me, never before and never again since has the cinema been so close to its essence and its purpose: to present an image of man in our century, a usable, true and valid image, in which he not only recognizes himself but from which, above all, he may learn about himself." A cinema of contemplation, then, but based on a great deal more than mere observation, recreating – as only cinema can – a moment that is at once fixed in time and timeless.



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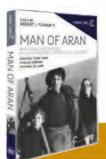
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To mark a comprehensive Bertolucci retrospective, Tony Rayns looks back at the early 1960s, when the great Italian director hit his stride and emerged from the shadow of his mentors, Pasolini and Godard

# JUST LIKE STARTING OVER



here must be an elegant way of summing up a moment of transition in a film culture - a moment when a new spirit or attitude asserts itself - but I haven't found it. The mission I rashly chose to accept was to look back 50 years to the arrival of Bernardo Bertolucci on the Italian film scene, and to examine how he came to terms with influences from two disparate spiritual mentors, Pier Paolo Pasolini in Rome and Jean-Luc Godard in Paris. Easier said than done: even without the gargoyle of Berlusconi to muddy everyone's view of Italian culture and politics, it's a daunting challenge to get a fix on the time when the young Bertolucci emerged. Factors in play include the political uncertainties of Italy's post-war recovery (the residual taint of fascism), the way that regionalism and factionalism prevailed (running counter to the image of Italian unity), the disputatious intellectual climate of the day and the surprising developments in Italian pop-genre cinema in the 1960s (horror movies, muscle-queen exotica, westerns) - all on top of Bertolucci's own desire to establish a distinctive voice of his own.

INTO FOCUS Released when Bernardo Bertolucci, left, was still only 23, his second feature 'Before the Revolution', right, is full of autobiographical references



### Bernardo Bertolucci the 1960s films



PUT THE BOOT IN Clockwise from above: Bertolucci's debut feature 'The Grim Reaper'; his 1967 short 'Agonia'; 'Partner'





■ By contrast, the biographical facts are pretty easy. Bertolucci was born in Parma in 1941, son of the poet/critic Attilio Bertolucci, who numbered Cesare Zavattini (writer of De Sica's most famous movies) among his former pupils – and, later, the gay poet/novelist/screenwriter Pier Paolo Pasolini among his friends. The young Bertolucci showed the symptoms of precocious cinephilia: he shot small movies in his early teens with family and friends, while avid cinemagoing equipped him for his later work on the screenplay for Leone's Once upon a Time in the West (1968), where he and moviebuff Dario Argento (born 1943) pooled their memories of archetypal western plots and motifs.

The Bertolucci family moved to Rome in the late 1950s, and when Pasolini turned director in 1961 to make *Accattone*, Attilio asked his friend to hire his 21-year-old film-mad son as an assistant director. Bernardo Bertolucci has always described the experience of working on *Accattone* as his film school, and his association with Pasolini (who had already dedicated poems to the young man) led directly to the opportunity to direct his own debut feature the following year.

Our present-day sense of Italian cinema in the 1950s, shaped by what's available on DVD, is defined by the work of the major directors: Rossellini, Visconti, Antonioni and Fellini, none of them much given to genre movies, and all with roots in the neorealist aesthetics of the late 1940s. It's obvious enough that none of them felt limited or constrained by the tenets of neo-realism – their 1950s films are equally rooted in whatever else engaged them, from melodrama and sentimentality to Catholicism and opera. But it's also clear from the 1960 films La dolce vita (Fellini) and Rocco and His Brothers (Visconti) that neorealism remained an important element in their work.

Pasolini's street-life novels of the 1950s were also marked by neorealist impulses – specifically, a fascination with the virility of young working-class men – and it was this aesthetic/sexual orientation that smoothed his way into film circles. Fellini was one of the first to seek his help (Pasolini worked on the script for *Nights of Cabiria* in 1956), while Pasolini's five-film collaboration with director Mauro Bolognini in the late 1950s

included an adaptation of his own novel *Ragazzi di* vita under the title *Le notte brava* in 1959.

Thematically, Pasolini's own *Accattone* picks up where the Bolognini films left off: with a homoerotic focus on male bonding and rivalry between street toughs, plus more ruminations on the resilience and psychological dependency of the girlfriends forced into prostitution. But from the opening plangencies of Bach on the soundtrack, *Accattone* committedly redefines the neorealist aesthetic. Pasolini's filmmaking is marked from the very start by his argument that cinema can be either 'prose' or 'poetry,' and his clearly sets out to be poetic.

### **Gradual revelation**

Pasolini's poetry doesn't in itself mark a radical break with the Italian cinema that preceded it, and no one thinks of Pasolini as the progenitor of an elusive Italian 'new wave'. On the contrary, Pasolini seems always sui generis, while the impulse to sweep away old culture and start afresh stems from what was happening in French cinema in 1959/60. As a bright, poetically inclined cinephile in his early twenties, Bertolucci was naturally entranced by the nouvelle vaque, and most particularly by Godard's A bout de souffle (Breathless, 1959), with its blend of informality and gravity, its out-of-control cinephilia and its liberating jump cuts - not to mention its amoral closeness to a charming, cop-killing sociopath. So it's not surprising that references and homages to Godard soon turn up in Bertolucci's work when he becomes a director. It's more interesting that graduating from the 'film school' of Accattone helped to prevent the young filmmaker from morphing into an Italian Godard.

Bertolucci inherited The Grim Reaper (La commare secca, 1962) from Pasolini, who had intended it as his own debut feature before turning his attention to Accattone. The producer Antonio Cervi acquired the project, hoping that Pasolini himself would return to it, and offered it to the younger man when Pasolini went on to make Mamma Roma. Bertolucci collaborated on the shooting script with another graduate from Accattone, Sergio Citti. The film is framed as an investigation into the murder of a prostitute in a park at night, but Pasolini seems to have conceived it as the antithesis of a *giallo* thriller, and Bertolucci's reworking of the script removes whatever traces of mystery or suspense may have been left in the original. The structure is episodic: an unseen cop questions a succession of men who were in the park that night, each testimony contributing to a broad picture of the various interactions and transactions that took place. (A gay cruising element is present, of course, but somewhat muffled in Bertolucci's treatment.) There's no misdirection or deduction involved, just a process of gradual revelation. The film is interspersed with images of the prostitute's last hours of life, unrelated to the testimonies: woken by a downpour, she prepares to go out in search of a client.

In one way, this is all still very Pasolinian. Bertolucci takes up Pasolini's visual syntax of formalised static portraits and panning shots, adding only the tracking shots, which Pasolini would have avoided; he also echoes *Accattone*'s

patterns of repetition and variation. Equally, most of the characters and settings could have come straight from Accattone. What isn't Pasolinian is the absence of a central protagonist, the absence of an imposed 'sacred' dimension of the kind provided by Bach, and the general sense that young people are aimless and unformed.

It's the last of these that looks forward to Bertolucci's next two features. Because of the casting, the most striking episode in The Grim Reaper is the one about Teodoro, a soldier on leave – he's played by Allen Midgette, who also appears in small but crucial roles in *Before the Revolution* (1964) and The Spider's Stratagem (La strategia del ragno, 1970). (Midgette was the man later hired by Andy Warhol to impersonate him on a lecture tour; he acts in Warhol's Nude Restaurant and Lonesome Cowboys, and even puts in an appearance in the Godard/Dziga Vertov Group Vent d'est.)

Bertolucci's second feature Before the Revolution (Prima della rivoluzione) is generally thought of as the movie in which he found his own voice. Everyone who has ever commented on it makes much of the director's admission that it's crammed with autobiographical resonances, even though it's notionally modelled on Stendhal's 1839 novel The Charterhouse of Parma - and spiked with homages to favourite films and filmmakers. But if we take the protagonist Fabrizio (played by Francesco Barilli) as a self-portrait, it's a remarkably unflattering one. Fabrizio spends most of the movie jilting his pretty but dull fiancée Clelia (Cristina Pariset), in order to pursue a quasi-incestuous liaison with his emotionally unstable aunt Gina (Adriana Asti from Accattone, Bertolucci's reallife partner at the time); when he finally marries Clelia in the closing scenes, it signals an abandonment of his rebellious impulses and a passive acceptance of bourgeois conformity. Although it features a scene at a Communist Party fair, neither the film nor Fabrizio himself has any defined political thrust; the final capitulation to bourgeois values makes the title doubly ironic.

Bertolucci pays homage to Godard (Fabrizio goes to see *Une femme est une femme* and then sits down in a café to discuss screen heroines) and to Pasolini (Fabrizio denounces the unholy bond between church and state). But the overall emphasis on individual psychology prevents Before the Revolution from feeling either Godardian or Pasolinian - although both directors are sometimes evoked in the frequent close-ups of faces. The

If we take the protagonist Fabrizio as a self-portrait of the director, it's a remarkably unflattering one

autobiographical aspects, rooted in the settings and the reflections on cinema (the two come together in a sequence in the camera obscura in Fontanellato) in fact anticipate Bertolucci's later immersion in psychoanalysis, not to mention the divided self at the centre of his third feature Partner (1968). The unflattering similarities between Fabrizio and Bertolucci himself bespeak a palpable desire to externalise and exorcise the aspects of his own psyche that he fears and distrusts.

It's therefore curiously fitting that the film is both lyrical and disjointed; its stylistic jolts have no parallel in the film with which it's often bracketed, Marco Bellocchio's Fists in the Pocket (1965), another dysfunctional family romance that uses a Verdi opera to underline its climactic turning-point.

### Respect nothing

After those first two features, Bertolucci loosened up. His next two fictions, the short Agonia (shot in 1967 but released in the omnibus Amore e rabbia/ Love and Anger, 1969) and the feature Partner are both founded on theatre, but only as a way of giving their content a Brechtian objectivity, while freeing the director to explore ideas of cinema. Agonia, a collaboration with Julian Beck and Judith Malina's Living Theater, is a sardonic parable about the death of god and the manias of mankind, aggressively shot and cut. Partner, inspired by Dostoevsky's The Double, is about a timid, academic drama teacher who encounters or imagines his own doppelgänger (both played by Pierre Clémenti) and watches as the double tries to foment revolution with his students.

Partner seeks to include everything from the Vietnam War to soap-powder advertising - and respects nothing. The teacher Jacob is flaky from the start (in the opening scene, perusing Lotte Eisner's book on Murnau in a coffee shop, he imagines shooting the neighbour whose piano-playing has disturbed him) and the best joke in a film full of droll inventions is the increasing interchangeability of Jacob I and Jacob II: in later scenes, it's often impossible to tell which one we're watching.

Partner is frequently described as Bertolucci's 'most Godardian' film, but it disses Godard along with everything else, and anyway has a breadth of reference unmatched in any Godard movie. Bertolucci reports that Clémenti made regular trips back to the riot-torn streets of Paris during the shoot, returning each time with new slogans and ideas to be incorporated in the film – which is no doubt why the result feels closer to the Belgian situationist writer Raoul Vaneigem than it does to Godardian cinema. Like Before the Revolution, though, it is a story of defeat - of bourgeois norms reasserting themselves and prevailing. (Jacob I even has a pretty, brainless fiancée, just as Fabrizio had, but Jacob imagines doing away with her on a streetcar named desire, and ends up alone with his double.) It's not until he makes The Conformist (Il conformista, 1970) and The Spider's Stratagem that Bertolucci finds more insidious and less confrontational ways of undermining the middleclass consensus. But that's another story.

In Partner's most notorious scene, Jacob II shows the drama students how to make a Molotov cocktail. It's a bomb that the film itself cannot detonate, but the film certainly succeeds in lighting the blue touch-paper under Bertolucci's two artistic mentors – this is the film in which he shakes off influences and becomes his own man, however contradictory and divided he may be.

Just before the revolutionary act that is fated to fail, Jacob I eagerly asks Jacob II how events will play out. It will begin and end in theatre, says Jacob II. "Theatre!" they call to each other, exultantly – until Bertolucci's own voice whispers on the soundtrack: "Cinema!" A shining example to us all.

'Before the Revolution' is rereleased on 7 April. A Bertolucci retrospective plays at BFI Southbank, London until the end of May. 'The Grim Reaper' is out on DVD on 25 April

SPIRIT OF THE TIME Bertolucci was an assistant on Pasolini's 'Accattone', right: 'Fists in the Pocket', far right





A 24-hour montage of film clips showing the measurement of time, Christian Marclay's 'The Clock' has hooked viewers in London and New York. He talks to **Jonathan Romney** 

### WHAT TIME IS IT WHERE?

n my way to a one o'clock interview with Christian Marclay, I receive a text message from him: "Running 10 mins late sorry." I immediately realise I have a neat irony on which to open this article: if Marclay can't be bang on time, who can? For surely few people know as much about time-keeping as this American-born, Swiss-raised artist and musician, creator of the extraordinary video work The Clock. This is one of those rare pieces - along with certain Turbine Hall installations, and Douglas Gordon's 24 Hour Psycho - that have achieved genuine crossover status, becoming popular beyond the art world. Towards the end of its debut run last autumn at London's White Cube Mason's Yard, queues ran around the block; when it went to the Paula Cooper Gallery earlier this year, The Clock stirred New York critics (of art, but also of film and music) to rapturous descriptive fugues. It can currently be seen (until 17 April) as part of British Art Show 7 at London's Hayward Gallery.

First some simple description: The Clock is a single-screen assemblage of film and TV clips, sometimes as short as a second, from several thousand films, both celebrated and obscure, high- and lowbrow (a single moment might source Bresson's Pickpocket and a Columbo episode). The key criterion for these clips, gleaned by Marclay's six researchers, is that they contain references to time. If a character looks at a wristwatch or glances up at a clock, the clip qualifies. The Clock also uses moments indirectly referring to time, or involving the relation of people and things to time: from characters nervously awaiting an appointed moment (a tryst, a courtroom hearing, their own execution) to markers of passing time such as candles burning or the progress of a stylus over a record. The film is an exhaustive typology of timepieces - fob watches, sundials, hourglasses et al in a hierarchy topped by Big Ben, which recurs with haunting regularity as a marker of London location realism, while also serving as prop for Harold Lloyd-style derring-do in the 1978 remake of The Thirty Nine Steps.

But the crucial thing about Marclay's assemblage is that it is time-specific: if you walk into the gallery at 5.15pm, the timepieces on screen show 5.15. Come at midnight, and Big Ben will be striking twelve. *The Clock* is perfectly synchronised and calibrated – it is itself, to all intents and purposes, a fully functioning clock.

This precision yields several extraordinary effects, some of which may be fully evident only to a hypothetical viewer watching the film in its 24-hour entirety. (There have been 24-hour screenings, but to Marclay's knowledge, the longest stint by any viewer has been eight hours.) One effect is a strangely addictive, mesmeric quality; the first time I visited *The Clock*, two hours slipped by like a breath. As happens when you watch any involving

film, you lose your immediate sense of duration, and yet – here's the wonderful paradox – *The Clock* constantly reminds you of the exact time. Your watching time is metered by the piece itself.

What's more, The Clock is extremely entertaining, partly because Marclay has crafted it with a strong narrative (and comic) sensibility, partly because the selection of clips based on the single criterion of time-reference yields startling new meanings. Beneath the meticulously contrived semblance of narrative continuity run various discontinuities – for example, between the actual time when a film was made and the time at which its story is set. In one sequence Romola Garai, driving a car in Glorious 39 - set in the 30s but made in 2009 – is chased by Burt Reynolds in the 1970s; elsewhere, Jean-Pierre Léaud in 1970s Paris pursues the doomed 'Kolley Kibber' in the 1947 Brighton Rock. Some juxtapositions yield conceptual puns: "the sound of actual time arriving" invoked in an obscure 1980s science-fiction film is a noise of motors that heralds the arrival of bikers Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper in Easy Rider (1969).

Thus film and television history is co-opted into a promiscuously goofy Hellzapoppin'-esque collage. But *The Clock* is also a film of considerable philosophical density. It invites us to examine the way time - or the effect of time - is created and structured in film. We become aware of different intensities of film time. There are moments of heightened tension ('hot' time, you might say) in which events happen, or are keenly anticipated: notably the run-up to midday, a moment awaited in The Clock by a heteroclite mob including Moritz Bleibtreu, Gene Hackman and, of course, Gary Cooper in High Noon. Then there are the slow, seemingly vacant moments - 'cool' time - in which characters lounge around or emerge from late slumber (3pm, we learn, is a prime waking hour for artists and drunks). We too become acutely aware of time in the outside world; emerging from The Clock, you can expect your sense of the passing minutes to be curiously heightened for a good hour or so.



CLOCK MAKER
Christian Marclay, above, used researchers to help
him find the film clips, but he edited all 24 hours
of 'The Clock', opposite, himself

When he embarked on the two years it took to make *The Clock*, Marclay – now resident in London, but long associated with New York's art and experimental-music scenes – was unaware of the conceptual complexities the project would yield. "The material comes first," he explains. "Then I project into it ideas and themes and things that I've been thinking about over the years."

Sitting in a cramped, sober studio in Clerkenwell, the soft-spoken Marclay speculates on reasons why *The Clock* has captured imaginations: "People like numbers—it's 24 hours, and 'How long did it take you?' and 'How many films?' and 'How many hours a day did you work?' It has this marathon aspect. It's almost like an ambient piece that you visit once in a while—you don't have to pay attention to it for 24 hours."

The Clock is very much a handmade artefact, in that the visual edit was entirely done by Marclay himself. But he also worked with six researchers. "What they did was rent movies, watch them and bring me all the time-specific references and anything that had any connection to time," he says. "There was an element of chance – a lot of it was from films I hadn't seen. We structured the search, so one was watching westerns for a while, and one woman was really into chick films. I'd forget where a clip came from – it became a piece of the puzzle, and it became very easy to take it out of context and create something else with it." There were unexpected cultural discoveries too: an investigation of Bollywood films yielded next to nothing in the way of time references.

Marclay assembled his edit in hour-long chunks, the 24-hour cycle giving him enormous scope, but also confining him to a minute-by-minute grid. "A 10.01 clip has to be within that minute, at 10.01," he says. "But within that minute I can place it anywhere – a minute is long in film, or it can be very fast. Then, in between, I have these joints scenes that are not time-specific, but have to relate to the previous clip and the next one and articulate those fragments and create a flow. What I put in those joints is very much personal interests. Then there's the more general idea of time – so someone waiting has a body language that expresses impatience or longing or boredom. Sometimes it can be more symbolic - memento mori images, like a flower wilting, a petal falling, the sun setting."

### Flow and momentum

The Clock is Marclay's latest essay in visual collage, following the seven-minute Telephones (1995), a quick-fire volley of phone calls in film, and the 14-minute four-screen Video Quartet (2002), which placed clips side by side to make musicians in different films perform in unison. From Video Quartet's simultaneity, Marclay shifts to a strictly sequential form in The Clock — but at wildly ambitious length. The Clock might be compared to a range of collage films—the works of Gustav Deutsch or, in the exhaustiveness of its











'What makes it work is that you become part of the experience. You are aware of when you started looking at it'







appropriation, Godard's *Histoire(s) du cinéma*. But perhaps the film it most immediately resembles, with its exaggerated focus on a single theme and content, is one Marclay hasn't seen: Thom Andersen's *Los Angeles Plays Itself* (2003), in which the meaning of Hollywood cinema is reduced specifically to the multiple incarnations of a single city. Thus an arbitrarily chosen element that was subsidiary in the original becomes the fundamental theme of the new product; like Anderson's film, *The Clock* is poised between scholarly focus and fetishistic obsession.

What's remarkable about *The Clock* is the way that, from extreme fragmentation and multiplicity, Marclay has created a smooth continuity – or at least the illusion of one. That smoothness may seem at odds with the hyper-fragmentation that Marclay has celebrated in his work as an experimental turntablist, whether solo or collaborating with the likes of John Zorn, Elliott Sharp and Sonic Youth. But, he says, "I've grown tired of the jump cut – the fast edit – that we see in everything. The false continuity that I was trying to create [in The Clock is, to me, more connected to the way time flows. There can be a seamless flow and momentum of a gesture from one film to the next, but it jumps from colour to black and white, and you know it's not true, but you still believe in it. It deconstructs cinema - you see all the tricks, and you understand the vocabulary."

A key element in *The Clock's* seamlessness is the contribution of sound designer Quentin Chiappetta. His restructuring of the clips' soundtracks, running certain sounds over extended sequences of montage, sutures the disparate material into brief micro-narratives. Take the explosive chorus of clocks striking at noon, culminating in a toll of bells from Charles Laughton's Quasimodo. Or the juxtaposition in which a clanking sound that worries Ed Asner in a recent US film turns out to be

made by Lee Kang-Sheng banging a watch on a rail in *What Time Is It There?*, Tsai-Ming Liang's 2001 film about the existential problems caused by the time difference between Taipei and Paris.

There is, Marclay admits, an element of cheating in The Clock, required by the fundamental need to sustain a continuous present. Voiceovers posed a problem, as they imply the past tense. So in scenes with voiceover – or obtrusive music – Chiappetta would strip the sound off entirely and create new Foley effects. "We recreated certain sounds from scratch," says Marclay. "I'm talking about one per cent of 24 hours, but just that is a lot of work." As an example, Marclay shows me the original and reworked versions of a moment from One Night at McCool's (2001), in which Matt Dillon's character steals a Rolex. In the original there's a score, and Dillon narrates the events we're seeing; the new version, with only diegetic sound effects framed in silence, makes for much more dramatic action.

The Clock also contains elements that might be read as self-referential jokes, hidden 'signatures' alluding to Marclay's own history. Crowds gather in Leicester Square to look at the mechanical clock of the old Swiss Centre: Marclay, appropriately for a clock-maker, was educated in Switzerland. Another extract refers to Marclay the DJ: in The Prisoner, Patrick Cargill puzzles over a character's interest in 45rpm records ("You say that he was timing them?"). Marclay has a long history of manipulating vinyl discs, both as repositories of recorded sound and as concrete objects: a record, he says, represents "a disruption of time capturing time, trying to hold it back; so again, this idea of the memento mori. There's a lot of turntables and records in The Clock."

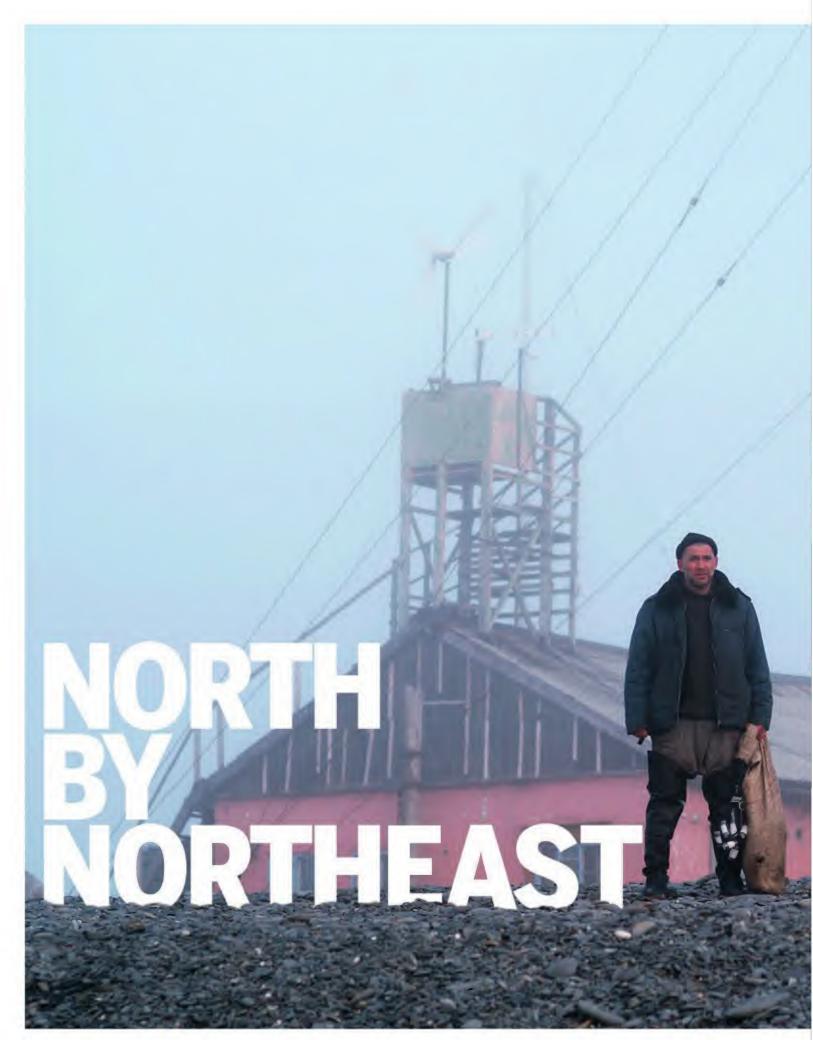
Another beautiful *memento mori* is the way some actors appear as both their old and young selves: Marclay was particularly touched by the various apparitions of Michael Caine and Maggie Smith,

while the hours between 3pm and 5pm offer a potted achronological biography of Jack Nicholson (whose most venerable incarnation is a literally clock-watching man on the verge of retirement in *About Schmidt*).

For most viewers, *The Clock's* night passages will be the unseen dark side of the moon. Marclay tells me that, along with a moderate increase of sex and horror after midnight, there's a lot of material involving people trying to get to sleep (it was also particularly hard to find clips set between 5 and 5.30am). For those who have done the night shift at the 24-hour screenings, he says, "It becomes a collective experience. You're aware of these other people who are willing to stay and fight their sleep — which is hard, because you see all these people in bed and watching TV and being comfortable, and there you are, tired. That tension is really great."

Indeed it's the communal experience of watching the work, while the actors on screen also appear to live in real time, that lets *The Clock* transcend its pre-constructed status and acquire something of the quality of live performance. "To me, what makes it work is that you become part of this experience," says Marclay. "You're aware of when you started looking at it, and you know how much time you've spent there - so you have to make choices. You might have an appointment in half an hour – maybe you can stay another ten minutes and be late, or forget about the appointment and just stay. These choices make you hyper-aware, and you become an actor in the film. People become totally aware that their life is linked - their life is synched - with this thing."

■ 'The Clock' is part of 'British Art Show 7', which is at the Hayward Gallery, London, until 17 April, before moving on to Glasgow, 28 May to 21 August, and Plymouth, 17 September to 4 December. For more information see www.britishartshow.co.uk





### Russian cinema How I Ended This Summer

 Coppola, believing that where you film and what happens there can burn itself into the finished work. He's amused when interviewers who have seen photos of him looking ravaged on set are shocked by the easy-going fellow they meet once he's back on the safe ground of the festival circuit. Nick Hasted: Why do you, a Muscovite, feel compelled to push yourself to the literal edge of your country?

Alexei Popogrebsky: Simple Things was quite popular and won awards at home, but was not sold in any country. It took place in St Petersburg and had Sergei Puskepalis playing an underpaid anaesthetist, living with his family in a cramped communal apartment, who attends to a very old actor who was once famous. So it was an urban film. A distributor told me that there's no reason for a French person to see it, because there could be a French film like that - without subtitles. I understand that.

Like Koktebel, How I Ended This Summer has exotic locations – cinema can pretend it's art, but it's still a commodity, and a commodity must have a unique selling point. I thought of that post factum: we went there and literally risked our lives, not because we wanted to make a USP for the marketing department!

NH: Like 'Koktebel', 'How I Ended This Summer' has a classically simple story. If I told it to anyone, they'd want to know what happens next.

AP: Yeah. I really felt that although we were editing this film for a very long time - because there was an enormous amount of footage - the intrigue was still there. Though I knew that some people would absolutely hate the young man. People say, "How can he be such an imbecile?" I'm too polite to say what I want to say to them: "Look at yourself."

NH: It's just a matter of degree. I've done things that stupid, but I wasn't stuck on an island.

AP: Yes, exactly. That's what the story is about. I was 15 when I read a true story in which a very isolated bunch of people received a similar message. And even as a kid, I wondered how I would have handled such a situation. All of us tend to avoid difficult situations, but when you are somewhere in which things come down to life and death, you cannot do that. This is what might happen.

NH: Pavel starts off as a young man who thinks this Arctic station is a playground. Actually he finds that he's at the end of the world and is thrown to the elements. He grows up in the most extreme way.

AP: I approached it not as a drama of two men, but as a triangle: it's an older man, a younger man, and

### as a triangle: it's an older man, a time and nature'

time and nature, which they have completely incompatible ways of relating to. The older man is part of it – I found out only when it was decided we would shoot in Chukotka that Sergei Puskepalis lived there for nine years. We had already worked on Simple Things, drunk a lot of vodka, talked about life, but I was not aware of this – and that certainly helped. As soon as we arrived there, he merged [with the place].

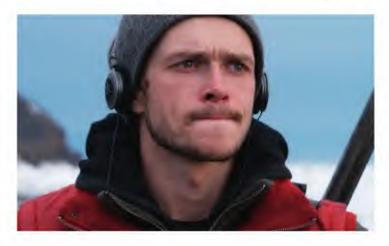
It also helped that we decided that the young actor, Grigory, would not read the whole script. And we shot chronologically. If you look at him at the beginning of the film and the end, it's a different picture. That was very helpful to me, because it's one thing to write a script in the comfort of your home in Moscow, where time flows very differently, and another once there, where I set that script aside. Grigory was getting the script as his life developed.

NH: The scene the film turns on is when Sergei comes back from a fishing trip and Pavel doesn't tell him the news he's heard about his family, because he's thrown by Sergei's kindness - and then the moment's gone.

'I approached it younger man, and

**SEEING THE LIGHT Director Alexei** Popogrebsky, top, deliberately withheld the script from Grigory Dobrygin, right, who plays Pavel, shooting chronologically to chart

his transformation



AP: Absolutely. Russians especially asked, "What is the motivation of your characters?" I spent nine years studying psychology – I'm a psychologist by training, so don't ask me that! Universal rules exist only in Hollywood films, which are still dominated by Freud. Real life is much more complex and beautiful. It's all about timing, for the boy. This is a film about time, and also it's about timing.

NH: They start off as ordinary guys coming together for a job. But in the final part of the film, they could be the last men on earth. It's an apocalyptic scenario.

AP: To them it is. And we were isolated. The weather there changes every 20 minutes. You can call a helicopter and it might come a month later. Even today, when a satellite can spot you, you might as well be the last man on earth. And once our caterpillar transporter broke down, we were cut off. The fog station in the film is a very real place, and it's unreachable if the weather changes. That's an essential experience. When the human race started, that was the experience of every man. NH: Did spending time in that place change the film? AP: It changed everything. Some things were in the script, but I never hoped for them [to be possible], like the polar bear. I was very much prepared to have to add that by CGI, and that's a very difficult thing to make move realistically. Look at The Golden Compass – those are fake polar bears!

To be honest, the polar bear that looks as if it's running towards Grigory was being chased towards the camera by us. That was an experienced bear. They try and avoid people. But after that, we met an inexperienced bear. By that time it was late autumn, real night. And every time we went out of our cabin, he wanted to kill us. So nature supplied weather, moods, little things like the hare that Grigory chases – it came for another take, and another, to the very same spot.

NH: Did the experience change you as well?

AP: Absolutely. We were completely different people there. There's a picture of me on the set, tense and very closed. Sitting editing in Moscow, we had to get back to that feeling. One hundred and twenty-four minutes is not something that producers want. We tried to edit it down, but the time as it was captured there completely resisted. It said, "No! I'm not going to shrink."

NH: The colours in the daytime are crisp and bright, and then other times the world is shrouded in mist.

AP: It is how it was. I had these big check-boards of every episode we had to do, but then we were completely open to the weather's possibilities. When the boy flees into the hills, the first snow started - that's one of the most haunting shots, for me. Plus in the summertime, you have magic hour for... hours. Our longest location shoot in natural light was 23 hours. That's not very good for the crew [laughs], but they went for it. This is also the only film that has its colour grader [Kirill Bobrov] in its main closing credits. It was shot on Red, and it's a huge compliment when people say that only when the credits rolled did they realise it was shot on digital.

NH: How were you personally at the end of the shoot? AP: I can only tell you that for almost a month after I returned to Moscow, I had a very hard time going outside. I was trembling. I was completely alienated and in shock. I had eyes like a Martian, looking at all the billboards and people. And I was

only [in the Arctic] three months; people who work there spend years. Since this three months was such a concentrated experience, it affected me very profoundly. But then, month after month, it goes away. For all of us, our entire crew, 20 people, that was definitely the experience of a lifetime.

NH: Did you find it easy to function there?

AP: One thing I found out is that shooting in such conditions is absolute happiness. And living in such conditions can be happiness. A lot of the things that seem to matter when you live in the city don't. And the same with shooting. In the city, you're dealing with actors stuck in a traffic jam. There it's you and the elements, and that's it. And there, if someone's in a bad mood, it might put a life at risk.

NH: There's a beautiful shot near the end where Pavel looks in at Sergei through a window. It's where the film turns one last time.

AP: That's another enhancement from real life. The fact that the glass had all these imperfections – that transformed the face of Sergei into that of a mutant. We brought in perfect glass from outside to replace the glass there, but then when I looked at the camera and saw Sergei's face, I almost cried.

NH: Did you storyboard the film?

AP: No. Koktebel was completely storyboarded. For this film, I even had to set aside the script. If we tried to direct life and nature there, it would have devoured us. We tried to completely submit to it. It's not New Age stuff – I'm not into that, I am a man of reason. But there was a guidance all of us definitely felt.

#### NH: Did Sergei Puskepalis, having lived there before, help teach you how to submit to that?

AP: I would say so. He was an extreme help in that I didn't have to explain anything to him. I try not to explain things to actors — we do a lot of takes; we try to shoot without rehearsals — because when you explain, you go through the filter of your reason, your cortex, and then you can see someone acting. Sergei would just go for it. What he wore was what he saw people wear when he was a kid. He lived his role. And Grigory lived his.

NH: It's that idea that in part every film's a documentary, because it's people in front of a camera.

**AP:** Absolutely. It's a fiction film, but we made it almost as a documentary.

NH: It seems that having gone through such an extreme experience, making this film must have become a layer in you now that will feed into what you do in the future.

AP: I certainly hope so, although I'm a completely urban creature, with bourgeois inclinations. The next film will be very different. It will be done on a sound stage, with a girl, and most likely in 3D. So I don't know how my human experience of making this film will relate to it. But maybe everything I do in life now will. I grew up immensely over those three months. All of us did.

NH: It sounds like you changed as the boy did, from one end of the film to the other. I guess these films are your life – you build your life by making them.

AP: Ah, this is true. I did some commercials and a little mini-series for television. Then you engage as a professional. But you make films that change your life. That's the essence of it, really.

■ 'How I Ended This Summer' is released on 22 April, and is reviewed on page 59

# ENDANGERED SPECIES

With Russia's arthouse flowering threatened by changes in state funding, **Leslie Felperin** searches for common themes in the current cinematic crop

Is Russian cinema on an upswing? Predictably, the answer is both yes and no. There's an old Soviet-era joke that aptly sums up the current situation. A Russian, a Frenchman and an Englishman are arguing over Adam's nationality. The Englishman says, "Of course, Adam was English. Look how he gave his only apple to the lady, just like a proper gentleman!" The Frenchman says, "Of course, Adam was French. Look at how quickly he seduced Eve!" The Russian says, "Of course, Adam could only have been Russian. Who else would think — even though he's walking around naked with nothing but one apple between two people — that he's in Paradise?"

If Russian filmmakers are Adams – and there are a few directing Eves out there too – they're finding apples in even shorter supply now. After the dissolution of the Soviet Union, funding for films continued to dribble out from the state (once the economy had stabilised, at least). There wasn't much of it, but it was enough to help support arthouse films – such as *How I Ended This Summer* – that travel to festivals and maybe find distribution abroad, and a fair few blockbusters, such as Fyodor Bondarchuk's Afghan war epic *9th Company* (*9-ya Rota*, 2005). Filmmakers applied directly to the Ministry of Culture

and—depending on mysterious decision-making processes—either got funding for their projects or didn't.

Amidst charges that the system was unwieldy and corrupt, the Kremlin replaced the state film commission in 2010 with a new system that will dole out \$68 million directly to just eight prominent production companies. The idea is that those production companies will further distribute their funds to smaller independents, but there's not a lot of confidence that this will happen fairly or that anything will be made except big commercial movies – preferably ones propagating the sort of nationalistic messages the Kremlin likes. In private, many are predicting that Russian arthouse cinema is on the brink of collapse.

Despite a boom in cinema building and ticket sales (making Russia currently the world's sixth-largest market), the market share for Russian-made films in the country's own cinemas is shrinking, down to just 15 per cent of the total—about half what it was a few years ago. In other words, Russians are going to see more movies than ever, but mostly they're watching Hollywood films, rather than their own stuff.

Last year a Russian distributor with a background in science, Sam Klebanov from →



ASYMMETRICAL WARFARE Arthouse films compete for state funding with blockbusters like '9th Company'

#### Russian cinema

 Cinema Without Frontiers, compiled a fascinating (if selective) study of box-office tallies for arthouse films, comparing Russia with European and other world nations that have roughly similarsized economies. He found that Russians have the lowest attendance for international arthouse films, below that of South Korea and Mexico. (The most arthouse-loving nations, in case you're interested, are the Spanish, the Norwegians and the Greeks, in that order.) Russians are not going to see the likes of Gomorrah much (a film that was considered a moderate arthouse hit in the UK), and they're barely watching their own arthouse films either. It's all a terrible shame, because through the rosiertinted spectacles of those who attend international film festivals, it looks as though Russia, if perhaps not a paradise, has been producing exciting new directing talents lately.

In retrospect, 2003 was a key year for Russian cinema, with the emergence of three notable directors on the international scene, all of whom are still going strong today: Andrey Zvyagintsev, who won the Golden Lion in Venice for his enigmatic debut *The Return (Vozvrascenje)*, and Boris Khlebnikov and Alexei Popogrebsky, who co-directed the haunting father-and-son road movie *Koktebel*, and then went on to make very different but equally powerful solo works.

Although Zvyagintsev's Biblical-inflected fable The Banishment (Izquanie) didn't impress as much as his first film when it screened in Cannes in 2007, he's expected to return to the Croisette this year with his latest, Elena. Popogrebsky, meanwhile, has followed his debut with the highly regarded if bleak *Prostyje vesci* (Simple Things, 2007) and now How I Ended This Summer, which is currently rolling out as a theatrical release in Russia and several territories abroad after a successful lap around the festival track. Khlebnikov's two solo projects, the whimsical Svobodnoye plavaniye (Free Floating, 2006) and the darker comedy of mental illness Sumashedshaya pomosh (Help Gone Mad, 2009) haven't found distribution far from Russia, but their tender, wry streaks of surrealism prove that Koktebel was no fluke, and that he has a sensibility as unique and distinctive as Popogrebsky's.

Finding a common theme that unites all three directors' work would be as fruitless as trying to herd cats. There's no pat way to marry the religious overtones of Zvyagintsev's work with Popogrebsky's straight-up dramas of despair or Khlebnikov's fey, picaresque adventures. At best, one might note that all of them have a fondness for oblique storytelling, withholding key bits of information about characters' motivation or events, but then that's true of great swathes of Russian cinema



THE ARRIVAL Zvyagintsev's award-winning 'The Return' heralded new life in Russian cinema in 2003

#### If there's one story trope that crops up again and again, it's the notion of the traveller coming a cropper in a strange land

at the moment, or even of specialist cinema in general. Alexei Fedorchenko's acclaimed *Silent Souls (Ovsyanki)*, in competition in Venice in 2010, plays a similarly mysterious game as it follows two men from a little-known northern Russian community as they perform the funerary rites for a dead woman whom — it turns out — they both loved. Erotic and elegiac by turns, it makes good on the promise seen in Fedorchenko's quirky mockdoc debut *Perviyje na lune (First on the Moon*, 2005).

Like many Russian films, *Silent Souls* mulls over the vastness of the nation, the awe- and terror-inspiring beauty of the landscape – no surprise, given that Russia is the world's largest country, huge swathes of which are uninhabited and/or uninhabitable. Landscape itself plays a key role in many contemporary Russian films, from the wild



**RITES OF PASSAGE 'Silent Souls'** 

steppes seen in Ivan Vyrypaev's rapturous and weird debut *Ejforija* (*Euphoria*, 2006) and Mikhail Kalatozishvili's Kazakhstan-set drama *Wild Field* (*Dikoye polye*, 2008), to the icy Arctic terrain of *How I Ended This Summer*.

Survival stories are popular because Russians can relate to them in a very palpable way. Sometimes the forces to be contended with are not just natural ones, but dangers from within communities themselves that make life just that little bit harder to survive in harsh environments. In Yuri Bykov's compelling genre piece Zhit (To Live, 2010), for example, an ordinary-Joe hunter out with his dog in the countryside crosses paths with gangsters and suddenly finds himself forced to go on the run with one of them, pursued by the others. In Sergei Osipyan and Aleksandr Lungin's lowbudget study Yavleniye prirodi (Act of Nature, 2010), a yuppie Muscovite tries to blend in with the locals in a backwoods community, only to have his romantic conceptions of rural life confronted.

#### Fish out of water

In fact if there's one story trope that crops up again and again in Russian cinema, it's this rather folkloric notion of the traveller coming a cropper in a strange land far from home. The fish out of water is a stock situation in films all over the world, of course, but in Hollywood films, say, the set-up usually leads to comedy, more often than not with redemption at the end (eg *Groundhog Day*). In Russia, however, where people still remember how Stalin forcibly moved whole populations from one end of the Soviet Union to the other, displacement tends to be seen as fraught with danger — or the potential to erode one's very soul.

As if consciously subverting old Soviet films that celebrated the nobility of agrarian life in

the provinces and the arrival of new combine harvesters, contemporary Russian filmmakers often depict the outposts of civilisation beyond Moscow and St Petersburg (where most filmmakers live) as barbaric places, afflicted by poverty, ignorance and worse. A prime example would be Ukrainian director Sergei Loznitsa's 2010 Cannes competitor My Joy (Schastye moe), in which a truck driver effectively becomes the captive of a Russian town of avaricious crazies with a history of hostility to visitors – as flashbacks to World War II reveal. Finely directed, with its painterly studies of the strange local physiognomies in a street market recalling Loznitsa's 2003 documentary Peyzazh (Landscape), the film plays like a realist version of The Texas Chain Saw Massacre. And Russians will assure you that its depiction of corruption and violence in the sticks is frighteningly accurate, not a cinematic exaggeration.

Slightly more comical in tone, but even more surreal, *Peremirie* (*Truce*, 2010) by established director Svetlana Proskurina also tracks a trucker who gets bogged down in a strange place (that may or may not be his own home town) where violence is normally rife, except for one day when a truce between the ever-feuding miners and villagers is called. Episodic in tone and often laugh-out-loud funny, the film is nevertheless marbled with dark, bloody moments, making for yet another unflattering portrait of provincial life.

More of the same can be found in Kirill Serebrennikov's strange and haunting psychological drama *Yuryev dyen(Yuri's Day*, 2008), in which an internationally renowned opera singer gets bogged down in another small provincial town after her son goes inexplicably missing there, *L'avventura*-style. Unable to leave until she finds him, the singer is gradually assimilated into the village, trading in her designer clothes for uglier local threads and a nasty red dye job, until she becomes indistinguishable from the downtrodden, impoverished locals.

Loss of identity also surfaces as a theme in Anna Fenchenko's arresting *Propavshiy bez vesti* (*Missing Man*, 2010), in which an unnamed website designer is forced to the frayed edge of the social fabric by a train of misunderstandings and some suspicious law-enforcement officers, all the more so after his apartment is bulldozed.

The vision of provincial life as a trap gets a historical spin Alexander Mindadze's recent Berlinale competitor *V subbotu (Innocent Saturday)*, in which a worker at the Chernobyl power plant tries to run away when the reactor melts down, but somehow can't quite leave town. After he and his girlfriend miss a train by seconds, a strange inertia



FEAR AND LOATHING 'Rossiya 88' ('Russia 88') exposes the rise of neo-Nazi groups in Russia

sets in. Before long they find themselves playing a gig at a wedding party, as alcohol and camaraderie conspire to keep them close to the increasingly fatal radiation leak. The heart of the film features the kind of fatalism that only a post-Soviet Slav could understand – many Western viewers will find it baffling.

#### Xenophobic mindset

Travel is still something of an exotic concept for Russians - which is hardly surprising, considering how difficult it was to move around the country even internally during the Communist years. Although visitors to Russia may find Russians warm and generous hosts, xenophobia and racism (as well as sexism and homophobia) are endemic problems in the country, where hatefuelled far-right groups are growing in popularity. Director Pavel Bardin tackled this problem head on in *Rossiya 88* (*Russia 88*, 2009) in which a secretly half-Jewish teen joins a neo-Nazi gang. The drama follows a predictably tragic course, but perhaps the most chilling aspects of the film are the inserts of real Russians interviewed in the street by someone posing as a reporter or a pollster; all say they agree



STRANDED IN THE STICKS The trucker in 'My Joy'

that "Russia should be for Russians," while the end credits reveal a horrifyingly long list of people killed by neo-Nazis in 2008.

Some might say that the nationalistic tone set by Vladimir Putin's conservative regime has contributed to this xenophobic mindset. Certainly, flag-waving, patriotic films such as Andrey Kravchuk's historical epic Admiral (2008) have found favour with the public and the Kremlin alike. That said, it's encouraging to see that Nikita Mikhalkov's shameless pandering to the country's basest ra-ra-Russia instincts, Burnt by the Sun 2: Exodus (Utomlyonnye solntsem 2), was a comparative flop (even Putin could see his old crony's film was a stinker, and shunned its Kremlin premiere last year). At the same time, the Russian Ministry of Culture's cinematographic arm - until its filmfunding functions were dismantled – was actively putting money into more socially conscious films that featured sympathetic characters from former Soviet Socialist republics, often shown suffering from racist treatment at the hands of Russians, as in Dmitri Mamuliya's Drugoe nebo (Another Sky, 2010) and Yusup Razykov's Gastarbeiter (2009).

Where is Russian cinema going now? Given that the country's economy is still very much in flux, no one really knows, although Alexander Zeldovich's recent Berlin festival offering *Mishen (Target)* offers its own wacky vision of the near future. Co-written with cult novelist Vladimir Sorokin, it shows the world of 2020, where rich Muscovites travel to remote, disused science facilities in search of eternal youth, while bizarre game shows stupefy the masses and corrupt highway patrolmen prey on truckers working the China-to-Europe highways. In other words, things won't be much different from today — apart from the eternal-youth part.

After honing a minimalist style on the Oregon-set 'Old Joy' and 'Wendy and Lucy', Kelly Reichardt turns her gaze on the state's pioneer past in 'Meek's Cutoff', a novel female angle on the old West. **Graham Fuller** talks to her, while overleaf **Ed Buscombe** charts women's role in the western

# THE OREGON TRAIL

stensibly detached but riddled with terror, Kelly Reichardt's austere, minimalist western Meek's Cutoff depicts the plight of seven covered-wagon pioneers guided by a frontier chancer on to the waterless wastes of the Oregon High Desert. The film begins with a last river crossing, one woman delicately transporting her caged canary above the waterline, and ends with another woman's face framed by the branches of a tree that testifies to the presence of water. In Proverbs, the tree of life is associated with wisdom and calmness, but the one in the film, sprouting foliage halfway up its bole, looks like a heliotropic freak. Seeing that strange tree is all the pioneers get in the way of salvation. As resistant to the idea of relief or closure as she was in her three previous features, Reichardt allows her characters nothing as cathartic as the Mormons' pell-mell charge to the river after their arduous desert trek in John Ford's Wagon Master (1950).

One of the most lyrical westerns of the classic era, *Wagon Master* was calculated as a myth, presenting an idealised vision of the overlanders' ordeal and expressing nostalgia for their passage: "A hundred years have come and gone since 1849," the Sons of Pioneers sing on the soundtrack, "but the ghostly wagons rollin' West are ever brought to mind." In contrast, *Meek's Cutoff* is an anti-myth that looks sternly on the racism and sexism that helped shape the conquest of the West. These were key themes of the revisionist western history that emerged in the 1980s. Reichardt and Jon Raymond, who wrote *Meek's Cutoff*, drew on some of the same letters and journals that inspired scholars such as

Patricia Nelson Limerick, Lillian Schlissel, Susan Armitage and Sylvia Van Kirk, but their film coalesced more around Reichardt's desire to shoot in the desert locations she came across while scouting for *Wendy and Lucy* (2008) — and around Raymond's discovery of Meek's misadventure when he was researching local history.

Neither Reichardt nor Raymond is a hardcore western buff. Reichardt, who has seen Wagon Master but couldn't recall it by name when I talked to her, cites Nanook of the North (1922), with its sequence of chores, as a greater inspiration than any particular western. Raymond, who doesn't know Wagon Master, sees links between Meek's Cutoff and Wellman's The Ox-Bow Incident (1942) and Yellow Sky (1948), though he was influenced more by Cormac McCarthy's novel Blood Meridian. "A main idea behind the writing of Meek," he explains, "was a kind of curiosity about what a group of normal, middle-class people might do if confronted by one of the outrageously bloodthirsty and vengeful characters in that book. How would a community deal with one of McCarthy's flamboyant sociopaths? I liked the idea of resituating one of those figures on a much more everyday stage."

All beard, grime and growly braggadocio, Stephen Meek (Bruce Greenwood) leads the three wagons in his charge so far astray from the path to the Promised Land that one of the pioneers, Thomas Gately (Paul Dano), pauses to carve the word "LOST" on a fallen tree trunk. While Thomas and his wife Millie (Zoe Kazan), both in their early twenties, are bewildered by the experience, and she is increasingly hysterical, William White (Neal Huff) and his wife Glory (Shirley Henderson) —



RESTRICTED VISION Reichardt's use of the near-square Academy ratio in 'Meek's Cutoff' echoes the (literally) limited viewpoint of its bonnet-wearing women, including Millie Gately (Zoe Kazan)



#### GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN

Few films have put women's experience of the American West at their heart.

Edward Buscombe follows the trail

It's a cliché that the only roles for women in westerns are those of respectable schoolteacher or disreputable saloon girl. Like many clichés, there's some truth in it, and there are classic westerns, such as *My Darling Clementine* (1946), that employ just this formula. But there are honourable exceptions: Barbara Stanwyck's various incarnations of the western woman with more balls than the men around her, as in *Cattle Queen of Montana* (1954) or *Forty Guns* (1957) — and, most memorably, Joan Crawford in *Johnny Guitar* (1954).

Other models of sturdy female independence out west include the newspaper-owning heroine of *Cimarron*(1930) played by Irene Dunne, or more recently the heroine of *The Ballad of Little Jo* (1993), with its fascinating play around notions of masculinity. But when it comes to pioneer women — that is women who make the journey out west to settle new territory, like the unfortunate emigrants in *Meek's Cutoff*—moviemakers' imagination seems largely to have deserted them.

One thinks of covered wagons moving west along the Oregon or California trails as a classic motif of the western. But in truth there are surprisingly few films on the theme – this despite the fact that one of the first big box-office western hits was *The Covered Wagon* (1923), based on Emerson Hough's successful novel. Unfortunately its female characters are rather vapid, and this was to set the pattern.

It's possible to sympathise with the screenwriters' problem. The classical western has at its heart a clash between civilisation – the forces of 'progress' - and savagery or disorder. Heroines tend to find themselves on the side of civilisation; the 'bad' girls on the other side often don't survive to the end of the picture, as with the unfortunate Chihuahua (Linda Darnell) in My Darling Clementine. At the same time, though the civilising forces can only prevail through the use of properly sanctioned violence, the western is also constrained by its need to retain a certain bedrock historical plausibility. The genre demands action in order to dramatise the conflict, but in the 19th century women did not, on the whole, go rushing round on horseback shooting at Indians. (With the possible exception of Calamity Jane, immortalised by Doris Day in 1953, but more grittily incarnated by Ellen Barkin in Wild Bill and Robin Weigert in the televison series Deadwood.) So all too often women's roles are confined to supporting the menfolk, rather than being more actively engaged.

Much of the actual experience of the overland emigrant trail was humdrum, as attested in the hundreds of memoirs and journals produced, many written by women. In his thorough study



SALOON GIRL Linda Darnell as Chihuahua, with Henry Fonda and Victor Mature in 'My Darling Clementine'

#### The genre demands action, but in the 19th century women did not, on the whole, go rushing round on horseback

The Plains Across, John D. Unruh records that half a million people took the trail between 1840 and 1870 (when the railroads rendered the covered wagon obsolete), of whom about 10,000 died on the way. (Most of them succumbed to disease; less than four per cent of the dead were killed by Indians.) Dramatising the experience of trudging across the featureless landscape or expiring from cholera doesn't make for the kind of entertainment westerns are expected to deliver.

Of course the long overland journey offers scope for romance, but Raoul Walsh's *The Big Trail*(1930) follows *The Covered Wagon* in making the woman's role insipid. Possibly aware of this pitfall, in *Wagon Master*(1950) John Ford elects to make his heroine Denver (Joanne Dru) not strictly an emigrant at all, but a member of a colourful troupe of show people. Dru's role in *Red River* (1947) is similar: though attached to a party of emigrants, she is in fact a professional gambler.



MINNESOTA BOUND 'The New Land'

Though the story of the West, as told by Hollywood, is primarily a story of settlement — conquering the wilderness—emigrants themselves are often seen as victims, caught up in the violent struggles around them, but not equipped to play much of an active part. Thus the pioneers in *Bend of the River*(1951), *Jubal*(1956) and *The Last Wagon* (1956) need to be rescued from their parlous predicaments by James Stewart, Glenn Ford and Richard Widmark respectively, none of whom are emigrants themselves.

One way to inject some action into women's roles is to contrive a situation in which they can plausibly cast aside stereotyped roles. In *Westward the Women*(1951), the emigrant party led by Robert Taylor consists of women travelling as mail-order brides for lonely men in California. But after the trail hands desert, the women are thrust into men's roles; Taylor has to instruct them in manly skills such as firing a rifle, and they are forced to deal with stampedes and Indian attacks.

Only a few films have tried to capture the drudgery and hardship of pioneering in the manner of the novels of Willa Cather. *Heartland* (1979)—significantly, an independent not a Hollywood production—employs a quasi-documentary style to convey the feel of life on an isolated Wyoming ranch. A pair of Swedish films, *The Emigrants* (1970) and *The New Land* (1972), also deserve to be better known. Starring Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann and directed by Jan Troell, they recount a Swedish emigrant family's journey west to Minnesota in 1860, and their subsequent fate as they try to settle on the land.

The most sustained treatment of the covered-wagon saga came in the TV series *Wagon Train* (1957-65). Its format – with a need for a constant supply of soap-opera-type narratives – and the family-oriented audience allowed for a greater emphasis on domesticity and women-centred plots. But it has to be said, *Meek's Cutoff* is about as far from that as can be imagined.

who are travelling with their pre-adolescent son Jimmy (Tommy Nelson) – are devout scripturereaders. Solomon Tetherow (Will Patton) is reasonable but indecisive; the only vigilant member of the group is his younger (and stronger) wife Emily (Michelle Williams), who angrily rebels against Meek's authoritarian bullshit and racial hatred.

The conflict between them grows when she feeds a Cayuse Indian (Rod Rondeaux) taken prisoner by Meek, who believes him to be a spy. Emily later mends the Cayuse's moccasin, an act that she excuses as pragmatic – she informs the scandalised Millie that she's doing it because she wants the Cayuse to owe her something. But though she recoils at his stench, there is clearly some fellow feeling. Her gesture prompts Meek to boast about the "good old time" when he participated in a massacre of unsuspecting Blackfeet. He hankers to execute the Cayuse, and eventually points his pistol at him, causing Emily to reciprocate. "I'd be wary," she warns him. "Your woman got some Indian blood in her, Mr Tetherow?" Meek peevishly remarks.

Thus this acme of masculine regenerative violence sums up his attitude to the disobedient female – an object of contempt, identifiable with the despised Other, unworthy of speaking for herself. Men, he has said earlier, are creatures of destruction and women are creatures of chaos. "The two genders have always had it," he opines, slipping into sexual-politics speak. Ironically, Emily has to act like a man – by threatening to shoot Meek – in order to force a détente.

Her sudden resolve follows months of being sidelined on the trail. Reichardt films the three women collecting kindling, grinding coffee beans, preparing and sharing food, hanging out clothes, watching the men huddled together making lifeor-death decisions. Although Reichardt won't admit to a feminist agenda, she acknowledges that it was essential to show the story from a female perspective. "Making a film like this, you can't help but wonder, 'Would I have even made the journey?" she says. "And then you realise, 'I wouldn't even have had a choice. My husband would have made the decision.' And it's so profound to leave your world and go out into this nothingness when it's not even your personal desire to do so. In reading the diaries, I got a different picture than I'd seen in the way the travels had been captured in westerns, which are made up of masculine moments of conflict and conquering. The diaries give you a perspective of what it's like to be outside that and watching it. That became my approach of how I would tell the story visually. You see that the women are in a similar situation as the Indian or the little boy. Basi-



ROAD TO NOWHERE As the domineering Meek (Bruce Greenwood, left in top pic) leads the pioneers astray, only Emily (Michelle Williams, lower pic) challenges him

cally, if you're not a white man, you're outside the decision-making process. You have to do your politicking at night in the tent, if you can.

"There's this moment in the kitchen in Nick Ray's The Lusty Men [1952] where Susan Hayward and Robert Mitchum are arguing about domesticity versus the beauty of the rootless life," Reichardt continues, describing the scene in which Hayward says she can't understand why Mitchum blows all the money he makes risking his life. "And he says, '[Rodeo riding] is a high women just can't understand.' Then [her husband] Arthur Kennedy and Mitchum go out to the porch and the camera moves out behind them, and it's as if you have this relief of, 'Phew, we're getting out of the kitchen.' Then the camera stops in the doorway and there's a shot of Hayward at the kitchen door watching the men walk out, which completely undermines her argument. It's all done with two or three shots, and it's so powerful to me. Yes, it's a high a women can't understand, because it's an option a woman doesn't have."

#### Alienated souls

The first of Reichardt's four features was River of Grass (1994), a comedy-cum-road movie about another constrained woman (Lisa Bowman), bored with marriage and motherhood, and a pathetic slacker-hipster (Larry Fessenden) aimlessly on the lam near the Florida Everglades. A wry suburban take on Gun Crazy (1949), it punctured its studied desultoriness with delightful dabs of actorly business. Her second feature Old Joy (2005) marked the start of her collaboration with Raymond, a novelist based in Portland, Oregon, who had been introduced to her by mutual friend Todd Haynes. It was with this contemplative piece that she established her miniaturist style, which makes maximum use of long takes and long shots. Both Old Joy and Wendy and Lucy were adapted from short stories

by Raymond, whereas *Meek's Cutoff* derives from historical accounts and journals. But all three films are set in distinctive outdoors Oregon locations, and all concern the existentially tinged travels of alienated souls.

In Old Joy, Mark (Daniel London), whose wife is about to give birth to their first child, goes on a weekend hiking trip with old schoolfriend Kurt (Will Oldham). Driving to and from their rendezvous, Mark listens to a talk-radio channel on which the callers lament the absence of a viable Democratic opposition, which colours his own sense of the America in which he will bring up his child. Needy Kurt rationalises his failure to settle down and talks about his spiritual vacations. The beauty of the Cascade Mountains and the calming atmosphere of the hot springs where they take a bath – and where Kurt unsettlingly gives Mark a neck massage – can't allay the sense that the two men are bound on divergent paths.

In Wendy and Lucy, young homeless woman Wendy (played by Williams) is driving north to get a job in an Alaska fish cannery when, after being held in jail for shoplifting in a suburban Oregon town, she loses her beloved dog Lucy. Set free, she receives help from a garage owner (Patton) and especially an elderly security guard (Walter Dalton), but faces a final heartbreaking decision. The willingness of strangers to help in times of severe economic deprivation is encouraging, but Wendy's future remains even less hopeful than that of the pioneers.

Meek's Cutoff's three wagons (of pioneer vintage themselves) stand in for the 150 to 300 that took the so-called 'Terrible Trail' in 1845. The real Meek (1808-86) was a fur trapper, mountain man and wagon master who persuaded Tetherow and other pioneer leaders that he could lead them on a short cut from Fort Boise, Idaho, across the centre of Oregon Country to the plentiful Willamette Valley, thus avoiding the hostile Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians on the tried route that led northwest into the Blue Mountains and along the Columbia River to the settlements at The Dalles. Between 1000 and 1500 pioneers, accompanied by their livestock, followed Meek south-west along the Malheur River and then headed west to Wagontire Mountain, before abandoning Meek's chosen course. With Meek and his young bride long gone, they finally stumbled into The Dalles, some wagons taking two months to complete the journey. Twenty-four people are known to have died en route and another 20, mostly children, after the party's arrival in The Dalles, to which it was led by an Indian in exchange for a blanket (the same token being thoughtfully given by Thomas to the Cayuse in the film). The death toll was probably

#### Women and the West Meek's Cutoff



GO WEST
Kelly Reichardt is not a hardcore western buff, but
was inspired by the Oregon desert locations she
found while scouting her last film 'Wendy and Lucy'

much higher. Although in one respect Meek was a trail-blazer, he was responsible for the worst disaster to befall the pioneers who set out for California or Oregon.

If Old Joy and Wendy and Lucy imply political critiques, Meek's Cutoff suggests a full-blown allegory – but an allegory of what? It's possible to see Meek as a George W. Bush or Dick Cheney manqué and the Cayuse, whom Meek kicks in the head on bringing him to the wagons, as a Guantánamo-era terrorist suspect. Or is the Cayuse, whom the pioneers hope will lead them to water, an Obama figure? "When we were working on the script it was the time of Guantánamo," Reichardt says. "Certainly what was appealing about Meek's story was that it felt as though there were a lot of contemporary themes in it. We had to back away from that and get into the pioneers' story, but throughout the making of the film, and as I was cutting, the political landscape changed. I found that whatever was happening in the news daily was so easy to project on to what I was working with. And I thought, 'Wow, American history is so repetitive.' We have the same big issues over and over again: issues of conquest and who's life has more value - which comes down to racism.

"When I had a first cut of the film I took it to Bard College, where I teach, and showed it to some of my colleagues to get feedback," she continues. "The filmmaker Peter Hutton watched it and said, 'I get it – it's about Obama,' which was funny to me, because that was not where we started. But with all the Tea Party stuff happening during the election, it was hard not to feel those ripples. The metaphors kept working in different ways."

"The film's scenario posed an allegorical energy," Raymond adds. "I like the idea of a community lost in the wilderness that's having grave doubts about its leadership. It's interesting having written it at the end of the Bush era and at the beginning of the Obama era to see how in certain perverse ways the allegory can morph. Someone could almost perversely graft Obama on to the Meek character. One hopes that the allegory is multivalent, but that it's then sloughed away and you're dealing more with the particulars of the story rather than any kind of political point."

#### **Space and silence**

The publicity materials for *Meek's Cutoff* quote from 'Stillness', an essay in Charles Baxter's book *Burning Down the House: Essays on Fiction* (1997): "In an essay on the American West, Marilynne Robinson has argued that our mythologies about the West are warped in the direction of gunplay, warfare and conquest, John Wayne, open spaces, and slaughter," Baxter wrote. "What if, she

suggests, alongside that noisy male-dominated set of myths, there is another one more commonly perceived by women, a West dominated by space and silence? A West of silences, in which the openness is an invitation not to action, but to what I have been calling here a trance condition." These qualities, apparent in both Robinson's novel *Housekeeping* and Bill Forsyth's evocative 1987 film version, are suggestive also of Slow Cinema, for which Baxter's essay reads like a literary manifesto. But if *Meek's Cutoff* qualifies as a Slow Cinema entry, it's not because Reichardt is familiar with that unofficial movement.

In keeping with the 12 miles a day that a wagon might manage on a good day on the Oregon Trail, Meek's Cutoff proceeds at a deadening pace. Days bleed into days through dissolves – one held so long that the wagons appear surreally in both the top and bottom of the frame. Several times, Christopher Blauvelt's camera peers out of the back of a wagon at the eerily receding distance, as when it shows Glory chasing a piece of windswept cloth in the rear of the caravan. "They're moving into an unknown space – it starts at the beginning of the film when they leave the water - and getting further away from anything that was familiar, and it has a scary effect," Reichardt says. Space and silence are immense. The desert seems infinite, especially at night. In one scene, the Tetherows walk in the dark discussing their perilous situation in undertones - the faint, fragmented light from a latticed lantern being all that separates them from the black void beyond.

In shooting the film, Reichardt opted for the Academy ratio, the near-square frame showing the influence of Robert Adams's photos of the American West. Admired by both Reichardt and Raymond, Adams and other New Topographics photographers opposed the romantic pictorialist style favoured by the likes of Ansel Adams and Edward Weston – which explains why Reichardt's images of covered wagons in motion are so much less lyrical than Ford's.

'American history is so repetitive. We have the same big issues over and over again'

"I liked the idea of a more closed-in view as opposed to widescreen," she says. "It enables us to see what the women see wearing those bonnets. They blocked out all their peripheral vision, which seems like a metaphor for how the women were pushed along. The square also changes the landscape completely – enabling you to get the height over the mountain range and the foreground of the desert - and changes time. It keeps you in the present, where the characters are. I had a rule that there would be no vistas, because I didn't want to be romanticising the West at this point in the journey. If I was making it at an earlier time on the trail, I think I would have romanticised the landscape more, because in the diaries people are poetic about it. Further on their 'heaven on earth' flowery hopes give way to lists of chores, which is where we meet up with our wagon party.

"I wanted the landscape to represent that," she continues. "The beauty of the land is so completely tied up with the hardship. Everything out there is dry and prickly, the wind is harsh, the temperatures are 110 or 120 degrees. I was hoping that the rawness of the land would work for how completely raw they are at this point in the journey, worn down to the point of barely being able to have a conversation."

The creak of the wagons' frames, the whine of their wheels, the clang of pots, the flapping of canvas, the buzz of insects, the cries of coyotes and the clumping of oxen all resonate sharply, in lieu of reassuring sounds of civilisation. Yet the few, fleeting conversations (only Meek, trying to shore up his situation, jaws away) are often partially inaudible, emphasising the women's exclusion and loneliness. "It keeps you with them," Reichardt notes. "They hear bits of conversation in which huge decisions are being made. It's happening over there and they're over here."

As the pioneers' water runs out towards the end of *Meek's Cutoff*, William collapses – eliciting an unexpected response from the Cayuse. ("The film gods sent me something really good," Reichardt says of Rondeaux, the Crow-Cheyenne actor and stuntman whose enigmatic performance defies every cliché about American Indians on screen.) There follows a close-up of Glory, tears and snot dripping off her hair in the breeze. It's a paradigm moment in a film that tacitly honours the suffering and endurance of those women who, according to their letters and journals, were dragged out west only for many of their husbands to fall ill, die or head off in search of gold, leaving the so-called 'gentle tamers' to complete the trip.

■ 'Meek's Cutoff' is released on 15 April, and is reviewed on page 66

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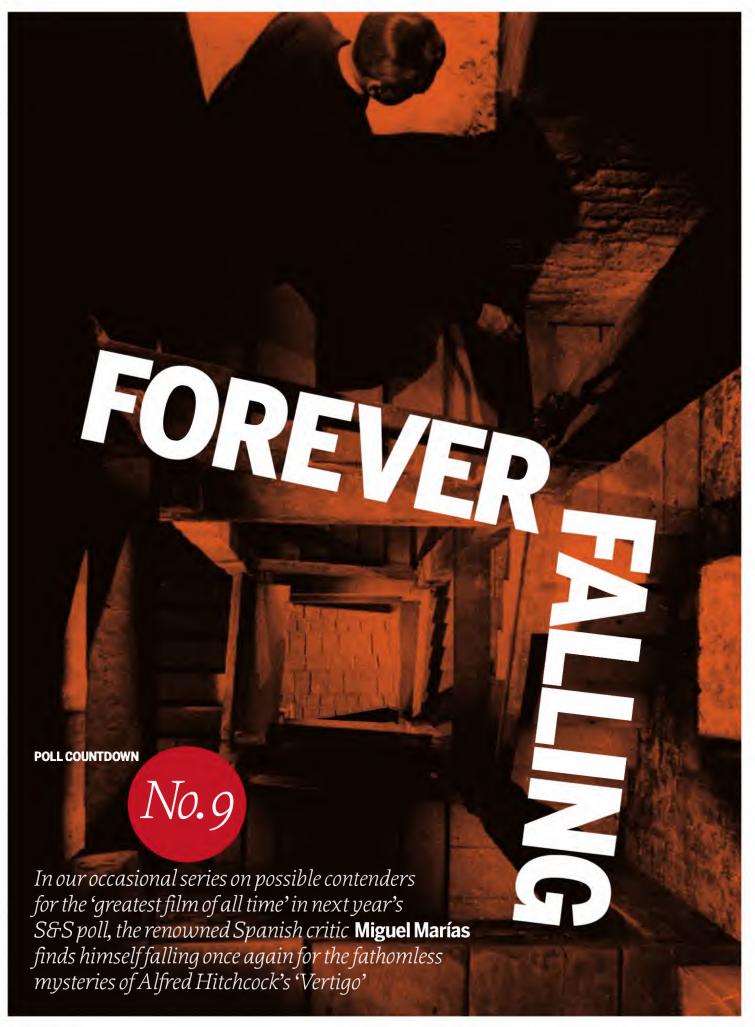
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ON THE EDGE Madeleine (Kim Novak, above) falls - literally - into San Francisco Bay, thus ensuring that detective Scottie (James Stewart, opposite) will 'fall' for her

or some, Alfred Hitchcock's Vertigo (1958) has always been one of those 'bedside' films (as François Truffaut put it, before such a thing could be taken literally) - which means that we store it so well in our minds, and in our hearts, that we can think about it and 'watch' it again whenever the mood takes us. We do this to delve a little bit deeper into the film's inexhaustible and fascinating enigmas, to relive our first impressions and to compare Hitchcock's film to the rest of filmmaking - if only to reassure ourselves of its status as an unsurpassed peak, making films that hold more prestige for critics and historians seem lesser works by comparison. And yet the truth is that its status as a great work has only been admitted comparatively recently.

None of Hitchcock's films, for instance, featured in Sight & Sound's first top ten in 1952, and Vertigo didn't feature in the 1962 critics' poll, compiled four years after the film's release. In fact Vertigo didn't appear in the poll until 1982, when it came seventh. By 1992 it was up to fourth (and sixth in the newly instigated directors' poll); then in 2002 it came second (remaining sixth for the directors). Why did it take so long? Unlike, say, Bicycle Thieves, which was more or less instantly acclaimed as a masterpiece (coming top in the 1952 poll, only four years after its release), films such as Vertigo and John Ford's *The Searchers* (1956) initially met with a mixed reception from critics - and with indifference from the public. Which means that, beyond the mere passing of time and the perseverance of their defenders, these works must have something very special about them to have been able to finally impose themselves as great works.

But why, in the case of Vertigo, do we come back again and again, even though the art of cinema and the film's original audience have changed? The generation that first revered the film has got older and gained experience, but we have also lost illusions and enthusiasm. Why, after watching Vertigo more than, say, 30 times, are we confident that there are things to discover in it - that some aspects remain ambiguous and uncertain, unfathomably complex, even if we scrutinise every look, every cut, every movement of the camera? Why do we never get tired of Hitchcock telling us the story of Scottie Ferguson's obsession with three people in one – Madeleine Elster, Carlotta Valdes and Judy Barton – even though we know it by heart?

#### **Narrative discoveries**

It is generally accepted that Hitchcock was one of the great film narrators. He has long been considered a skilful artisan at the service of his audience, willing to flatter us, and eager to make the biggest profit with his products - a direct concern for him, because he participated in the financing of his films, which meant that his future creative freedom depended on good commercial results. Hitchcock always wanted to keep his hands free so he could make something greater than he'd made before. The tendency among earlier critics was to try to reduce him to the role of 'master of suspense', perhaps because his success sparked off a multitude of inferior imitators. Hitchcock's narrative discoveries, the structural audacity with which he

surprised us – the death of the love interest 70 minutes into Vertigo, or of protagonist Marion Crane (Janet Leigh) 40 minutes into Psycho – all those innovations were considered mistakes by critics then. These were possibilities no other producer would have tolerated; even with Hitchcock's creative autonomy, few would have dared to attempt them.

Of course Hitchcock understood the importance of dramatic narrative and character conventions. He knew how to play with them and pretend he was complying with them – as when retired policeman Scottie (James Stewart) initiates his investigation of Madeleine Elster (Kim Novak) at the behest of her husband Gavin (Tom Helmore) so that the spectator, trusting in orthodoxy, would anticipate the position where the director wanted them to be, allowing him to create and dilate that mixture of tension and uncertainty that is 'suspense'. Come the time, he also knew how to brutally undermine those conventional expectations (making us realise, for instance, that Scottie has been suckered into the Elster case because of his fatal flaw, the vertigo he has experienced ever since he was left dangling from the edge of a roof during a chase in the film's opening sequence), leaving the spectator disoriented – and therefore ready to be taken wherever he wanted us to go.

Hitchcock knew that an excess of confusion can distance, that too many explanations can tire and make us lose the thread, that a prolonged vagueness can jeopardise the credibility of a story. Yet he also knew that if one wants to put aside (or forget for a while) the plausible and go deep into the

#### Poll countdown Vertigo

 terrain of the extraordinary and the improbable, ambiguity is necessary to preserve a fragile realism

 in misè en scene, wardrobe, behaviour. Hitchcock was never spineless in this regard: when he was certain, he would jump in and violate any rule.

This allowed him to dive into the depths of the invisible, the ungraspable, the imperceptible, the unsafe, the weightless, the strange, the impossible (that which worryingly can happen). And this would provide him with the most adequate and efficient tools to lure us into that "momentary suspension of disbelief" of which Coleridge spoke, and elongate it in order for us to immerse ourselves in the inextricable depths of the human being. I won't use the word 'soul', even though I'm sure Hitchcock believed in the existence of something like this.

There is no need to be a Christian to succumb to Hitchcock, just - ever so slightly - Freudian or Jungian. I suspect that Hitchcock, regardless of how sceptically or ironically he considered the jargon of psychoanalysis and its therapeutic virtues, didn't ignore the theories and the institutions of the different psychoanalytic schools. Subjects that preoccupied and intrigued Sigmund Freud and his followers - such as sexuality and repression, dreams and the Oedipus complex, fear and the 'lapsus', lies and masks, sublimation and mythology, jokes, the subconscious and feelings of guilt, the illusion of grandeur and the persecution complex, paternal or authoritarian figures and possessive mothers, the family structure and hereditary features, child fixations and hysteria, hypnotism and schizophrenia, the uncanny and many others – seem like a repertoire of themes that recur in Hitchcock's filmography.

That said, Catholicism provided Hitchcock with certain variations (or aggravating circumstances) on some of these themes: the notion of sin; the fear of knowledge and of woman as dangerous temptress; the expulsion from Paradise and the shame of the body; the mythologising of virginity and maternity; plagues and the way to the cross; mourning and the cult of the dead; faith in the afterlife and in the resurrection of the flesh; the Ten Commandments and the Seven Deadly Sins as opportunities for transgression and guilt; miracle healing; eternal punishment; the consecration of 'the wrong man' in the figure of Christ; confession and its inviolable confidentiality; the inquisition and torture; the devil as seductive and astute being, proudly defiant of the divine supremacy; the conflict between predestination and freedom; the Apocalypse and the Last Judgement...

It would be as ridiculous to deny the importance of Judaeo-Christian obsessions in Hitchcock as it would be to reduce everything to a succession of Catholic dogmas and rituals. These obsessions are the perfect complement, conflictual and partly antithetical — and therefore dialectical, to his psychoanalytic sources of inspiration. Another even less explored cultural source for Hitchcock—which strengthens the Catholic (which came from his education by the Jesuits) and the Freudian (which he encountered during his film apprenticeship in Weimar-era Germany)—is surrealism. This may be obvious, but in order to highlight it we need to look at the composition and framing, the texture and the combination of his images—

above all in the silent part of his British period, chronologically the closest to those encounters.

Like the surrealists, Hitchcock thought that the interior (what happens 'inside') and the imaginary (dreamed, remembered or hallucinated) are as real as the external and tangible to which 'reality' is normally restricted. The influence here is not primarily literary but rather pictorial, and can be sensed in paintings by Richard Oelze, Max Ernst, Emil Nolde, Dorothea Tanning, Hans Bellmer, and in some of their predecessors, such as Friedrich, Böcklin, Munch and Fuseli.

Lastly, there remains a vision of the world to which this last clue drives us: romanticism. From many spheres – musical, literary, pictorial – and from various places - British, German, Italian, American, Russian – the footprints of romanticism can be detected in Hitchcock's films. One feels the spectres of Poe, Stevenson, Hawthorne, Melville, George Du Maurier, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, Mary Shelley, Wilkie Collins, Georg Trakl, E.T.A. Hoffmann, Achim von Arnim and Gérard de Nerval. In the same way, one can hear – under the curiously related melodies composed for his films by such different musicians as Franz Waxman, Hugo Friedhofer, Roy Webb, Maurice Jarre, Miklós Rózsa, Dimitri Tiomkin and above all Bernard Herrmann – measures and harmonies by Wagner, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Richard Strauss, Fauré, Franck, Rachmaninov, Debussy, Britten, early Stravinsky, the Schoenberg of 'Verklärte Nacht' ('Transfigured Night') - all of them centred in the recreation and transmission of emotions.

For me romanticism – often concealed under a layer of cynicism and humour, as in Lubitsch, Sternberg, Wilder, Ophuls, Stroheim or Mankiewicz – is the key to Hitchcock's unequalled capacity to unsettle and move the spectator with a degree of implication and intensity that goes beyond a supposed 'identification' with the protagonist – an identification that Hitchcock tended to rupture violently and traumatically, and which in general was projected not on to a single (male) person, but on to the couple, at least.

Notorious (1946), for instance, is not the story of Devlin (Cary Grant) — even if its first part is told from his narrative (but not visual) point of view — nor is it that of Alicia (Ingrid Bergman), as the title may make us think; it is the story of that couple —

Romanticism is the

unequalled capacity

key to Hitchcock's

to unsettle

and move us

or more so, of the triangle composed by Sebastian (Claude Rains), and the quadrilateral that would include his ominous mother (Leopoldine Konstantin). More than the drama of the neurotic woman personified by Tippi Hedren, *Marnie* (1964) narrates her complex relationship with Mark Rutland (Sean Connery), and the no less ambiguous relationship with her mother. *Vertigo*, of course, is not just the story of Scottie, but also – even more so – of Judy in her different simulations or incarnations, manipulated, feigned, spontaneous or forced.

#### **Seduction manoeuvres**

Another reason why Vertigo turns out to be so intriguing, complex and suggestive stems from the fact that it gathers together a strange synthesis of various myths of Western culture, connected to the mystery of artistic creation, which is perhaps the film's ultimate subject. The most obvious myth is Pygmalion, combined with the Frankenstein variant of Prometheus; others would include Orpheus and Eurydice, although in a very sombre version, and almost inverted; the double or Döppelganger of the romantics and German expressionists, filtered through the schizoid sieve of Stevenson's The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde; the love in death and beyond this world of 'Tristan and Isolde' (and it is no coincidence that the 'Liebestod' of Wagner's opera is the audible origin of Herrmann's score, mainly of the 'Love Theme'); some vampire tales and the novel *Peter* Ibbetson by George Du Maurier (not the pale and miscast film version by Henry Hathaway). Some others could also be mentioned, such as Faust, but what's interesting here is that it is not a case of showing off cultural references, but of a melancholic and tragic story of love (much more than a detective story), full of multiple resonances that are admirably integrated, and which converge in what Robin Wood, Jean Douchet and Eugenio Trías have considered a parable of creation, and of the mise en scène.

Let's not forget that *Vertigo* is a succession of *mises en scène* and seduction manoeuvres. The first shows us how Gavin Elster, an old friend from student days, requests Scottie's services as a detective in order to use him in an improbable criminal conspiracy. First he tempts him, like Mephistopheles, with a return to action, restoring Scottie's lost confidence. Once this route fails, Elster intrigues him with the implausible story of Carlotta Valdes and the power it exerts over his wife Madeleine – a story told in encircling movements, going up and down the different 'levels' of

his huge office, like the scriptwriter and director who first seduce the producer, then the actors and finally the audience. Elster banks on the fact that—in a third phase, admirably staged in Ernie's restaurant—Scottie is going to be captivated by the ethereal, ghostly, hieratic and gliding beauty of Madeleine, which will finally convince him to







IN HER IMAGE Scottie (James Stewart, above) transforms Judy, left pic, into his ideal, Madeleine, right – just as Hitchcock did with the actress who played both roles: Kim Novak, facing page

believe such a fantastic tale and accept the mission of following and protecting her.

From the moment he positions himself inside his car at the door of Elster's mansion and furtively follows Madeleine, Scottie thinks he is directing the second *mise en scène*. The mix of contemplation and distance and growing curiosity is intoxicating as Scottie, without realising it, starts falling in love with an imaginary person whom he dreams of saving, without ever suspecting that 'Madeleine' has been forced to interpret a role. He follows her, bewitched, through different places, each more or less funereal: a flower shop, which she enters through the back door; the cemetery of the Mission Dolores; the museum where she contemplates the portrait of the unfortunate Carlotta; the lonely room in the sinister and desolate McKittrick Hotel (a herald of the house in which Norman Bates coexists with the memory of his mother), in which Madeleine vanishes like a ghost, as if she were a hallucination of Scottie's.

His unconscious desires start to become a reality when Madeleine throws herself into San Francisco Bay by the Golden Gate, giving him the opportunity to save her like some knight errant — and to feel, as in the Chinese tradition he cites, responsible for her; to take her to his flat, undress her, watch her sleeping and talk to her for the first time. In this phase, a relationship of affinity binds these prowling idlers. They visit different places on the outskirts of San Francisco, exchange confidences, fears and dreams. This phase is consummated — once Scottie is in love with Madeleine — with the unseen murder of Elster's real wife, presented trau-

matically to Scottie (and the viewer) as a suicide that he couldn't prevent.

The third *mise en scène* takes to the limit the condition of the powerless spectator, which we share with Scottie; it's a painful repetition, under the effects of the loss or abandonment syndrome of the previous 'movement'. Like an inconsolable widower, Scottie revisits the places where he first followed and spied on Madeleine from a distance, and those where they were together: the giant sequoias, the solitary coast beaten by the swell and the wind, the Mission San Juan Bautista.

The fourth *mise en scène* – after a few false alarms that leave us breathless, making our heart skip in rhythm with the wounded and depressed Scottie – starts when the ex-detective bumps into Judy Barton. A shop assistant, she seems carnal, even vulgar - very far from the formal elegance and distinction of Madeleine, who was so pale and whispering, so shy and fragile, so ethereal and disturbed; but in Judy he discovers an echo of the loved and lost image. Now Scottie becomes scriptwriter and producer, director and wardrobe designer, make-up artist and decorator, as he obsessively tries to transform Judy into his Madeleine, taking that resemblance as a starting point, polishing and fine-tuning her into the yearned-for image of his unacceptably lost love.

But Judy is scared, because she knows what Scottie and we still don't. The key moment of the film – truly revolutionary from the dramatic and narrative point of view – is the revelation (for us the spectators, when we hear Judy writing her confession; Scottie's realisation will still take a bit

longer) of what really happened on the top of the bell tower of the Mission. This is a moment that gives a different sense to everything we think we know, and changes our point of view: we shift from Scottie's viewpoint—from the sadness and desperation we've shared—to Judy's, which allows us to consider her as a victim.

The fifth mise en scène begins when Judy, trapped by the love she had to feign for Scottie when she was experiencing his so intensely, gives herself away – almost abandons herself to love – with an indirect confession. (It's difficult to know to what extent it's conscious on Judy's part; is she even jealous of the fictitious Madeleine, who was herself?) When Scottie tries to regain control of the drama - which will now be that of vengeance, as he is determined to force a confession out of Judyhe will drag her to her death. And this is the definitive disappearance of Madeleine that will drive Scottie to the absolute void. In the end, Scottie is left 'suspended' over the abyss, just as he was when a compassionate fade-out closed the film's prologue of the police chase over the roofs of San Francisco.

During this gradual process of spiral ascents and falls, punctuated by ominous low and high angles, we the viewers are successively — or simultaneously — busybodies and onlookers, meddlers and dupes, accomplices and sceptics, co-scriptwriters and extras, witnesses and victims of three machinations: Elster's, Scottie's and — above both of them, permanent and masterly — Hitchcock's.



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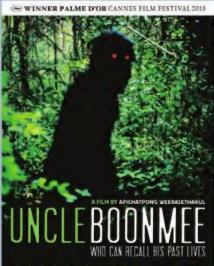
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**Nigel Andrews** The Financial Times

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# Reviews

**50 FILM OF THE MONTH** 

52 FILMS

84 DVDS

**92 BOOKS** 



Reviews, synopses and full credits for all the month's new films, plus the pick of the new books and DVDs

The Extraordinary Adventures of Adèle
Blanc-Sec Newcomer Louise Bourgoin is
excellent as Adèle, but despite her fearless
attitude, her character doesn't come close
to being a real action heroine; she remains a
gorgeous woman in lovely period frocks p56

# The last round-up

The sheep-herders' life romanticised in 'Brokeback Mountain' is the focus of the immersive new documentary 'Sweetgrass', which captures both the harshness and the grandeur of a vanishing world. By **Kieron Corless** 

#### **Sweetgrass**

Lucien Castaing-Taylor, 2009

Strange to relate that one of the year's most striking cinematic experiences so far is a documentary starring 3,000 sheep. They're pretty much the first beings we encounter in Lucien Castaing-Taylor's *Sweetgrass*, the thunderous multitude impressing itself on our ears initially, until eventually it pours from off screen into a fixedcamera shot - a cascading river of sheep in bleating tumult, corralled by dogs and herders down a gentle incline and off into the blurred distance, a seemingly irresistible and endless flow eventually arrested by an image of a lone sheep returning the camera's studied gaze with placid curiosity.

Already in these opening scenes certain preoccupations become apparent, borne out as the film progresses. Collective experience will figure – and matter – as much as that of individuals, a dialectical back and forth. And the sheep will be anything but peripheral players; in *Sweetgrass*, evoking their apprehension of the world – and observing the relationship between humans and animals – will be central concerns.

Castaing-Taylor and Ilsa Barbash, who produced Sweetgrass, are academics based at Harvard, a husband-and-wife team who style themselves 'visual anthropologists': their previous films include Made in U.S.A. (1987), exposing child labour in Los Angeles, and In and out of Africa (1992), about the African art trade. The seeds of Sweetgrass were sown when the duo chanced upon a family of Norwegian-American herders in Montana who were among the last to trail their sheep inordinately long distances to public land up in the mountains for summer pasture, thanks to a grazing permit passed down over generations – a practice that's existed since the 19th century.

Shooting over three years, Castaing-Taylor and Barbash were on hand in the Absaroka-Beartooth Mountains in 2003 to record a 150mile sheep trail, which turned out to be the last one ever. Sweetgrass



#### Character is expressed through action, and what speech there is can be hard to understand – guttural noises directed at the sheep, dogs and horses

ends up being an understatedly lyrical record of the dying world of the herders and the disappearance of the old West – the curtailment of a particular relationship between humans and the natural world that will no doubt resonate widely.

The film opens in early spring with sheep-shearing and lambing, touches of frost and snow still lying on the ground. In these early stages, the film seems to be shaping up as a document of industrial farming processes along the lines of Nikolaus Geyrhalter's *Our Daily Bread* (2005), as we observe superfast, brutally efficient shearing performed by a line of workers manhandling the sheep into submission. That brutality spills

over into the lambing, when newborns are tossed hither and thither in a bid to coax adoptive mothers, but is leavened by moments of tenderness – a typical dualism in attitude that's replayed over and over in the ensuing journey. But once the trek across the mountains starts, the rhythms become less staccato, more diffuse. At this stage the herders are almost indistinguishable, and the camera often sits at sheep's-eye level, magnetised by the creatures' strangeness and mystery.

Finally just two herders remain: John Ahern and Pat Connolly (it's never explained why the others leave). For the next weeks, until the end of summer, they'll be in charge of this gigantic flock, on a journey fraught with difficulties and dangers – bears and wolverines, to name but two. John, the elder, is the more charismatic figure, straight from cowboy central casting; craggy and wizened, he's a laconic outsider whom it's hard to imagine anywhere but outdoors, working with the animals he clearly feels more comfortable with. In an attempt to render the camera's presence near-invisible, Castaing-Taylor strapped it on himself in a shoulder harness, becoming literally a 'recordist' (a term he prefers to 'director'), immersed in the unfolding events but not intervening in any way, instead simply observing as a way to bear witness and honour the subject.

Clarity is an illusion, Castaing-Taylor has declared, and Sweetgrass looks to bear out the truth of that statement. The film's aesthetic strategies are of the 'show, don't tell' variety, with viewers expected to work to get their bearings. There are no interviews or narration. Character is expressed through action rather than speech, for the most part, and what speech there is can be hard to understand – heavy dialect, or guttural noises directed at the sheep, dogs and horses. Very little information is provided; we're not even made aware of the full significance of this journey until a closing title card tells us it was the last of its kind. Barbash and Castaing-Taylor prefer to let the images speak for themselves, and they're often eloquent: the sheepdrive through a small town's main street, for example – a surreal prospect, if ever there was one. Most of all, that refusal of spoon-fed clarity bespeaks a rigour and scrupulous restraint.

If all that makes Sweetgrass sound worthily spartan or even—given the directors' day jobs—academic, the experience of watching it is anything but. The journey winds through some aweinspiring scenery, the camera always alert to the play of light, shadow, colour and texture—a late-summer orange sunset spilling over the sheep as they wind down a track—with occasional zoom-ins and pull-backs producing dramatic shifts in scale and perspective.





# OF SHEEP AND MEN The sheep drive was filmed with a camera strapped to the body of 'recordist' Lucien Castaing-Taylor, in order to minimise its obtrusive presence

The recordists' averred ideal of a judicious mingling of documentary and more artistic impulses is most apparent in the immersive sound design: up to eight sheep and herders were miked up at any given moment, now and then edited to produce gently disorienting disjunctions between what we're seeing and hearing. The resulting sense of fragmentation of not quite standing on solid ground - gives some idea of what an incredibly complex and demanding task herding this amount of sheep can be.

The herders' microphones also serve – as much if not more so than the imagery – to lay bare the tensions at the heart of this enterprise, most obviously between received notions about cowboys' lives, endlessly promulgated in films about the West, and the bruising actuality. Pat sometimes struggles to stay on top of the job, at one point addressing the sheep in an explosive rant long on expletives Tony Soprano might blanch at – a moment that's hilarious and sad all at the same time. The harshness of

the herders' lives is framed by an impossibly beautiful landscape, a dichotomy captured most precisely and poignantly during another of Pat's despairing outbursts, this time on the phone to his mother. "I'd rather enjoy these mountains than hate them, but it's getting to the point I'm starting to hate 'em." Among other things, Sweetgrass is a heartfelt lament – but one with a level gaze, entirely free of sentimentality and nostalgia.

It joins a small but significant band of recent films, broadly anthropological or ethnographic in nature, recording ways of living and working that are on the verge of obsolescence - films by the likes of Wang Bing, Feng Yan, Sharon Lockhart, Uruphong Raksasad and Eugenio Polgovsky. Sweetgrass is a fine addition to their number, not least in its mode of address to its subject - respectful, questioning, intelligent, even angry on some level. You wouldn't want to push the analogy too far, but the quality of attention it requires and instils the dedication and perseverance feel as anachronistic and endangered in today's corporate film culture as the people and ways of life being documented.

We learn from a title card at the end that the Raisland-Allestad Ranch in Sweetgrass County Montana, where the film began, shut down in 2004, after more than a hundred years of existence. Just before that we've seen John, at the culmination of the journey, driven off in a pick-up truck. "What will you do now?" the driver asks, a little too pointedly. As ever, John's reply is evasive and halting, but his stoic resignation is underwritten with unease and anxiety, his plight representative of that of many others heading towards a similarly uncertain and precarious future. For credits and synopsis, see page 75

## **Working on the hoof**

Lucien Castaing-Taylor on the making of 'Sweetgrass'

We [Castaing-Taylor and producer Ilsa Barbash] began work on this film in the spring of 2001. Living at the time in Colorado, we heard about a family of Norwegian-American sheep-herders in Montana, who were among the last to trail their sheep long distances - about 150 miles each year, all of it on hoof up to the mountains for summer pasture. I visited them during lambing, and was so taken with the magnitude of their life - at once its allure and its arduousness - that we ended up working with them intensively over the coming years.

'Sweetgrass' depicts the twilight of a defining chapter in the history of the American West, the dying world of western herders – descendants of Scandinavian and northern European homesteaders – as they struggle to make a living in an era increasingly inimical to their interests. Set in Big Sky Country, in



**CASTAING-TAYLOR & BARBASH** 

a landscape of remarkable scale and beauty, the film portrays a lifeworld coloured by an intense propinquity between nature and culture – one that has been integral to the fabric of human existence throughout history, but which is almost unimaginable for the urban masses of today. Spending the summers high in the Rocky Mountains, among the herders, the sheep and their predators, was a transcendent experience that will stay with me for the rest of my days.

## **Adjustment** Bureau

USA 2011

Director: George Nolfi With Matt Damon, Emily Blunt, Anthony Mackie, Terence Stamp Certificate 12A 105m 48s

After the likes of Total Recall (1990), Minority Report (2002) and A Scanner Darkly (2006), this is the latest paranoid thriller to take its cue from the writings of Philip K. Dick. The source is a 20-page vignette from 1954 titled 'Adjustment Team', in which a lowly pen-pusher gets an accidental glimpse of the hitherto unsuspected organisation that keeps the world on track, witnessing his workplace and colleagues turned to lifeless shapes while the eponymous agency performs its necessary alterations. In expanding Dick's tantalising nugget to feature length, Ocean's Twelve and Bourne Ultimatum writer George Nolfi (here also making his directorial debut) retains only the central conceit of our world being shepherded along by agents of a grand plan, bolstering it with a love story to heighten the stakes of the conflict between predetermination and free will. Not only does Matt Damon's hotshot politico David Norris learn of the (renamed) Adjustment Bureau's grip on mankind's every move, he also faces losing the love of his life (Emily Blunt) because their union isn't laid down in the Chairman's big book. Curiously, while this beefed-up plot is obviously intended to give dramatic heft to the story's conceptual machinations, it actually provides a context in which the love story becomes the film's driving force, exposing the speculative framework as a somewhat rickety construct.

This is convincing in the case of Damon's David Norris, who decries the lack of authenticity in the political sphere, but is torn between his longstanding career path of public service and the desire to hang loose with the one he loves. The Adjustment Bureau and their predetermined future coming between the pair thus proves

SYNOPSIS New York, present day. Senate candidate David Norris loses the

addressing his supporters he encounters carefree dancer Elise Sellas, whose

unconventional attitude affects his subsequent speech, leading him to decry spin-

driven politics. He later bumps into Elise on the bus and gets her phone number

thus foiling trilby-wearing agent Harry Mitchell's attempt to keep them apart.

Next morning, David finds his office staff inexplicably frozen in time while

black-clad stormtroopers manipulate their physical appearance. Mitchell's boss

Richardson threatens David that he'll wipe his brain if he reveals this accidental

Three years later, David is planning another Senate campaign when chance

David cuts his ties with Elise. Mitchell, doubting the primacy of the predetermined

plan over human emotions, later helps him extricate Elise from her wedding day.

resistance has prompted the Bureau to rewrite the plan. David and Elise's free will

After a cross-city pursuit, the couple kiss. Mitchell announces that their spirited

again brings him and Elise together. Senior bureau agent Thompson explains

that David is destined to become US president – but not if Elise is by his side.

glimpse of 'the Adjustment Bureau' at work, nudging people and events in

accordance with a predetermined plan. Richardson also tells David he must

election following the publication of embarrassing photographs. Before



Maladiusted: Matt Damon

an engaging spin on the tragic love story, since the challenge in such material is finding up a good enough reason to split the tale's Romeo and Juliet asunder. That said, we still don't have to take the Bureau's men in trilby hats and snappy suits terribly seriously - though John Slattery of TV's Mad Men certainly looks the part - not least because their seemingly portentous all-in-God's-plan Judeo-Christian worldview sits uneasily with the ad hoc specifics of their operational procedures. They can't keep tabs on humans when they're near water, for instance, which explains conscienceracked agent Anthony Mackie's preference for meeting David on the Staten Island Ferry. Oh, and the network of secret passages the Bureau uses to negotiate the Big Apple can only be accessed when wearing a hat, and turning the door handles clockwise. As a result, the film's musings on free will and the powers of 'the Chairman', especially when Terence Stamp's badass agent Thompson weighs in with a potted history of mankind's failings any time the celestial stabilisers have been taken off, prove more the stuff of a Twilight Zone episode than the seminary.

Not that this really hampers our enjoyment, it must be said, since the

presents itself throughout as an essentially lighthearted diversion, dotted with romance, much Bourne-style dashing around and the odd dab of existential musing. It certainly doesn't withstand sustained analysis, and Nolfi's direction lacks visceral punch, yet the component parts are likeable enough for us not to feel shortchanged. And who, ultimately, can resist the idea that a single kiss can alter the course of human history? •• Trevor Johnston 2nd Unit Director **CREDITS** 

film, however grievous its flaws,

Directed by George N Produced by Michael Hackett George Nolfi Bill Carraro Chris Moore Screenplay George Nolfi Based upon the short story 'Adjustment Team' by Philip K. Dick Director of

Photography John Toll Edited by Production Designer Kevin Thompson Music

@MRC II Distribution Company LF Production Companies Universal Pictures and Media Rights Capital present a Gambit Pictures production in association with Electric Shepherd productions A film by George Nolfi **Executive Producers** Isa Dick Hackett

Jonathan Gordon Co-producers Joel Viertel Michael Bederman Associate Producer ric Kripke Unit Production Managers

Michael Bederman Bill Carraro 2nd Unit: Dana Robin Additional Photography: Carla Raij

Production Co-ordinators Additional Photography: Lindsay Feldman Production Controller Gavin Behrman Supervising Location Manager Rob Striem

Damon Gordo Post-production Supervisor 2nd Unit Director G.A. Aguilar Assistant Directors

Location Manager

1st: Stephen X. Apicella 2nd: Justin Ritson 1st: Chris Surgent 2nd: Taka Kawakami Additional Photography 1st: H.H. Cooper 2nd: Jennifer Truelove

Script Supervisors Mary Bailey 2nd Unit: Renee Burke Sheila Page Additional Photography: Thomas Johnston

Casting Amanda Mackey of Photography/ Operator Lukasz Jogalla

Camera Operators A: Bruce MacCallum B: Stephen Consentino Additional Photography A: Patrick Capone B: Dave Thompson

Steadicam Operators Stephen Consenting Additional Photography: Dave Thompson

Chief Lighting **Technicians** Jim Plannette Bill Almeida Key Grip Visual Effects Supervisor Mark Russell

Visual Effects by Rhino-Gravity Big Film Design Brainstorm Digital Phosphene Wildfire Visual Effects Special Effects

Co-ordinator Planbook Design/ Senior Graphics Supervisor J. John Corbett Art Director Stephen Carter Set Decorator

Susan Bode Tyson Property Master Construction Co-ordinator Costume Designer Costume Supervisor

Wardrobe Supervisor Additional Photography: Carmia Marshall Make-up Department Head

velvne Noraz Key Make-up Artist ouise McCarth Hair Department Head Key Hairstylist

en Joseph Sica Rhino-Gravity Instrumental Soloists George Doering Steve Tavaglione Rick Cox Dan Greco Mike Fisher

Zach Danziger Orchestrations by Soundtrack "Future's Bright" by Richard Ashcroft, Thomas Newmar Richard Ashcroft; "Let

> Gleedsville; "Groove Ensemble" – Joev K; "Mr. Correct" - They Might Be Giants: "Fever (Adam Freeland Extended Remix)" -Sarah Vaughan; "Are You Ready?" - Richard

Ashcroft, The United

Nations of Sound

Your Body Loose'

Cathy Sandrich Gelfond

Production Sound Mixer Danny Michael 2nd Unit Sound Mixer Michael Baros Re-recording Mixers Roberto Fernandez Dave Paterson Robert Hein Supervising Sound Editors Robert Hein

Stunt Co-ordinator

G.A. Aguilar CAST Matt Damon

**Emily Blunt** Anthony Mackie John Slattery Richardson Michael Kelly Charlie Traynor Terence Stamp Thompson Lisa Thoreson Florence Kastriner suburban moms Phyllis McBryde Natalie E. Carter suburban neighbours Chuck Scarborough Jon Stewart Captain Gregory P. Hitchen US Coast Guard officer Darrell James LeNormand

upstate farmer Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg himself R.J. Konner nolitical consultants Susan D. Michaels Gregory Lay

Albert, campaign aide Lauren Hodges Robyn, campaign aide James Carville Mary Matalin Amanda Mason

Warren senior campaign aide Anthony Ruivivar Sandhi Santini Laurie Dawn

Norris supporters Christine Lucas Christine Charlie's Betty Liu

Jim Edward Gately man in Madison Square

Don Hewitt Sr bus driver Venida Evans Kyoko Bruguera David Gregoire Julie Hays

David Bishins Burdensky Kate Nowlin Rob Yang

iunior partners Jennifer Ehle Brooklyn Ice House bartende Johnny Cicco

Johnny from Red Hook Pedro Pascal Paul De Santo, maître d' Michael Boyne Sarah Bradford

Choreographer/Dance Coach for Ms Blunt

> Sandi Carroll orthopedic surgeon Daniel Bazile himself, newscaster Shane McRae Adrian Troussant, Elise's

Pete Epstein

Brian Haley

Kirsty Meares

Jessica Lee Kelle

Lauren, Elise's best

Donnie Keshawarz

Kieran Campion

Meghan Andrews Cedar Lake receptionist Sandra Berrios court registrar David Alan Basche Joel de la Fuente Thompson's aides Mike DiSalvo Thompson's aide Dina Cataldi Paul DiPaola

courthouse security officer Jason Kravits courthouse lobby
Peter Jay Fernandez

Lawrence Leritz court officer Peter Benson Leroy McClain Brit Whittle Wayne Scott Miller Lorenzo Pisoni Bart Wilder Bureau headquarters

Jubal Battisti Jon Bond Soojin Choi Nickemil Concepcion Gwynenn Taylor Jones Jason Kittelberger Ana-Maria Lucaciu Oscar Ramos Matthew Rich Harumi Terayama

Manuel Vignoulle Ebony Williams Golan Yosef Cedar Lake dancers

Dolby Digital

In Colour

[1.85:1]

International UK & Eire

9,521 ft +8 frames

end his romance with Elise.

is restored; perhaps mankind's will follow.

#### **Battle Los Angeles**

USA 2011

Director: Jonathan Liebesman With Aaron Eckhart, Michelle Rodriguez, Ramon Rodriguez Certificate 12A 116m 4s

From Dante's Peak and Volcano through Deep Impact and Armageddon to Despicable Me and Megamind, cinema is littered with similarly themed films released at nearly the same time and now aliens can be seen invading the City of Angels in both the Strause brothers' modestly financed indie Skyline (2010) and Jonathan Liebesman's big-budget tent-pole Battle Los Angeles (not to mention Asylum's straight-tovideo 'mockbuster' Battle of Los Angeles). The connection between the two films is complicated by the fact that the Strauses' company Hy\*drau"lx also furnished visual effects for Battle Los Anaeles.

Certainly both films open in medias res, and both boast spectacular special effects, but there are striking differences in their details. Where Skyline shows an alien apocalypse unfolding from the perspective of beleaguered civilians in a condominium and ends on the sort of bleak note that could only be possible in an independent production, Battle Los Angeles embeds viewers on the ground with a platoon of Marines, deploying the sort of chaotic realism familiar from films such as Saving Private Ryan (1998) - and, more pertinently, from videogames such as Call of Duty – and ends with the defiant triumphalism of Independence Day (1996). It's a gung-ho recruiting sergeant for the armed forces, with an enemy that conveniently lacks a recognisable human form to problematise the film's unquestioning militarism. So even when an injured alien is shown undergoing a live autopsy to determine how best to kill its kind, the film makes no attempt to elicit our sympathies for this dehumanised POW, or our abhorrence for its torturers. If the aliens' goal is to take Earth's water for their fuel, the film never pauses to reflect on America's own history of adventurism abroad for dwindling resources, or the likelihood that future human wars will also be over water. While the ending, with the heroes heading straight back for further dangerous combat, formally evokes the final sequence of Kathryn Bigelow's The Hurt Locker (2008), it lacks the critical intelligence or psychological insight to make anything interesting of this resemblance.

Instead there is cliché-riddled dialogue (mostly comprising macho posturing) and a parade of thinly sketched characters - the ageing, guiltstricken staff sergeant (Aaron Eckhart), the resentful corporal (Cory Hardrict), the top-of-his-class rookie commander (Ramon Rodriguez) with the pregnant wife, the veteran (Jim Parrack) struggling to overcome post-traumatic stress, etc – whose narrative arcs are entirely predictable from the moment they're introduced. It's a platoon's worth

SYNOPSIS Los Angeles, August 2011. Racked by guilt over a disastrous tour in Afghanistan, Marine Staff Sergeant Michael Nantz tenders his resignation. As he is completing his last training session, alien forces begin a massive coastal attack on the world's major cities. When his platoon is mobilised, Nantz is asked to accompany its rookie commander Martinez. Ordered to evacuate civilians from a police station before the Air Force levels Santa Monica, the platoon comes under heavy alien fire en route, and is joined by survivors from other Marine units. They recover five civilians from the police station but a flying drone destroys their rescue helicopter. Helped by the veterinarian Michele, they determine how to kill the aliens by performing a live autopsy on an injured one. Fleeing by bus, they come under attack; although Nantz brings down an alien drone single-handed, a freeway battle results in many casualties until a gravely injured Martinez destroys the advancing aliens along with himself. When the airstrike fails to come, Nantz and the others discover that their forward operating base has been destroyed. As a helicopter lifts them out of the battle zone, Nantz realises that the alien command centre is nearby, and returns to the ground, joined by his remaining Marines. Under heavy attack, they laser target the command centre for a missile strike, destroying the aliens' air support. Nantz and his unit head back to retake LA.

of unengaging subplots that fails to cover over the lack of anything like a thoughtful subtext.

Battle: Los Angeles can hardly be taken seriously, but unlike the otherwise not dissimilar Starship Troopers (1997) and Team America: World Police (2004), it has no obvious satirical intent; and so, like any jokeless comedy, it falls completely flat. • Anton Bitel

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Produced by Neal H. Moritz Ori Marmur Written by hns Bertolini Director of Photography Lukas Ettlin Christian Wagner Production Designer Peter Wenham Music

@Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. and Beverly Blvd LLC Production

Companies Columbia Pictures presents in association with Relativity Media an Original Film production **Executive Producers** 

effrey Chernov Associate Producer Unit Production Manager

Tommy Harper Production Supervisors Karen Jarnecke Additional Unit: Charles Rapp Production

Co-ordinator Production Accountant Location Manager Assistant Directors

1st: J. Michael Haynie 1st: Scott Thaler 2nd: Richard Oswald Script Supervisor Dawn Gilliam

Casting

Debra Zane

Louisiana: Craig Fincannon Mark Fincannon Lisa Mae Fincannon

Additional Unit Photography Robert Bruce McCleery Camera Operators A: Lukasz Bielan B: B.J. McDonnell

C: Brown Cooper

Steadicam Operator B. J. McDonnel Gaffer Dan Comwall Key Grips Kurt Grossi Additional Unit: Kenneth Coblentz Visual Effects Supervisor: Everett Burrell Producer: Kevin Elam Co-ordinator Catherine Liu Visual Effects by Hy\*drau"lx Cinesite Spin The Embassy Visual Effects Luma Pictures Soho VEX

Intelligent Creatures Shade VFX Modern VideoFilm Special Effects Supervisor Miniatures by Cinema Production Services Additional Editors Michael Tronick Leigh Folsom-Boyd Supervising Art Director Thomas Valentine

Art Directors

Scott Plauche Andrew Neskoromny Chris Spellman Set Designers Daniel Jennings Jann Engel Set Decorator Alien Concept Artist Property Master

Construction Costume Designer Sanja Milkovic Hays Joey King Costume Supervisor Camille Argus Make-up Department Bryce Cass Head

Joel Harlow Key Make-up Artist Kim Ayers Alien Creature Effects Department Head

Joel Harlow Shop Supervisor Steve Buscaino

Creature Design TyRuben Ellingson Hair Department Head Key Hair Stylist **End Titles** Soundtrack

"California Love" – 2Pac featuring Dr. Dré, Roger Troutman; "Deal Wit It" – Afu-Ra featuring Jahdon, Kardinal Offishall; "Take It Back"

- Skillz; "Live by the Game" - Freddie Gibbs

Production Mixe Paul Ledford Re-recording Mixers
Paul Massey David Giammarco

Supervising Sound Editor Jon Johnson Stunt Co-ordinator Joey Box Senior Military Technical Advise

Military Technical Adviser Tom Minde

CAST

Aaron Eckhart

Ssgt Michael Nantz Michelle Rodriguez gt Elena Santos Ramon Rodriguez Bridget Moynahan Ne-Yo Cpl Kevin Harris Michael Peña Lucas Till Cpl Scott Grayston Cory Hardrict Adetokumboh M'Cormack Corpsman Jibril Adukwu Jim Parrack Lcpl Peter Kerns Will Rothhaar Cpl Lee Imlay Neil Brown Jr .cpl Richard Guerrero Noel Fisher Pfc Shaun Lenihan Taylor Handley Lcpl Corey Simmons James Hiroyuki Liao Lcpl Steven Mottola Gino Anthony Pesi Hector Rincon Jadin Gould Amy Kenneth Brown Jr Cpl Richard Oswald Joe Chrest

1st Sgt John Roy

Rus Blackwell

Lt Col K.N. Ritchie

Roger Mitchell Company Captain E

**Directors: Daniel Barnz** With Vanessa Hudgens, Alex

USA 2011

Pettyfer, Mary-Kate Olsen Certificate 12A 86m 3s

**Beastly** 

Transferring Beauty and the Beast to a contemporary high-school setting, Beastly lacks Renaissance fair costumes to aid suspension of disbelief. The scene is laid instead in a production designer's New York City, as unfamiliar as Once Upon a Time, in a prep school that looks as if it were founded ten minutes before filming began.

With a wave of the wand, Mary-Kate Olsen's Kendra (whose lavish teensorceress outfits you can't imagine fitting behind a student desk) turns arrogant, handsome Kyle into a Michael Berryman lookalike. Beastly brings such magic happenings into the modern world by not dwelling on their outlandishness ("Everyone knows that story," is one shrug-off line). Kyle accepts his curse, and no one else has occasion to press him on it. The matter-of-factness approaches

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour Prints by [2.35:1]

Susie Abromeit

Amanda Brandi Coleman

Jessica Heap

David Jensen

psychiatrist Stacey Turner

Tom Hillmann

reporters on T

Todd Cochran

Nzinga Blake Adukwu's sister

Jim Dever

Set Maior

Taryn Southern

marine

Chris Lena Clark

Jamie Norwood flower shop employee

Elizabeth L. Keener

**Distributor** Sony Pictures Releasing

10,446 ft +0 frames

The Metamorphosis. In fact, writer/director Daniel Barnz is adapting Alex Flinn's young-adult novel, in dialogue so on-the-nose as to

have a bald, first-draft quality. British model-turned-actor Pettyfer's careful Yank accent and precisely enunciated line readings almost pull it off as stylisation. Less so Vanessa Hudgens as Lindy, the decent scholarship kid whose character is established with chirped self-description ("I'm substance over style") and glimpses of depthful 'interests' on a social networking site ("Better Healthcare for All. Che: REVOLUCIÓN"). Hudgens, a veteran of the High School Musical films, is one of that stock of chipmunk-cheeked pop starlet-actresses that Walt Disney has patented the DNA for. She is unaffected, attractive, and would be impossible to pick out from a magazine spread a week after seeing her.

There is craftsmanship at work on Beastly, if erratically. The makeup is impressive, shaking off previous iterations of the story. Pettyfer is uglified by mortified, pustule-riddled skin, traced with silver veins, briars of black ink and runic spellings of 'Embrace' and 'Suck' where his eyebrows used to be. A forearm tattoo of a gnarled tree, which changes with the seasons, counting down the passing of time,

is an inspired touch

Director Barnz and DP Mandy Walker compose some classical heartache images, such as Kyle despondently padding down a platform as Lindy's train pulls out of the station along with the camera, while she, leaning against the window, opens his thick, longhand love letter. Such palpitating interludes make other moments of obvious indifference all the more baffling – are these the same filmmakers who stage a climactic kiss in front of a wall of product placement, a vanilla anticlimax recalling Dietrich's moan to Cocteau: "Where is my beautiful beast?" - Nick Pinkerton

**SYNOPSIS** New York City, the present. Despite a confessed lack of interest in environmental issues, Kyle Kingsbury is running for his high school's 'Green Committee'. Wealthy, handsome and popular, he is expected to win the election.

Kyle's forthright arrogance - which he inherits from his anchorman father -attracts the ire of goth classmate Kendra. When Kyle unwisely humiliates her as 'Frankenskank' Kendra, she places a hex on him. He becomes bald, ugly and covered in tattoo-like markings. If he can't find someone to say "I love you" to him within a year, the disfigurement will be permanent.

Kyle's father sends him to Brooklyn where he is home-schooled by blind tutor Will and sympathetically waited on by the Jamaican maid he recently treated with offhand nastiness. He begins to stalk Lindy, a former classmate. When Lindy's drug-addict father gets in trouble, bringing the threat of violent retribution over her, Kyle intervenes and offers his house as a hideout.

At first Kyle tries shyly and unsuccessfully to buy Lindy's affections while hiding behind a mask and an assumed name. Soon, however, he begins to relax and the two become friends. A trip upstate brings Kyle and Lindy to the edge of romance, though a misunderstanding pulls them apart as the deadline for Kyle's curse approaches. They are reconciled at the last minute, and Kyle's true identity is revealed.

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Produced by Susan Carts Screenplay Based on the novel by Alex Flinn Director of Photography Mandy Walke

Editor Thomas J. Nordberg
Production Designer Rusty Smith Music Marcelo Zarvos

@CBS Films Inc Production Companies CBS Films presents a Storefront Pictures production **Executive Producer** Michael Flynn Unit Production

Manager Michael Flynr Production Manager Production Co-ordinator Hélène Mulle

Production Accountant Steven Butensky Location Manager Post-production Supervisor Eric Bergma

**Assistant Directors** 1st: George Bamber 1st: Andrew Robinson 2nd: Caroline Landry 2nd: Emily Hunt-Script Supervisor

**Casting Director** Canadian Casting Andrea Kenyon Insert Unit Director of Photography Sylvaine Dufaux

Camera Operators A: François Archambault B: Alfonso Maiorana Steadicam Operator Chief Lighting Technician Ivain Remie 1st Company Grip Kenneth MacKenzi Supervising Visual Effects Producer Visual Effects Supervisor Kevin Quatma

Digital Visual Effects Additional Visual Effects Juggernaut FX
Custom Film Effects
Look Effects, Inc. Special Effects Supervisor

Model Maker Mathieu Giguère Supervising Art Director Art Director Jean-Pierre Paquet Set Designers Frédéric Amblard

Brent Lambert Head Set Decorator Paul Hotte Set Decorators Martine Kazemirchuk David Laramy Daniel Hame Property Master

Construction Supervisor Michel Brochu Costume Designer Suttirat Larlarl Costume Supervisor

Make-up Department Annick Chartier Special Effects

C.J. Goldman

Puppeteers Isabelle Thivierge Danny Carbonneau Yves Simard Martin Vaillancourt Sylvain Gagnon Marie-Claude Hairstylist Department

Head orald Giroux Titles omas Cobb Group **End Credit Crawl** Orchestra Conductor

Orchestrations Philip Rothman Mark Rachle Score Produced by Marcelo Zarvos Teese Gohl Soundtrack "Vanity" – Lady Gaga; "Mayan Drumming" –

Johnny C and the Mayans; "On the Radio" – Regina Spektor; "Wonderland" – Natalia Kills; "Garden of Exile" – Toby Martin; "Get Free" – The Vines; "Boys and Girls", "Broken Arrow" – Pixie Lott; "Crashing"

Gersey: "Transatlanticism" -Death Cab for Cutie; "All Day and All of the Night" Vanessa Hudger Today Is the Day" – Tim Myers; "The Long Goodbye" – Army Navy; "Breathe in Breathe Out" – Mat Kearney; "Forever and a Day Jem; "Heaven" – Fire Theft

Production Sound Patrick Rousseau

Re-recording Mixers Gregory H. Watkins Timothy O. Le Blanc Supervising Sound Editors tephen Hunter Flick vram D. Gold



Vanessa Hudgens Lindy Alex Pettyfer Kyle Kingsbur Mary-Kate Olsen Peter Krause Lisagay Hamilton Neil Patrick Harris Justin Bradley Dakota Johnson Erik Knudsen Karl Graboshas male teacher Jonathan Dubsky student at greer David Francis

Rhiannon Moller Halloween partygoe Steve Godin junkie Gio Perez Roc Lafortune Miguel Mendoza

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour Prints by [2.35:1]

Julie Dretzin

**Distributor** Paramount Pictures UK

7,744 ft +1 frame



Gruesome twosome: Kurosawa Asuka, Denden

#### **Cold Fish**

Japan 2011 Director: Sono Sion With Fukikoshi Mitsuru, Denden, Kurosawa Asuka

In the mid-1990s, in Japan's Saitama Prefecture, exotic dog breeder Sekine Gen and his common-law wife Kazama Hiroko poisoned at least four people and then sliced up the bodies. The couple would eventually hang for their crimes, while Yamazaki Nagayuki, an employee who helped them dispose of the bodies, would receive a three-year prison sentence.

While this cause célèbre has clearly inspired Sono Sion's Cold Fish, even the familiar authenticating 'based on a true story' formula with which the film opens pulses to a percussive score

and is presented in an explosively bold and alienating English typeface that hardly seems to promise realism, let alone reality. The caption that appears moments later - "3-2, Saeki-cho, Fujimi City, Shizuoka, Japan" - may seem to locate the scene with documentary realism but it also confirms the filmmaker's readiness to mix fact and fiction, since the real Fujimi City is in Saitama rather than Shizuoka, and played no part in the original case. Likewise there is no such place as Mount Harakiri - the location of the isolated shack where the corpses are meticulously dismembered though it isn't hard to see why Sono has fixed on this name for a setting that will ultimately stage an act of suicide (also entirely unrelated to the facts of the real case).

Freely changing dates and names, introducing preoccupations (religious imagery, deviant sexuality, the legacy

SYNOPSIS January 2009, Fujimi City, Japan. Shamoto Nobuyuki runs a small tropical-fish outlet from the dysfunctional home he shares with Taeko, his jaded second wife, and Mitsuko, his resentful teen daughter from his first marriage. When Mitsuko is caught shoplifting, middle-aged tropical-fish salesman Yukio intercedes and invites the Shamotos to visit his much bigger 'Fish Centre', where his attractive wife Aiko suggests that Mitsuko move in and join the shop's staff. Yukio begins a sadistic affair with Taeko, who persuades her husband to become Yukio's business partner. Nobuyuki is introduced to Yukio's 'legal consultant' Tsutsui and an investor named Yoshida, who is poisoned by Aiko as soon as he has handed over cash for a suspicious fish-breeding enterprise. The horrified Nobuyuki is railroaded into driving Yukio and Aiko to an isolated shack where they expertly slice up Yoshida's body for disposal. Trapped by his own complicity, Nobuyuki helps Yukio and Tsutsui with their cover story. The police warn Nobuyuki that Yukio's associates tend to vanish. Tsutsui asks Nobuyuki to help murder Yukio when the time is right – but when Tsutsui brings Aiko to his house for extramarital sex, she poisons him and his chauffeur. Again, Yukio makes Nobuyuki help them dispose of the bodies, but when he further insists that Nobuyuki toughen up and even have sex with Aiko, Nobuyuki stabs them both with a pen, and forces Aiko to finish her husband off and slice him up in

After returning home, beating Mitsuko unconscious and raping Taeko, Nobuvuki calls the police and returns to the shack, where he kills Aiko in a bloody tussle. When the police arrive with Mitsuko and Taeko, Nobuyuki stabs his wife and cuts his own throat in front of an exultant Mitsuko.



of parental abuse) familiar from his previous Love Exposure (2008) and outright inventing most of the details of his story (right down to the setting in the world of exotic fish trading), Sono is less interested in the facts of history than in more 'cosmic' truths about the human condition - much as his protagonist Shamoto Nobuyuki (Fukikoshi Mitsuru) seeks solace for his life's disappointments in the (decidedly cinema-like) interiors of the local planetarium.

While repressed, passive Nobuyuki takes refuge from his dysfunctional home situation in the stars, his new business associate, the 'fish maniac' Murata Yukio, is his polar opposite: as outsized, outlandish and predatory as the aquatic creatures that he collects. this brash and impulsive monster leaves no appetite unchecked, and kills anyone who gets in his way, fully abetted by his oversexed wife Aiko (Kurosawa Asuka). Yukio proves irresistible to milquetoast Nobuyuki, becoming all at once his dark half, his rampaging id and his Tyler Durden and yet even as Sono relishes the comedian Denden's mercurial performance as Yukio, using a single handheld take to capture every beat in his sadistic seduction of Nobuyuki's wife Taeko (Kagurazaka Megumi), the film remains for the most part focused, unflinchingly and uncomfortably, on the undemonstrative nobody Nobuyuki as he struggles in vain against actions and emotions that, once let out of the tank, aren't as easy to 'make invisible' as Yukio's many victims.

Stylistically arresting, unbearably tense, darkly funny and devastatingly bleak, Cold Fish may, in all its violence, depravity and gore, prove hard work for some viewers. But as Yukio says, "Hard work brings rewards."

#### Anton Bitel

#### CREDITS Directed by Sono Sior

Producers

Chiba Yoshınor Kımura Toshiki Screenplay Sono Sion Takahashi Yoshiki Cinematographer Kimura Shinya Editor Production Designer Music Harada Tomohide

@Sushi Typhoon/ Nikkatsu

Production Companies Nikkatsu presents the Sushi Typhoon release Stair Way production Executive Producer Line Producer Production Manager Miyata Kotaro

Yoshida Satoshi Lighting Director Oshita Ei Special Effects Supervisor

Araki Satoe

Production Supervisor Assistant Director Nishimura Yoshihiro Costume Designer

Hair/Make-up Sound Mixer Komiya Hajime Action Design Sakaguchi Tak

CAST

Fukikoshi Mitsuru Denden Murata Yukio Kurosawa Asuka Murata Aiko Kagurazaka Megumi Shamoto Taek Kajiwara Hikari amoto Mitsuko

Tsutsui Takayashu In Colour [1.85:1] Subtitles

Watanabe Tetsu

Distributor Third Window Films Limited

Japanese theatrical title Tsumetai nettaigyo

#### **Cold Weather**

USA 2009

Director: Aaron Katz With Cris Lankenau, Trieste Kelly Dunn, Raúl Castillo, Robyn Rikoon

Aaron Katz's third feature following mumblecore efforts Dance Party, USA (2006) and Quiet City (2007) centres on Sherlock Holmes fan Doug, a twentysomething who's just dropped out of a forensics course at a college in Chicago and split up with his girlfriend Rachel. Back in his hometown Portland he flatshares with his sister Gail and takes a night job in an ice factory, where he meets Carlos, a DJ. When Rachel suddenly turns up in town, only to disappear soon afterwards in unusual circumstances, the three set out to uncover the mystery, the plot of which develops like the movements of tokens in a board game: slowly, and in the direction dictated by the randomness of the dice. Katz seems genuinely at ease mixing genre conventions - a playfully suspenseful score, a deadpan humour occasionally shading into slapstick comedy, all framed by contemplative, semi-documentary images of a mouldygreen Portland which convey the ordinariness of the characters and their newfound mystery.

So it would be inaccurate to label Cold Weather as another straightforward mumblecore. Though it's true there is a sense of generational aimlessness, Katz uses this as a departure point from which to create a remarkably enduring character study, reminiscent at times of his contemporary and friend Matthew Porterfield's arresting Putty Hill (2010). Both these American indies share a downbeat realism and an acute sense of place, and refuse to traffic in clichés. For much of the first half of Cold Weather, for example, there are few if any indications of where the film is heading. Katz instead gives

SYNOPSIS Portland, Oregon, the present. Doug is back in his hometown, having dropped out of his forensics degree in Chicago and split with his girlfriend Rachel. Sharing a flat with his sister Gail, he finds a job in an ice factory. Rachel turns up from Chicago to attend to some business. Rachel, Gail, Doug and his colleague Carlos all hang out, and Carlos and Rachel go to a Star Trek convention together. When Carlos invites her to his DJ session and she doesn't turn up, both Doug and Carlos start looking for her. With Gail's help, Doug eventually finds Rachel; it transpires she had to hand over a suitcase full of money to 'the Cowboy', a photographer for whom she posed naked for a porn magazine. The suitcase it transpires has been stolen. Gail, Carlos and Doug discover that the Cowboy himself has stolen the suitcase; after keeping watch on him, Gail and Doug follow him to a café where he meets with an unknown man for handover of the suitcase. Doug punctures a wheel on each man's car, and Gail steals the suitcase. They run away and eventually come to a halt in a car park.

ample space and time for his characters to reveal themselves through myriad small details and an easygoing naturalism that seems to bring the best out of a uniformly excellent cast.

Eventually, mirroring Doug's own reluctance, the film becomes a detective story, albeit an awkward, naive one, where normal people going about their lives encounter a problem and try to solve it – think a sloppier Manhattan Murder Mystery - by snooping around an empty hostel room and using basic decoding methods found in the library, bringing to mind Scooby Doo's clumsy Shaggy more than Doug's beloved Holmes. So it's not really surprising that Katz's final trick is to make us realise that in fact the plot has been nothing more than a macguffin, but one calculated to underline the real focus of his interest: the mystery at the core of relationships - in this instance, sibling relationships – which he analyses and portrays with the steadiness of a private eye, lingering on barely perceptible gestures, mundane silliness and inconspicuous nuances. And this is precisely where the real pleasure of the film resides: the revelation of a private microcosm set against the cold weather of Katz's industrial hometown, which in the hands of the director becomes a warm, intimate and poignantly familiar universe.

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Aaron Katz Produced by Lars Knuds Brendan McFadden Ben Stambler Jay Van Hoy

Written by Aaron Kata Story by Aaron Katz Brendan McFadden Ben Stamble

Director of Photography Edited by Production Designer Elliott Glick Original Score

egan DeWitt ©Parts and Weather,

Production Companies Parts and Labor with White Buffalo Executive Producer

Jack Turne Production Co-ordinator Assistant Directors 1st: Brendan McFadder 1st: Ben Stambler Portland Casting Simon Max Hill

Camera Operator Gaffer Sean McElwee Additional Editing by The Edit Center: Drew Boyd Samantha Buck John Capetanakis Susan Forste Sassie Freedberg Takeshi Fukunaga Stefan Gina Doug Kay Henry Kim Zarah Knebel Adriana Machado Schalk Mouton Sean MacBride Murray Sheila Shirazi Isaac Urwin Jim Warren Art Director Joshua Locy Soundtrack "Disco Connection" -Lord Rhaburn; 'Deathrace'

Deathrace Sound Recordist Nathan Whiteside Re-recording Mixer/ Supervising Sound Editor Eric Offin

Cris Lankenau Trieste Kelly Dunn Raúl Castillo Robyn Rikoon

CAST

Katy Rothert Paul Rothert

Jerry Moyer Elliott Glick

Joshua Locy Brendan McFadden

Adam Perrigan Ben Stambler Aubrey Dean Virgil L. Howell Aaron Katz Zayda J girl in magazine Jeb S. Pearson

Barry Seltzer Orianna Hermann

Jim Warden

In Colour Г1.85:11

Distributor



Mar Diestro-Dópido

Snoop doggy Doug: Cris Lankenau

#### **Extraordinary Adventures** of Adèle **Blanc-Sec**

France 2010 Director: Luc Besson With Louise Bourgoin, Mathieu Amalric, Gilles Lellouche Certificate 12A 106m 55s

Reactions to Adèle Blanc-Sec will largely depend on the spectator's taste, or tolerance, for the wacky universe of the comic strip, the bande dessinée. The film is Luc Besson's adaptation of episodes from the series created by cult author Jacques Tardi in 1976 (which Besson allegedly read at the time).

It follows the fantastic adventures of young, intrepid journalist Adèle, who is involved in a doubly improbable story: the hatching of a pterodactyl at the Natural History Museum in Paris, and her attempt to retrieve the mummy of Rameses II's doctor from Egypt. The latter is needed because Adèle is counting on its magic powers to save her sister Agathe, paralysed, with a hatpin through her brain, after a tennis accident.

At home the reference point in the critical reception of the film was consistently Tardi's books, understandably in the context of the national cult around bande dessinée. Spectators outside France are more likely to think of Jean-Pierre Jeunet's Amélie (2001). Both films stage the adventures of a bold yet pretty, ultrafeminine heroine; both Jeunet and Besson also offer the same winsome mixture of a retro Parisian universe with the latest digital special effects. Although, in fact, as in Amélie, the accent is not so much on the special effects – despite a Bessonian budget of £26.6 million – as on the loving reconstruction of Paris. Indeed, one of the most enjoyable aspects of the film is that it is replete with delightful images of Belle Epoque Paris (boulevards, bourgeois salons, museums) and tongue-in-cheek visions of the prehistoric proto-bird flying over landmark tourist spots such as the banks of the Seine and, inevitably, perching on the Eiffel Tower.

Relative newcomer Louise Bourgoin is excellent as Adèle, but despite her fearless attitude, her character doesn't



Comic-strip tease: Louise Bourgoin

ever come close to being a real action heroine. This may be partly because the film is too busy indulging in regressive humour and cluttering the image with grotesque comic figures, in particular the incompetent police officers and 'hunters' trying to catch the reptile as it terrorises the city (among them the evil Dieuleveult, played by Mathieu Amalric, though he is so truly unrecognisable that it is a waste of this brilliant actor). But it is also because Bourgoin is too prettily feminine. While Adèle has a nice line in cutting humour towards the gallery of incompetent, ancient (some literally mummies) or lovestruck men surrounding her, she remains a gorgeous woman in lovely period frocks. By contrast, Tardi's books show Adèle as refreshingly ordinary and surprisingly serious. Just as Besson undercut his heroine's lethal 'masculine' power in Nikita (1990) by giving her the tearful vulnerability of a girl crying for her mother, here Adèle's physical charms are somehow in excess of her tomboy exploits.

Adèle Blanc-Sec pays tribute not only to its comic-strip source but also to a strong indigenous tradition of adventure/crime literature and cinema - Arsène Lupin and Fantômas in particular come to mind, and the Louvre sequences hark back to the popular 1960s Belphégor television series among others. Yet it also nods quite obviously towards more recent Hollywood traditions. The ending, which sees Adèle embarking on the Titanic, is none too subtle in this respect, but particularly derivative is the Indiana Jones-style Egyptian episode (perhaps not surprising for someone sometimes called the French Steven Spielberg), a sequence also not untouched by some racist characterisation.

SYNOPSIS Paris, 1912. Thanks to Professor Esperandieu's powers, a prehistoric pterodactyl egg hatches at the Natural History Museum. The creature terrorises the city, and the president launches an enquiry.

Meanwhile the fearless journalist Adèle Blanc-Sec is in Egypt to steal the mummy of Rameses II's doctor so that it can cure her sister Agathe, who is paralysed after a terrible accident. Andrej Zborowski, a young scientist in love with Adèle, tells her about the pterodactyl's whereabouts. Esperandieu is condemned to death but Adèle saves him, riding on the pterodactyl. The reptile is killed by a hunter. The magic powers of the mummy, which Adèle has brought back from Egypt, restore to life other mummies in the Louvre, including Rameses II, curing Agathe.

Adèle sets off for another adventure on the Titanic.

A film by Luc Besson is always an event. After directing some of the most popular French films ever (Subway, Nikita, Léon) he has become a hugely successful producer and promoter of popular cinema (for example through the Arthur and the Minimoys animation film and franchise). In 2006 Besson announced an end to his directorial career; hostile French critics - of whom there are many, and the feeling is reciprocated - haven't been slow to tell him it was a mistake to change his mind. Angel-A in 2005 was not a success, and Adèle Blanc-Sec reached 'only' 1.5 million viewers - a decent tally but hardly proportionate to its budget, popular credentials and cult source. As far as directing grown-up fiction is concerned, perhaps the magic Besson touch has indeed deserted him.

Ginette Vincendeau

#### **CREDITS** A film by

Produced by Virginie Bes Written by Luc Bess Rased on the comic books [Adèle et la Bête and Momies en Folie] by [Jacques] Tardi Director of Photography Thierry Arbogast Art Director Hugues Tissandier Editor Julien Rey
Original Music/

©EuropaCorp, Apipoulaï Prod, TF1 Films Production

Conductor

**Production Companies** A EuropaCorp, TF1 Films Production, Apipoulaï Prod co-production in association with Sofica EuropaCorp and Cofinova 6 with the participation of Canal+ Egypt Production Services: Misr International Film

Production Manage Thierry Guilmard Production Co-ordinator Dominique Guerin Post-production

2nd Unit Directors Assistant Directors 1st: Stef Gluck 2nd: Emmanuelle

Fourault 2nd: Fabien Ricour Script Supervisor Casting Director Swan Pham Steadicam Operator Mathieu Caudroy Gaffer William Gally Visual Effects Pierre Buffin 3D Visual Effects Additional Digital Effects Duran Duboi

Special Effects Supervisor Special Effects Les Versaillais Costume Designer Key Make-up

Stéphane Lagadio Robert Make-up Helen Murphy Florence Batteault Key Special Make-up Effects

Jean-Christophe

Spadaccin

Special Make-up Effects Denis Gastou Guy Bonnel Geoffroy Felley Sylvie Ferry Sébastien Imart Christophe Chabenet

Key Hair Stylist Mathieu Gueraçague Symphonic Music Performed by Symphonique de Paris Orchestrations

Geoffrey Alexander Music Supervisor "Can Can no.3" by Jacques Offenbach -Cincinnati Pops Orchestra; "La Valse des Faubourgs" – Marcelly; "The Merry Wives of Windsor Overture" by Carl Otto Nicolai; "Adèle Blanc-Sec" - Thomas Dutronc, Louise Bourgoin; "Nini la Gigolette" – Yohane Gilbert; "In the Hall of the Mountain King" from "Peer Gynt" by Edvard Grieg: "J'ai deux amours' – Josephine Baker; "L' Adèle" - Catherine Ringer French Cancan Sequence Choreographer Estelle Daniere Dacruz Sound Recordist/ Editor Ken Yasumoto Sound Mixers Sound Editor Stunt Co-ordinator

CAST Louise Bourgoin Mathieu Amalric Gilles Lellouche Inspector Caponi Jean-Paul Rouve Justin de Saint-Hubert, big game hunter Jacky Nercessian Philippe Nahon Nicolas Giraud Laure de Clermont Agathe Blanc-Sec Gérard Chaillou Serge Bagdassarian Ferdinand Choupard Claire Perot Nicole Gambert, 'Nini les Gambettes', cancan lead François Chattot Raymond Pointrenaud Stanislas de La Tousche Pointrenaud's dr Youssef Haidi Mohamed Aroussi Moussa Maaskri Mostefa Zerguine Setimothep Sayed Mohamed François Coffinet Gregory Ragot Tonio Descanvelle

newspaper seller by Guillaume Briat newspaper seller by Porte St Denis Swann Arlaud newspaper seller by Élysée Jean-Louis Barcelona Max Delor Minister of the Interior Cyrille Dobbels Lépine, prefect Patrick Chupin Philippe Girard Eric Naggar M. Xavier, Adèle's publisher Manu Lavotte porter Jean-Lou de Tapia

Monique Mauclair Miranda

Pierre Khorsand

Mick Gondouin Jean-Pierre Prevotat Dominique Macaire Luc Martin Christophe Bouisse Michel Aymard journalists Yves Espargiliere rison guard interested in Jérôme Courtois Michel Sailly
Armand Petit-Blanchard.
prison cook
Elise Marie Gilles Morin Christophe Carotenuto young prison guard **Jean-Michel Molé** 

Vincennes guard Cédric Tuffier sleeping prison guard Pascal Loison prisoner **Jérôme Bruno** Roland Marchisio tongue-tied pol Armand Eloi Frédérique Bel Christophe Seureau bourgeois watching execution

Jacques Sablier man charging for window Regis Royer Patmosis, mummy Isabelle Caro Nosibis, mummy Dominique Gras Matila Malliarakis Semotep, mummy Christophe Reveille Christian Erickson Ramses II, mummy Alain Naron Michel Herse thugs Jean-Michel Marnet Vincent Debost Aurélie Rusterholtz Adèle's mother Isabel Pestana Ashani Serra voung Agathe Lou Savry baby Adèle Justine Chesneau haby Agathe Bernard Lanneau narrator Caroline Blot Leonore Zürfluh Julie Galopin Vanina Rouvie Gaëlle Pauly Amandine Marteau cancan dancers Alexis-Ludovic Thomas Dary Julien Dixneuf Alban Fleury Nicolas Fouquet Pierre Marchand Benoît Narcy Laurent 'Mémé' Serraz Benoît Fort Pierre Bournillat Eric Leglise Christophe 'Le Belge'

Dolby Digital/DTS In Colour [2.35:1] Subtitles

**Distributor** Optimum Releasing

9,622 ft +8 frames

French theatrical title Les Aventures extraordinaires d'Adèle Blanc-Sec

#### **Farewell**

France 2009
Director: Christian Carion
With Emir Kusturica, Guillaume
Canet, Alexandra Maria Lara
Certificate 12A 113m 22s

The 'Farewell Affair' is a little-known espionage case that dominated Franco-American political relations for two years in the early 1980s and is now credited by historians with accelerating the fall of both the communist-era Soviet regime and the Berlin Wall. The 'affair' took shape at a precise historical juncture in international politics, notably the election of ideologically opposed but politically allied presidents Ronald Reagan and François Mitterrand. It ended in 1983 with Reagan's announcement of the Star Wars defence initiative and Mitterrand's controversial expulsion of more than 40 Soviet personnel from the embassy in Paris only a week later.

Fusing docudrama with the classic spy thriller and an array of 1980s television footage and music tracks, director Christian Carion vividly captures the flavour of the era, when the two major Cold War powers lived in a climate of mutual paranoia, and France, a country historically sympathetic to communism, gained a position of influence over the US that was unprecedented in the post-war period.

The man in the middle of Carion's story is Pierre Froment, a Moscow-based Russian-speaking ex-pat who enjoys western privileges and initially takes a boy's-own pleasure in skulking about the city's subway at the behest of KGB double agent Sergei Grigoriev. The first encounter between the two men deliberately plays like the script of a bad movie, and Froment's amateurish attempts to operate like a secret agent are almost comic proof of how far out of his depth he really is. As his wife Jessica insists, "I married an engineer, not James Bond." But as Froment's undercover work brings him into deeper contact with the French secret service, his life takes on the complexion of a nightmare from which he can't

awaken. He knows only two things: that he is risking the safety of his family, and that he is making a difference to something much bigger than himself. Grigoriev also acts to make a difference, but for him the stakes are higher and the risks much greater: he calls all the shots, and sacrifices both family life and his own future knowing that what he does will change the lives of generations of his countrymen, and crucially that of his teenage son Igor. He may not understand his son or his stroppy fascination with listening to Queen on a smuggled Sony Walkman, but he knows that the world has changed, and that his own country must change with it if it is to survive.

Carion bravely opts to portray the figures of Reagan and Mitterrand on screen, the two leaders convincingly played by Fred Ward and Philippe Magnan respectively. The speech patterns, physical demeanour and personality traits of both are unnervingly accurate and their combined impersonated presence lends a welcome gravitas to the film, elevating it beyond a generic Cold War narrative of bloc hostility, stressing the urgency of a moment when new world alliances had yet to be tested. It is surprising, then, to discover that the film's key players, Grigoriev and Froment, are in fact fictional composites; the actual historical figures (the spy Vladimir Vetrov and two unidentified French contacts) are relegated to dramatic pegs on which to hang the story of a pair of romantic heroes thrown together by circumstances and fate. This isn't necessarily a flaw in the film - indeed, the dramatic licence taken with history frees it up to focus on the relationship between the men and thereby invites us to reflect not so much on the actual events but rather on the differing motivations that informed particular actions, as well as their repercussions on families, countries and friendships. That there is no happy ending is a given of the history of the era, and strengthens the overall impact of a film that works on every level: as a taut spy thriller, as a historical drama, and as a study in political expediency. Sue Harris

**SYNOPSIS** Moscow, 1981. KGB officer Colonel Sergei Grigoriev, codename 'Farewell', is passing classified information to the west. His contact in Moscow is Pierre Froment, a French engineer who has been informally recruited by the French secret service.

Froment is initially excited by his minor role as a go-between, and keeps his activities secret from his wife. However, as he becomes more involved, he learns that the information he has relayed has reached the highest levels of government in both France and the US, and that he is a key player in a major international espionage operation. The final document he transmits contains the names of KGB agents in place throughout the west. As these agents are rounded up, Grigoriev's activities back in Moscow are exposed and he is arrested and tortured by the KGB. Froment flees the country with his wife and young family.

Back in the west, Froment tries to persuade the CIA to rescue Grigoriev and his family, but is made to understand that the spy is of no further use and will be left to be executed as a traitor. It is acknowledged, however, that his role has been pivotal in changing the future of east-west military and political relations.

#### **CREDITS**

A film by Christian Carion Produced by Christophe Rossignon Producers Bertrand Faivre Philip Roeffard

Philip Boëffard
Original Screenplay
Eric Raynaud
Adaptation/Dialogue
Christian Canon

Christian Canon Based on the book Bonjour Farewell by Serguei Kostine Director of

Photography Walther Vanden Ende Editor Andréa Sedlacková Art Director Jean-Michel Simonet Original Music/Music

Original Music/ Arranger Clint Mansell

©Nord-Ouest Films, Le Bureau, Pathé Production, France 2 Cinéma, Blackfeet Pictures, Une Hirondelle Production Companies

Production Companies
A Nord-Quest Films, Le
Bureau, Pathé, France 2
Cinéma, Blackfeet
Pictures (Eric Raynaud),
Une Hirondelle
Productions
With the participation of
Canal+, CinéCinéma,
France 2
With the support of
Région lie-de-France in
collaboration with CNC
In association with
Cofinova 5
Developed with the
support of the MEDIA
Programme of the
European Community,

Programme of the European Community, Cofimage 18 and Soficapital Production Services in Ukraine: Radioaktive Film

Executive Producers
Eve Machuel
Ukraine:
Roman Kindrachuk
Finland Producer
Claes Olsson
Associate Producers

Léonard Glowinski Romain Le Grand Unit Production Managers

Thierry Cretagne Russia: Olga Tasheva Ukraine: Boris Gnshkevich Finland: Pauli Kainsmaa

Pauli Kairismaa **Production Managers** Stéphane Riga Ukraine: Olga Kohan Russia:

Yevgeniya Vilshanskaya Production Co-ordinator Russia: Alex Rybin Post-production

Supervisors

Eric Duriez

Julien Azoulay
Assistant Directors
1st: Thierry Verrier
2nd: Christian Alzieu

2nd: Christian Alzie Ukraine 2nd: Dennis Sonin Finland 2nd: Ins Olsson Script Supervisor

Lydia Bigard

Casting Directors

Susie Figgis

France:

Gigi Akoka

Kiev: Sergey Ristenko Camera Operators Walther Vanden Ende

Finland: Esa Vuorinen **Steadicam Operator** Loïc Andneu

Key Grips
Kns Theuwis
Ukraine:
Yevgeniy Malik
Finland:

Koenraad Firlefijn Gaffers Chris Hacken Ukraine: Mikhail Shashko

Digital Special Effects
Mac Guff Ligne
Art Director
Ukraine:
Sergey Zubenko
Properties

Guillaume Watrinet Ukraine: Helena Zamaschikova Construction Managers

France: Xavier Dontot Kiev: Gennadiy Grachev Kharkov: Aleksandr Osetrov Costume Designer

Corinne Jorry
Key Make-up Artist
Mabi Anzalone
Key Hairstylist/
Make-up Artist
Ukraine:

Valya Voytyuk

Key Special Make-up

Effects

France:

Dominique Colladant

Special Make-up Effects France: Sandrine Gonzales

Frédéric Balmer Fabrice Herbet Key Hairstylist Gérald Portenart Piano Solo

Simon Chamberlain Orchestra/Choir Conducted by Matt Dunkley Orchestrations

Rick Giovinazzo

Music Supervisors

Marie Sabbah

Jean-Pierre Arquié

Soundtrack

"Awakening" – The Bulgarian Symphony Orchestra: "Sous l'aigle double" by Richard Wagner – l'Orchestre François Rauber: "Under Pressure". "We Will Rock You", "Bohernian Rhapsody" – Queen; "Varchavianka" – Red Army Choir; "Steppin' Out" – Joe Jackson; "La melancolie", "Paname" – Léo Ferré: "Scar" – Simple Minds; "Run like

Simple Minds; "Run like Hell" – Pink Floyd Sound Design Thomas Desjonquères Sound Recordist Pierre Mertens Sound Mixer

Supervising Sound Editor Thomas Desjonquères Stunt Co-ordinators

Daniel Vérité Ukraine: Vladimir Strokan Film Extracts The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)

#### CAST

Emir Kusturica Colonel Sergei Grigoriev, 'Farewell' Guillaume Canet

Pierre Froment Alexandra Maria Lara Jessica Froment Ingeborga Dapkunaite Natasha

Oleksii Gorbunov Choukov Dina Korzun Alina

Philippe Magnan
François Mitterrand
Niels Arestrup
Vallier
David Soul

David Soul
Hutton
Fred Ward
Ronald Reagan
Willem Dafoe
Feeney
Marc Berman

Jacques
Christian Carion
Favier
Yevgeni Kharlanov
Igor Gngoriev
Lauriane Riquet

Daniane Riquet
Ophélie
Timothé Riquet
Damien
Vsevolod Shilovsky
Gorbachev
Vladimir Tolsty
KGB chief
Pierre-Alexis

Pierre-Alexis Kobakhidze cabinet chief Irina Augshkap Olga Valentin Varetsky Anatoly Miaskowsk

Anatoly Miaskowski Miglen Mirtchev violent man at Lefortovo Grigori Manoukov manat Lefortovo 1 Michel Bilalov manat Lefortovo 2 Laure Irmann French interpreter

Laure Irrmann
French Interpreter
Tony Vanaria
American interpreter
Eddie Crew
man at White House
Jussi Ziegler
German policeman
Kari Rakkola

German federal agent 2

Riko Eklundh FBI agent 1 Mats Långbacka

Mats Långbacka FBI agent 2 Christian Sandström FBI agent 3 Diane Krüger woman ingging

woman jogging
Gary Lewis
Scottish chemist
Benno Fürmann
German federal agent 1

German federal agent 1
Alex Ferns
Scottish agent 1
Thomas Schmauser
German engineer
Leor Panich

Russian translator Sergiy Motouzka Russian representative Anton Yakovlev KGB secunty agent Igor Nazarov

Igor Nazarov militiaman in passageway 1 Bogdan Doroshenko

militiaman in passageway 2 Andrey Drivinski militiaman in

passageway 3 Vladimir Gusev KGB agent in passageway Svetlana Kuzmina

Svetlana Kuzmina woman in passageway Konstantin Glushkov newspaper seller Maksim Pinsker

militiaman in park 1 Viktor Drevitski drunk militiaman Jevgeni Haukka militia captain at French

residence Ruslan Susi militiaman at French residence

Andrei Tsumak militiaman at border Alexey Vasilchenko Russian customs officer Claes Olsson

Claes Olsson Finnish customs officer Christian Alzieu CIA man at NATO military base

base
Philippe Canet
Pherre's father
Susan Moncur
Mrs Hutton
Mickey Dedaj
Mayfair receptionist
Malou Beauvoir
Regan's adviser
Paul Duborper

Igor aged 3
Johanne Humblet
high-wire artist

Dolby Digital/DTS/

SDDS In Colour [1.85:1] Subtitles

**Distributor** The Works UK Distribution Ltd

10,202 ft +8 frames

French theatrical title L'Affaire Farewell



A cold war: Emir Kusturica, Guillaume Canet

#### **Hall Pass**

**USA 2011** 

Directors: Peter Farrelly, **Bobby Farrelly** With Owen Wilson, Jason Sudeikis, Jenna Fischer, Christina Applegate Certificate 15 105m 14s

In the 1990s the Farrelly brothers changed Hollywood for good, if not for better. After There's Something about Mary (1998) in particular, what was once called gross-out humour began to pollinate or pollute mainstream romantic comedy, while Dumb and Dumber (1994) set the bar for the likes of Todd Phillips and Adam McKay. For all that, even in the epoch of Forgetting Sarah Marshall (2008) and The Hangover (2009), the scatological jokes and penis-shots of their new film Hall Pass stand out. Along the way it presents a hauntingly bleak view of contemporary middle-class America, its built environment and cultural horizons, for which a mawkish ending provides little consolation.

Estate agent Rick (Owen Wilson) and insurance salesman Fred (Saturday Night Live regular Jason Sudeikis), still helplessly ogling young talent in early middle age, are given a week-long exemption from marriage by their wives Maggie (The Office's Jenna Fischer) and Grace (Christina Applegate) after embarrassing them one too many times. Naturally, Grace and Maggie attract male attention from Ripped Young Dude and Handsome Older Guy without trying, while Fred and Rick's attempts to score usually end in humiliation or, exactly like the guys in The 40-Year-Old Virgin (2005), afternoons spent watching Bourne movies. Eventually, however, things get serious.

It's never said out loud but the profound ennui shared by the four principals seems to stem as much from the social and physical background as from the state of matrimony itself. At one point the boorish Fred tries to convince Rick that women end up living their dream - of domesticity, motherhood, etcwhile men never do; but, of course, the women don't either. The two couples inhabit a world of McMansions, bland food franchises and cosmetic surgery. While being shown round a rich faux-



Owen Wilson, Nicky Whelan

friend's house, Grace says that "this is why the terrorists hate us" - but she is hardly more enamoured herself.

There are some laughs - Applegate in particular does quite a lot with a little - many more misfires, two fine cameos (from Stephen Merchant and Richard Jenkins) and plenty of unearned sentimentality. The film's turning point, on the other hand, introduces a genuine, albeit momentary, frisson. Rick is about to ask out bodacious Australian waitress Leigh (Nicky Whelan) when her snarky co-worker Brent (Derek Waters) gets in the way, leading Rick to tell him a few home truths. Yes, says Rick, I may be a whitecollar suburbanite with a faltering marriage but when your art-or-musicor-whatever project fails you'll be coming to me for a job. Though the film does send up Rick and Fred's lamestream lifestyle, this moment of hipster-bashing feels altogether more heartfelt, and cuts especially deep coming as it does from Owen Wilson, usually the epitome of the easygoing. Moreover, this display of enraged conformity does the trick with Leigh.

Obviously Rick realises his folly just before cheating on the mother of his children, just as Maggie stays true to him - the Farrelly brothers' desire to shock extends only so far but the whole episode reeks. Fred's sexist projection of women's desires is contradicted by the wives' adventures, but Leigh, who provokes the film's crisis, is a completely empty fantasy figure, apparently bereft of dreams or indeed character.

Henry K. Miller

SYNOPSIS Rhode Island, the present. Suburban couples Rick and Maggie and Fred and Grace are dissatisfied with their marriages; both men have an eye for other women. Maggie and Grace's psychologist friend Lucy recommends they give their spouses a 'hall pass', exempting them from matrimony for one week. Both are initially reluctant but the men's appalling behaviour eventually drives

The two wives go on holiday with Rick's children while the husbands, old college friends, check into a hotel, not wanting to bring the women they intend to attract into their homes. For the first few nights Rick and Fred fail to meet any women, instead getting into comic mishaps with their friends. Meanwhile Maggie and Grace attract the advances of two baseball players. Rick eventually puts the moves on Australian waitress Leigh. Matters come to a head on the last night of the hall pass. Grace has underwhelming sex with her baseball player and realises that she loves Fred after all. Rick, seeing what Maggie means to him, spurns Leigh's advances; Maggie's baseball coach attempts to seduce her. Fred is interrupted in the middle of a comically undignified sexual encounter by the news that Grace has been in a car crash.

Fred and Rick drive to the hospital and find Grace relatively unscathed; Rick then goes to find Maggie, who has spurned the baseball coach.

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Peter Farrelly Bobby Farrelly Produced by Bradley Thomas Charles B. Wessler Peter Farrelly Bobby Farrelly Screenplay Pete Jones Peter Farrelly Kevin Barnett Bobby Farrelly Story Pete Jones Director of Photography Matthew F. Leonetti Edited by

@New Line Productions, Inc. Production Companies New Line Cinema Entertainment production A Farrelly Brothers movie Made with the assistance of the

Toby Emmerich Richard Brener Merideth Finn Mark S. Fische Co-producers Mark Charpentier Kris Mever John Rickard J.B. Rogers Associate Producer

Ellen Dumouche Unit Production Manager Marc S. Fischer Production Supervisor Adam McCart Production Accountant

**Production Consultant** 

1st: J.D. Taylor

Marty Kitrosser 2nd Unit:

Casting Rick Montgomery Additional Camera Robert Carnevale Camera Operators Jacques Jouffret Mike St. Hillaire 2nd Unit Marc Dobiecki

Pat Tantalo Ken Reid

Co-ordinator Bobby Vasquez arry Madaras

Special Effects Art Director Dan Morski Set Designer

Set Decorator Property Master

> Construction Co-ordinator Jay Womer Costumes Designed

**by** Denise Wingate Costume Supervisor Hope Slepa Make-up Department

Head Sarah Mays Key Make-up n Ransom

Key Hairstylist Sam Se Titles/Opticals **Production Designer** FotoKerr Arlan Jay Vette

presents a Conundrum

Georgia Film, Music & Digital Entertainment **Executive Producers** 

Location Manager Maida Morgar Post-production Supervisor Frank Salvino

2nd Unit Director Mark Steiler Assistant Directors 1st: James B. Rogers 2nd: Greg Guzik 2nd Unit

2nd: Matti Kluttz Script Supervisors

Amy Blanc Lacy

Chief Lighting Technician Dan Comwall Key Grip

Special Effects

Additional Editor

ako Masuda

The Black Angels: "Everywhere I Go" -Lissie; "Reflections of My Life" - Marmalade Bogmen Production Sound Mixer

Mary Ellis Steve Pedersor Brad Sherman Supervising Sound Editor

Hair Department Head nessa Davis-Kaib

Music Supervisors Tom Wolf Manish Raval

Soundtrack "Art Isn't Real (City of Sin)", "Houston TX", "Christ Jesus", "Spend the Night" - Deer Tick; "Heaven's Wherever You Are", "The Cotton's Burning", "Nothing Left to Take", "Monster Riff I", "Annalee", "Waking Up to Me", "The Day after

Everything Changed". "The Lights of Vegas" -Ellis Paul; "She's Married" – Bill Cunliffe; "Wouldn't It Be Nice" – The Beach Boys;
"Psychic City" – YACHT;
"Break of Day" – Michael Haggins; "The Best of Times" - Styx; "Card Sting" from Law & Order - Mike Post "Monkberry Moon Delight" - Paul

McCartney, Linda McCartney; "Waiting for the Sun" – Billy Goodrum: "Hits from the Bong" – Cypress Hill, contains a sample of "Son of a Preacher Man" – Dusty Springfield; "Way That I Creep" – Gordon Gano & The Ryans; "Days Gone By" – Susan

Hallo Kosmo;

"Cheapskate"

Supergrass; "Just Say

Song of the Sand" - Bill

Yes" - Snow Patrol:

Levden: "Shake It"

Fight, They Fight"

"We Are the People"

Empire of the Sun;

"Everyone Is Guilty"

Akron/Family: "Run with the Wolves" – The

Witchman; "Licky

Larry Tee, Princes

Superstar: "The

(Vandalism Remix)"

Prodigy; "Zero 2 Hero" -

Mystery Zone" – Spoon; "Druganaut", "No Satisfaction" – Black Mountain; "Happy" –

Brookville: "Overnight

Lows", "Always Asking

for You" - Peter Wolf:

'Quiet Little Voices'

We Were Promised

Jetpacks; "Play the

Game" - Shout Out Louds; "Shakin' Rock 'n' Roll Tonight" – The Jon

Explosion; "Telephone

Spencer Blues

'Walking on a Dream'

Michael Franti, Spearhead featuring

Lady Saw; "When They

Generationals; "This Must Be It" – Röyksopp;

Sandberg; "Tighten Up", "Amazing Grace", "Jam" Ed's daughte JB Smoove - Stella Bass Band: "Bad Man" – Pete Yom; Vanessa Angel "Drums and Bass"

> arry Boha Alyssa Milano Mandy

Clyde Mike Meldman Mike Meldma

**Dwight Evans** Shannon Leade Gus G. Williams

Jamie Lee Quynh Thi Le

awards dinner bartende Matt Fairbairn Harold Goldberg Doris Morgado

atino woman 2 Thaddeus Rahming naked ouv

"Ocean's Apart" - The

Re-recording Mixers

Andrew De Cristofaro Stunt Co-ordinator

CAST Owen Wilson Jason Sudeikis

Jenna Fischer Christina Applegate

Nicky Whelan Richard Jenkins Stephen Merchant

Larry Joe Campbell Bruce Thomas Tyler Hoechlin

Derek Waters Alexandra Daddario

Rob Moran Ed Long Lauren Bowles

Christa Campbell Emma Macsen Lintz

Gunnar Kristin Carey Aunt Med Joy Behar

Dr Lucille Gilbert, 'Lucy Carly Craig nicotine patch girl Kaliko Kauahi

Landon T. Riddle Halli-Gray Beasley

Andrew Wilson

Danny Murphy Al Wisne

Susan Sandberg

Gordon Danniels

Robert Flaherty

Maria Duarte

Rich Brown naked guy 2 Jeff Norton Terry Mullany

Brian Mone Honorable Judge William Mone
Taylor Treadwell Craig X. Scott Kathryn Kim

Richard Melton Eddie Barbanell

Romy Wang Suki Frick Soon Yup Han

Cristina Nardozzi girl in restauran Ezra Neo Dierking party boy Bo Burnham

bartender Mike Cerrone Zen Gesner

Kristyl Dawn Tift Daniel Greene

Patricia French officer 2 Bob Weekes

bar manager Stella Barrow Willie Barrow Jikker Barrow Ron Brown Stella Bass band

Meredith Oliver Oglesby Meredith, bar patron Candice Ozechowski Candice, bar patror

Lee Anne Freeman Lee Anne, bar patron Christina Avalos

Christina, bar patron Igor Vovkovinskiy Johnny's Hideaway tall stud

Chloe Snyder Stootfish babe Kathy Griffin

Anna Byers backvard BBO friend Wen Yann Shih Tom Choi Asian husband

Juan Qian elderly Asian woman Jesse Farrelly

Dolby Digital/DTS/

SDDS

Colour by

[2.35:1] Distributor Warner Bros Distributors (UK)

9,471 ft +8 frames

#### How I Ended This Summer

Russia 2010 Director: Alexei Popogrebsky With Grigory Dobrygin, Sergei Puskepalis

In Alexei Popogrebsky's oddly titled arctic two-hander, a veteran scientist and his younger colleague share the same small psychological space in the great white north. Middle-aged family man Sergei plays the good-natured grump as he serves out his last shift at a research station with the rambunctious young Pavel, apparently a visiting student. The two record measurements on ancient-looking equipment and report via radio to some unseen headquarters. When bad news for Sergei comes over the wire unbeknown to him, it's like a contaminant, and the film largely consists of watching Pavel's mad, and maddening, efforts at concealment.

Popogrebsky's movie, a Berlin prizewinner in 2010 and a festival favourite since, breathes a rich sense of place; a Soviet-holdover outpost amid desolate yet ethereal expanses of rock, shore and sea, whipped by winds. The routines of checking data, and diversions such as Sergei's fishing for trout or Pavel's rockscored rambles, build a sense of the hominess that can develop even at land's end. DP Pavel Kostomarov excels at both the broader canvas and small details: the streaked shoreside landscapes that evoke layers of the sky's atmosphere; the contrasting paint colours on the outpost's interior walls that suggest years of residency before Sergei and Pavel's arrival; the white smudge of a deadly polar bear glimpsed in extreme long-shot; and, later on, Pavel's raw, chapped face after a literal night in the wilderness.

Pavel's torments come after he puts off telling Sergei tragic news about his family, digging in deeper and deeper, in an excruciating period of suspense that lasts an hour of screen time. Sergei Puskepalis plays the older man as the wise stoic Russian who knows when to talk and when to say nothing. To his eyes, Pavel's odd behaviour initially seems a familiar flightiness concerning his duties. Pavel, at first a recognisable

type, becomes a bit of a cipher: written as a youngster who suddenly can't cope, he's given a schizoid turn by Grigory Dobrygin who seems not entirely up to the task. Pavel first resembles a relaxed clothing-catalogue model in vest and headphones, but then turns frantic, limbs awhirl, camera barely keeping up, as the consequences of his withholding information play out.

The screenplay, written by Popogrebsky and largely sticking to Pavel's point of view (sometimes confusingly), relies on the setting as a place with its own rules. Pavel's freakout begs the question: what is plausible behaviour under these conditions anyway? At one point Sergei relates the story of two previous scientists in residence whose disagreement turned fatal. But a dash of foreshadowing isn't enough to justify the leaps taken by Pavel's paranoia, and without a better sense of who Pavel was in the first place. it's hard to go along with where he ends up. Still, taken as a portrait in what might be called the psychological expressionism of fear, it's an able rendering in a setting that feels thoroughly lived-in (even if it's virtually deserted). •• Nicolas Rapold

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Alexei Popogrebsky Producers Roman Borisevich Alexander Kushaev Written by Alexei Popogrebsky Director of Photography Pavel Kostomarov Editing Ivan Lebedev Production Designer Gennady Popov

Dmitry Katkhanov

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Company, StartFilm
Company
Production Companies
TV Channel RUSSIA,
Roman Borisewch,
Koktebel Film Company
present with the support
of RF Ministry of Culture,
The Government of
Chukotka Autonomous
District a Koktebel Film
Company production in
association with
StartFilm Company
A film by Alexei
Popogrebsky
Line Producer

Andrei Murtazaliev

says the matter can stay a secret. The next day, or perhaps later, a helicopter arrives.

Pavel says he will stay with Sergei, but Sergei insists he remain alone. They embrace.

Casting
Olga Granina
Costumes Designed by
Svetlana Mikhailova
Make-up Designed by
Natalia Angelova
Sound
Vladimir Golovnitski
Sound Re-recording

CAST Grigory Dobrygin Pavel Sergei Puskepalis

Dolby Digital In Colour [1.85:1] Subtitles

**Distributor** New Wave Films

Russian theatrical title Kak ya provel etim letom

#### I Saw the Devil

Republic of Korea 2010 Director: Kim Jee-woon With Lee Byung-hun, Choi Min-sik, Chun Kook-haun, Chun Ho-jin Certificate: not submitted 138m

I Saw the Devil isn't so much a revenge thriller as a meditation on revenge. In spite of its extreme violence and often stomach-churning imagery, it is highly stylised and self-reflexive. The presence of Choi Min-sik (of Old Boy fame) as the psychopathic killer and the strange mix of lyricism and extreme shock tactics can't help but rekindle memories of the work of Park Chan-wook, Indeed. the film shares some of the weaknesses of Park's films: the storytelling and performances are so self-conscious that the human element is lost and the film risks seeming like a formal exercise. As knives are sharpened, limbs lopped, ears severed and heads guillotined, we quickly forget about the grief that is supposedly driving vengeful hero Soo-hyun (Lee Byung-hun) – it's like watching a live-action adult version of a Tom and Jerry cartoon in which the same violence is repeated again and again, but the victims always bounce back up.

Director Kim Ji-woon (who received rapturous reviews for his 2005 mobster thriller A Bittersweet Life) stages individual sequences with great ingenuity. The opening, in which the hero's fiancée is kidnapped and killed after her car tyre punctures, is utterly chilling. To crank up the tension, the filmmakers intercut from Soo-hyun singing love songs to her on the mobile phone to Choi's psychopath bustling around in the snow, pretending he wants to fix the tyre. The Bernard Herrmann-like music and sound editing add to the sense of foreboding.

Midway through a very lengthy film, however, the plotting threatens to unravel. The key moment is when Soo-hyun first comes face to face with the killer. At this point, what had initially seemed like a realist revenge thriller veers off into fantasy territory. Choi gives a typically bravura performance but one that quickly unbalances the film – Kim seems keener on providing one of South Korean cinema's most flamboyant screen actors with a platform than in



No sympathy: Kim In-seo

telling a coherent story. The killer here seems a soulmate to Javier Bardem's Chigurh in the Coens' *No Country for Old Men* (2007), a character who may be evil but is also resourceful and utterly consistent. Bizarrely, in spite of his misdeeds, there are moments when we almost sympathise with him — Choi plays him at least partly tongue in cheek, frequently complaining that his tormentor is the "psycho".

It's hard to see where the South Korean revenge movie can go from here. Films like Sympathy for Lady Vengeance and I Saw the Devil have surely exhausted every possibility for the genre in terms of ingenuity and sadism. For all their swagger and originality, such movies leave a very nasty aftertaste.

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by
Kim Jee-woon
Produced by
Kim Hyun-woo
Screenplay
Park Hoon-jung
Adapted by
Kim Jee-woon
Cinematography
Lee Mogae
Editing
Nam Na-young
Production Designer
Cho Hwa-sung
Music-Ornekstrated
by/All Instruments
Performed by
Mowg

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Hoduction Companies
A Peppermint&Company
production in association
with Siz Entertainment
A Kim Jee-woon film
Presented by Softbank
Ventures Korea,
Showbox/Mediaplex, Inc.
Co-presented by KTGlobal New Media Fund,
Finecut Co., Ltd., Tomato
Tour, Geon Investment,
CJ Venture Investment,
Asia Investment, Gemini
Invest Company,
Michigan Venture Capital,
IZN Investments
With the support of Korea
Trade Insurance
Corporation and Hana
Rank

Executive Producers Greg Moon

SYNOPSIS The Arctic Circle, the present. At a remote research outpost, Sergei and Pavel are on their final shift. During one of their regular radio links, Sergei learns that his wife and son are travelling to meet him. Sergei goes on a fishing trip, leaving Pavel in charge. Pavel is told to tell Sergei that his wife and child have died in an accident on their trip, and a ship is being sent to the research station. However, when Sergei returns, Pavel says nothing about it. On the next radio link, Sergei sends a message to pass to his family. Concerned, his superiors question Pavel about this; he hedges, then sabotages the radio. When Sergei goes on another fishing trip, Pavel learns that the ship being sent is stuck, and a helicopter is on its way. Pavel goes out to light flares as instructed, but is knocked out while fleeing a bear. He awakes in Sergei's boat. On shore, he blurts out the truth about Sergei's family. When Sergei advances towards him, Pavel fires a gun, then flees as Sergei shoots (purposely wide). Pavel hides out at a disused research station. Sergei shows up with a gun, fires, and chases Pavel, who runs off again. Pavel falls asleep near a radioactive isotope beacon. He contaminates some fish with the isotope beacon, and plants it in Sergei's food cabinet. Pavel watches from afar as Sergei eats. Sergei notices and invites him in. Pavel tells him why he can't eat the fish. Sergei goes to vomit, and

SYNOPSIS On a snowy night, psychopathic serial killer Kyung-chul tortures and murders Ju-yeon, a young pregnant woman whose car has had a puncture. She is the fiancée of secret agent Soo-hyun and the daughter of retired police chief Jang. Soo-hyun vows that he will make the killer suffer. He eventually realises that Kyung-chul, who has been posing as a school bus driver, is the killer and catches him just before he is about to murder another victim. He beats him up, mutilates him and leaves him close to death, but does not kill him. This sets in motion a chain of events that repeats itself, with Soo-hyun continually capturing Kyung-chul, allowing him to escape and then hunting him down again. (Soo-hyun has planted a bug on Kyung-chul, enabling him to track the killer's movements.)

Soo-hyun begins to behave in the same sadistic way as the murderer. He tracks Kyung-chul to a compound where he is hiding out with a fellow killer. Yet again, he tortures and comes close to killing him. Kyung-chul manages to rid himself of the bug and heads to the city, where he kills Jang and Jang's other daughter. His plan is to give himself up to the police so that he can escape Soo-hyun's grasp. Before he can do so, however, he is captured and tortured by Soo-hyun, who ties him up and leaves him beside his old home. The killer's estranged family hear noises. They open the door, triggering a guillotine blade perched over the killer's head. As he is decapitated and the police arrive, a distraught Soo-hyun walks away.

#### Films

Jeong Hun You Co-executive Producers Suh Youngjoo Moon Jae Sik Cheong Kee Young Kang Yeong Shir Kim Kil Soo Bryan Song II Hyung Cho Co-producer Line Producer Nam Sung-ho Associate Producers **Assistant Directors** 1st: Seok Min-woo 2nd: Lee Kyu-won 2nd: Lee Won-jin 2nd: Choi Soo-hyuk Script Supervisor Lighting ne-chul Camera Operators Kım Bvı ır Steadicam Operator Yeo Kyung-bo Key Grip Park Chan-hee Visual Effects Digital Idea Special Visual Effects Special Effects Jung Do-ahn Lee Hee-kyoung Art Director Set Design Kim Min-iung Production Concept Designers Son Min-jung Kim Byung-han Set Construction Costumes Hae-in Entertainment Wardrobe Design Key Make-up Hair/Make-up Kim Hyun-jung Make-up Team Ju Mi-young Special Make-up Effects Gwak Tae-yong Hwang Hyo-gyun Cell Creature Company Soundtrack
"Wanna Falling in Love": "House of the Rising Sound Designer Sound Supervisor Choi Tae-young Sound Recordist Re-recording Mixers Stunt Co-ordinators

#### CAST

Heo Myeong Haens

Lee Byung-hun

Choi Min-sik Chun Kook-haun Chun Ho-iin Oh San-ha Kim Yoon-seo Choi Moo-seong Kim In-seo Kim Gap-soo Lee Joon-hyuk Cho Duk-je Detective Kang Han Cheol-woo Cho Myung-yeon

Uhm Tae-gu Han Se-joo girl on bus Choi Jin-ho cy vice-supervisor Kim Kang-il Yoon Byung-hee Park Seo-yeon woman in the pension Lee Hye-rin junior high school girl Lee Seol-gu Jung Mi-nam Kim Jae-gun Yoon Chae-young Kim Bong-soo Kyung-chul's father Son Young-soon Kyung-chul's mothe Jang Jung-won Nam Hyun-ju Nam Bo-ra Detective Oh's daughter Park Ji-yeon Shin Jung-hoon Park Min-soo Lee Hyun-yong Lee Ji-eun kids at stream Lee Hwan-gu Choi Moon-sook Sung-ho Choi Kim Chae-yeon Han Song-yi Mi-Ryung Yang Jang Ha-neul Park Mi-sun Kim Kin-young junior high school girls junior high scho Lee Hang-soo investigation chief Seol Chang-hee Shin Young-sik Kim Young-chan Shin Sin-bum old pharmaci Park Jung-ki Gu Young-wan Cho Seung-min Kim Dae-hye Choi Don-kyu Kim Sun-nyu Kim Young-sun nun 1 Heo Yi-seul Gil Geum-sung man at port Ha Seung-ri high school girl at port Jung Tae-sung hotel worker Yoo Youn-bok Kim Hwa-hyun

family of woman in pension in photograph **Dolby Digital** In Colou [2.35:1]

Huh Yeon-hwa

**Distributor** Optimum Releasing

Not submitted for theatrical classification Video certificate: 18 Running time: 138m 6s

Korean theatrical title Akmareul boatda

#### Limitless

**USA 2011** 

Director: Neil Burger With Bradley Cooper, Abbie Cornish, Robert De Niro, Anna Friel Certificate 15 104m 39s

Tightly plotted and snappily scripted (by Leslie Dixon from Alan Glynn's 2004 novel The Dark Fields), Neil Burger's enjoyable fourth feature generates plenty of suspenseful wattage from a familiar theme of performanceenhancing drugs - though in this case they boost the mind instead of the body. When shambling sad-sack Eddie Morra (Bradley Cooper) is offered experimental drug NZT 48 by former in-law Vern, he finds his brainpower ramped up to an almost supernatural degree and is able to acquire knowledge of music and languages and the significance of minute stock-market tremors with phenomenal speed.

In many respects it's a return to the territory of Burger's second feature The Illusionist (2006), which fused the story of a stage magician who has seemingly baffling powers with a murder mystery and political skulduggery set in early 20th-century Vienna. Here, the setting is present-day New York, given a hyperreal gloss once NZT inveigles its chemical tendrils into Eddie's psyche, with CGI used to create optically impossible zooms along streets and bridges as his mind runs away with itself. Rufus Sewell's princeling in the earlier film is replaced by Robert De Niro's financier Carl Van Loon, initially baffled by the way a "gutsy little schmuck" can run rings round his hard-won experience, though he's astute enough a politician to recognise the virtues of bringing Eddie inside his tent.

Burger trusts his audience to join the dots, and Limitless deftly skirts several moral issues without becoming overly didactic. Anti-drug arguments are threaded throughout the narrative, the consequences shown as leading to death, permanent brain damage and even vampirism, not to mention ending up wholly dependent on an artificial compound that can be withdrawn at any moment - but the exhilaration of being on NZT is so vividly conveyed that it's easy to see why Eddie ignores these warnings. More cutting is the argument against 'cheating', usually deployed in sporting contexts but just as applicable here - and given extra cinematic heft by being delivered by an actor of De Niro's stature to a comparative newcomer like Cooper.

Cooper is on screen almost throughout, convincingly handling the metamorphosis from unshaven near-derelict to gimlet-eyed savant by making it clear that Eddie's fundamental problem has as much to do with laziness as any innate lack of intelligence. Even when he's at his mental peak, his newly acquired arrogance is offset by an appealing vulnerability: he knows better than anyone that his superhero status is strictly rationed and wholly undeserved. As Lindy, Eddie's understandably on-off girlfriend and his abiding voice of reason, Abbie Cornish has disappointingly little to do, though she gets a show-stopping moment involving a murderous stalker and a small child turned into an

unexpectedly lethal weapon. While the film's own IQ doesn't match Eddie's NZT-enhanced one (how could someone whose memory now stretches to recalling the titles of legal books in a would-be paramour's apartment more than a decade ago simply forget about repaying a loan shark who has already described the penalty for defaulting in lurid detail?), it compensates by a refreshing refusal to take itself too seriously. For instance, Gennady (Andrew Howard), the loan shark in question, becomes an NZT user himself, developing both a colourful vocabulary and an interest in human biology, though the fact that he now proposes to carve people up in the spirit of scientific enquiry instead of mere thuggish brutality is unlikely to impress his victims. A running gag involving a bodyguard's tattooed finger and Eddie's perfect recall of Bruce Lee moves at a perilous moment almost tip the film into outright farce, but it's so good-naturedly entertaining that few are likely to care.

Michael Brooke

#### CREDITS

Directed by Neil Burger Produced by Leslie Dixon Scott Kroopf Rvan Kavanaugh Screenplay Leslie Dixor Based upon The Dark Fields by Alan Glynn

Director of Photography Editors Naomi Geraghty Tracy Adams Production Designer Patrizia von Brandenstein

Composer/Conducted by/Arranged and Orchestrated by Paul Leonard-Morgan

©Dark Fields Productions, LLC Production

Relativity presents, in Produced, a Rogue production the Year production in association with Intermedia Film A Neil Burger film

Tucker Tooley Bradley Cooper Jason Felts

Kenneth Halsband Patty Long Additional Photography:

Unit Production

Mexico Puerto Vallarta Arturo del Rio Additional Photography: Tim Bird Production

Supervisors NY Unit: Patty Willett Additional Photography Andy Zolot Production

Co-ordinators David Raynor Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Sue-Allen Villalva

Production Accountant Jenny Fitzgibbons Location Managers Staci Hagenbaugh NY Unit: Diego Prange NY Plate Unit Diego Prange Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Omar Arias

Bill Arrowood Post-production Supervisor Christopher Kulikowski 2nd Unit Director Additional Photography Garrett Warren

1st: H.H. Cooper 2nd: Dale Pierce Nielsen Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit 1st: Richard Fox

1st: Tim Bird 2nd: Deanna Kelly Script Supervisors Mary Bailer

association with Virgin A Many Rivers/Boy of

Executive Producers

Co-producer Line Producers Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Ricardo del Rio

Managers Mark Kamine

Additional Photography:

Assistant Directors

1st: Frederic Henocque 2nd: Hiromi Kamata Additional Photography

Additional Photography: Robb Foglia Casting Director

Douglas Aibel Pennsylvania Casting Jason Loftus Camera Operators A: David Thompson B: Kent Harvey Additional Photography A: David Taicher A: Stephen Consentino B: Richard Rutkowsk

B: Hernan M. Otaño

Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Guillermo Rosas Steadicam Operators David Thompson Additional Photography:

David Taicher Stephen Consentino Gaffers Jay Fortune NY Plate Unit Tommy Dolan Mexico, Puerto Vallarta

Unit Juan Fernando Guzman Additional Photography Brian McClean Richard Asbury **Key Grips** 

Lamont Crawford NY Plate Unit: Dennis Gamiello Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: lose Francisco Garcia Additional Photography: Chris Beattie Gary Martone

Visual Effects Senior Producer Nancy St. John On-set Supervisor Christopher Scollard Digital Effects by

Visual Effects by Comen VEX Zoic Stud

Special Effects Co-ordinators Connie Brink Additional Photography

Michael Myers Associate Editor Blake Harjes Art Directors

Fredda Slavin Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Marcelo del Rio

Set Decorators Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Carlos Gutierrez

Additional Photography: Lisa Nilsson Property Masters Peter Gelfman Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Fernando Acevedo Additional Photography: Mark Peltzer

**SYNOPSIS** New York, the present. When writer Eddie Morra is dumped by girlfriend Lindy, his former brother-in-law Vern offers him NZT 48, an experimental brain-enhancing drug. Suddenly galvanised, Eddie completes much of his manuscript overnight. After the effects wear off, Eddie visits Vern and finds him murdered - though the killer has failed to find his drugs and cash. Eddie quintuples the latter thanks to his superhuman knowledge of the stock market, and turns \$100,000 from loan shark Gennady into \$2 million. This is noticed by mogul Carl Van Loon, who asks Eddie to broker an ambitious merger with rival Hank Atwood. Eddie is reunited with Lindy, but an NZT overdose leads to a night with a blonde socialite, later reported murdered. Eddie's ex-wife Melissa warns him that when the NZT runs out, users' brains can 'crash', sometimes terminally. Gennady confiscates an NZT pill as an advance on repayment, and demands more. Eddie and Lindy are separately pursued by a sinister stalker. Van Loon's merger is delayed by Atwood's illness. Eddie realises that Atwood is also an NZT user. Gennady and two thugs break into Eddie's flat. Eddie stabs Gennady, drinks his NZT-enhanced blood and kills the others. Atwood dies, and Eddie discovers that his stalker (and Vern's killer) was his employee.

A year later, Eddie is a US senator with designs on the presidency. Van Loon proposes a strategic alliance on pain of NZT withdrawal (he has bought the manufacturers) but Eddie threatens to blackmail him over his trading offences.



Construction

Paul Williams
NY Unit:
Manny Sanchez
Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
Unit:
Alberto Villaseñor
Costume Designer

Costume Designer
Jenny Gering
Costume Supervisor
Arlynn Abseck
Wardrobe Supervisor

Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Monica Neumaier

Make-up Department Heads Margot Boccia

Joseph Campayno Make-up Co-department Head

Co-department Head Additional Photography: Joseph Campayno Special Effects

Make-up Keith Palmer Hair Department Heads Diane Dixon

Sacha Quarles Hair Co-department Head

Additional Photography: Frankie Barbosa Titles Comen VFX Main Title Sequence

Designer: Kenneth Armstrong **Opticals** Technicolor Creative

Services, Hollywood Music Supervisors Happy Walters Season Kent

Soundtrack
"Cicada" – Versus; "I
Don't Care If There's
Cursing" –
Phosphorescent;

Phosphorescent;
"Lonely Blue Boy" –
Conway Twitty; "Let It
Go" – The Dunes;
"Walking" – Ash
Grunwald; "Howlin' for
You" – The Black Keys;
"Prelude, Op.3: No.2 in C
Sharn Minor" by Sergei

Sharp Minor" by Sergei Rachmaninov – Eldar Nebolsin; "Don't Sweat the Technique" – Eric B. & Rakim; "Chocolate and Cheese" – Jon Kennedy; "La Boquilla (Dixone Rernix)" – Bornba Estereo;

"Athens by Night",
"Yangtze Valley" – Matt Hirt; "The Way: "The Daniel May; "The Believers" – How to Destroy Angels; "This My Club" – Prophit;

"Jukebox" – Kidz in the Hall; "Hook Shot" – Wolfgang Gartner Sound Designer

Production Sound Mixer Danny Michael

Sound Mixers
Mexico, Puerto Vallarta
Unit:
Gabriel Coll
Additional Photography:

Jeff Pullman Re-recording Mixers Tony Volante Lewis Goldstein

Supervising Sound Editors Paul Urmson

Lewis Goldstein Stunt Co-ordinators Jeffrey Lee Gibson Mexico, Puerto Vallarta Unit: Willebaldo 'Balo' Bucio

Additional Photography: Brian Smyj Fight Co-ordinator Ben Brav CAST

Bradley Cooper
Eddie Morra
Abbie Cornish
Lindy
Robert De Niro
Carl Van Loon
Andrew Howard
Gennady
Anna Friel
Melissa
Johnny Whitworth
Vernon, 'Vern'
Tomas Arana
man in tan coat
Robert Burke
Pierce
Partials Kalember.

Robert Burke
Pierce
Patricia Kalember
Mrs Atwood
Darren Goldstein
Kevin Doyle
Ned Eisenberg
Morris Brandt
T.V. Carpio
Valerie

Valerie
Richard Bekins
Hank Atwood
Cindy Katz
Marla Sutton
Brian A. Wilson
detective
Rebecca Dayan

detective
Rebecca Dayan
Rebecca Dayan
Ann Marie Green
financial newscaster
Damali Mason
female cop
Meg McCrossen

female assistant
Tom Bloom
Dunham
Nina Hodoruk
realtor
Tom Teti

Stephanie Humphrey TV news reporter Joe McCarthy day trader 1 Peter Pryor day trader 2

Daniel Breaker campaign manager Chris McMullin cop Dave Droxler technician Luisina Quarleri Italian hostess/waitres Piper Brown

griskater Simon MacLean father skater Saxon Palmer businessman 1 Stephen Sable businessman 2 Caroline Maria Winberg Maria Winberg Damaris Lewis beautiful black woman Martha Ann Talman

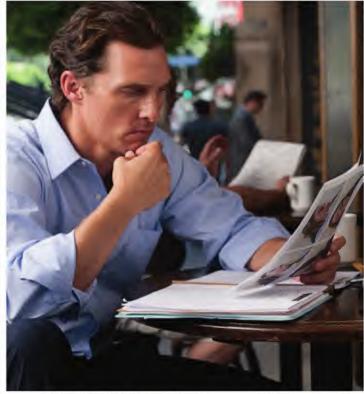
Martha Ann Ialman
Van Loon's assistant
Robert Bizik
coffee shop owner
Hugh Douglas
poker player 1
Howard Strong
poker player 2
Arlette De Alba
grir passenger
Eddie Fernandez
Gennady thug
Ray Siegle
Gennady blind thug
Nicolas Le Guern
Richard Miller
Violeta Siiva

Anna Parkinson Laurence Roscoe friends at beach Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour Release Prints by

**Distributor**Momeritum Pictures/
Paramount Pictures UK

[2.35:1]

9,418 ft +8 frames



You're being framed: Matthew McConaughey

# The Lincoln Lawyer

USA 2011 Director: Brad Furman With Matthew McConaughey, Marisa Tomei, Ryan Phillippe Certificate 15 118m 28s

A well-plotted string-along potboiler and protean middle-range entertainment, *The Lincoln Lawyer* adapts a novel by prolific genre-fiction author Michael Connelly, the beginning of his Mick Haller franchise, now composed of four books and counting.

Director Brad Furman presides over Haller's pilot film. An Aaron Sorkinesque walk-and-talk scene between Matthew McConaughey's Haller (the 'Lincoln lawyer' of the title, running his business from the back of his car) and John Leguizamo's bail bondsman announces a fluid style learned from diligent primetime channel surfing. (The title suggests an acquaintance with John Ford's Young Mr. Lincoln. Nothing else does.) Crime-scene flashbacks replay in solarised and blacklit gaudiness, extravagances familiar from TV police procedurals. Drive-time spaces between scenes break into helicopter views of LA freeway ramps set to vintage soul and hip hop, audiovisual confirmations of Haller's cred ("You woulda done alright on the streets," says Haller's black factotum/chauffeur, giving the boss honorary 'hood benediction).

McConaughey's unctuousness suits Haller the palm-greasing hustler, though later courtroom scenes lack the detailing, by star or his proficient-yet-frictionless director, that might shed

light on Haller's moral conflict as he performs character-assassinating cross-examinations in the defence of a man he profoundly despises. Furman prefers clear-cut showdowns. His stock scene, used well past the point of being effective, is a ready-to-rumble face-off, with McConaughey placing his increasingly haggard aquiline profile about four inches away from a nemesis's face to quietly drawl out tough talk (Haller's Texan accent is perplexing, coming as it does from a second-generation Angelino).

Marisa Tomei plays Maggie, Haller's ex-wife and the mother of his child, with whom he has a lingering flirtation and rocky professional relationship. (She's a prosecutor, and the story presumes the undying enmity between legal professionals in different branches.) Tomei is adorable in her summer outfits, but ex-wife and daughter have little function beyond playing vulnerable targets

for McConaughey to be righteous protector of. The threat comes from a super-rich rapist villain with the blackguardly handle 'Louis Roulet', ready made for the groundlings to pelt with rotten vegetables. As Roulet, Ryan Phillippe reprises his *Cruel Intentions* sybarite act, here unredeemed after a dozen more years of well-funded dissipation, his handsome face starting to spread. That the family lawyer still calls 32-year-old Louis "the boy" is a nice touch.

Bob Gunton, in that lawyer role, joins a well-curated gallery of character actors. Frances Fisher is cast to type as the patrician-bloodless Roulet matriarch; William H. Macy plays Haller's detective Frank Levin, bringing a note of *The Long Goodbye* bleariness to this film's club-crawl LA; and Shea Whigham, as the serial stoolie whom Haller recruits into his triplecross set-up, inserts the movie's lone bit of comedy, slouching on the stand. All conspire to make this time-drain a painless one.

David Kem

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Brad Furman Producers Sidney Kimmel Richard Wright Scott Steindorff Produced by Tom Rosenberg

Gary Lucchesi
Screenplay
John Romano
Based on the novel by
Michael Connelly

Director of Photography Lukas Ettlin Editor Jeff McEvoy Production Designer Chansse Cardenas Music

Cliff Martinez

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Films Inc.
Production
Companies
Lionsgate and
Lakeshore
Entertainment present a
Lakeshore
Entertainment,
Lionsgate production in
association with Sidney
Kimmel Entertainment,
Stone Village Pictures
Executive Producers

Co-producer/Unit Production Manage Ted Gidlow Production Co-ordinator Billy Bonifield Production Accountant Robert Lane Location Manager Ralph Meyer Post-production Supervisor Steve Demko **Assistant Directors** 1st: George Bamber 2nd: Pete Dress Script Supervisor Gahret Casting Tricia Wood Deborah Aquila Camera Operators B: Greg Lundsgaard C: Josh Reis Steadicam Operator Chief Lighting Technician Len Levine Key Grip James Shelton Visual Effects Supervisor James McQuaide Visual Effects/

Animation by

Furious FX

**SYNOPSIS** Los Angeles, present day. Mick Haller is a criminal defence lawyer who runs his practice out of the back of a Lincoln Town Car. He is hired by a client who's a step up from his usual clientele of bikers and gangsters: Louis Roulet, the scion of a wealthy family with a Beverley Hills address, stands accused of assaulting a young prostitute picked up at a nightspot. She claims she only saved herself by knocking Roulet unconscious during their struggle. Roulet claims he was set up, marked for legal extortion by an adventuress.

As Haller investigates, he discovers a link between this case and a previous murder case he handled, in which he steered a client — who'd insisted on his innocence — into a plea bargain to avoid the death penalty. Haller realises that his hiring is a set-up, preventing him through attorney-client privilege from revealing Roulet's guilt. Roulet drops his act of wrongly accused gentleman; he starts threatening Haller's ex-wife and daughter, and shows no surprise when Haller's private investigator Frank Levin is murdered.

Haller continues to give Roulet the best possible defence — while feeding police investigators leads to the cold-case murder. Roulet goes free but is served with a fresh subpoena connected to the earlier murder. Out on bail, Roulet shows up to make good on his threats to Haller's family, but is incapacitated by Haller's thug associates. Shortly afterwards, Roulet's mother reveals herself as Levin's murderer.

Visual Effects by Celluloid VFX. Berlin Special Effects Dennis Dion Visual Consultant Nathan Morse Set Designer Sarah Contant Set Decorator Nancy Nye Property Master Construction Co-ordinator Costume Designer Wardrobe Supervisor Linda Matthey Make-up Department Head Melanie Hughes-Weaver Key Make-up Artist Robin Luo Special Make-up Effects Designed/ Created by Christien Tinsley's Tinsley Transfers Inc Special Effects Make-up Michael Mekash Department Head Hair Barbara Olvera Key Hairstylist Main Title Designer End Title Crawl Scarlet Letters Music Supervisors Brian McNelis Eric Crais Score Produced by Soundtrack 'Ain't No Love in the Heart of the City" Bobby 'Blue' Bland: "Monstracity" - Marcus 'Seige' White; "Music" -Erick Sermon featuring Marvin Gave, contains a sample of "Music" Marvin Gaye; "Don't Sweat the Technique" -Eric B. & Rakım; "Nightcall" – Kavinsky & Lovefoxxx; "The Wilderness" – Colin Smith; "Bobblehead Girl" – Danny Chaimson & The 11th Hour; "Now" – Ari Hest; "107 Degrees" – Citizen Cope; "A Number for Yari" – Setty and the Miracle: "I Remember - deadmau5, Kaskade;
"Hot Lazy Porch Swing" - Cinema Blues; "Moment of Truth" -Gang Starr; "California Soul (Lincoln Lawyer Remix)" – Marlena Shaw featuring Ya Boy

Deborah Adaii Supervising Sound Steven Ticknor Stunt Co-ordinator Mark Norby LAPD Consultant Chic Daniel

Music Consultant

Steven A. Morrov

Supervising Sound

Sound Mixer

Steven Ticknor

Mixers

**CAST** Matthew McConaughey Michael 'Mick' Haller Marisa Tomei Maggie McPherson Ryan Phillippe Louis Roulet

Ted Minton

John Leguizamo Michael Peña Jesus Martinez **Bob Gunton** Cecil Dobbs Frances Fisher Mary Windson Bryan Cranston Detective Lankford William H. Macy Frank Levir Trace Adkins Eddie Voge Laurence Mason Margarita Levieva Reggie Campo Pell James Shea Whigham Katherine Moennig Michael Paré Detective Kurlen Michaela Conlin Detective Sobel Mackenzie Aladjem Hayley Haller Reggie Baker e Fullbright Javier Grajeda David Castro Conor O'Farrell Charlie Hirsch Roland Feliciano Jeffrey Cole Van Nuvs judge Andrew Staes Maggie's co-counsel Donnie Smith Erin Carufel Sam Upton Matthew Moreno officer 2

L. Emille Thomas Kate Mulligan Edwin Dunn Eric Huus Rick Filkins golfer 3 Melanie Molnar Stephanie Mace Yari De Leon Donna Renteria Christian George San Quentin guard Randy Mulkey Scott Wood LA rehab guard Earl Carroll

Dolby Digital Colour by T2.35:17

ourt clerk

Eric Etebari

Melanie Benz assistant DA

Charles Talbot

Sharyn Bamber

court steriographei

Distributor Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

10.662 ft +7 frames

#### Little **White Lies**

France/Belgium 2010 Director: Guillaume Canet With François Cluzet, Marion Cotillard, Benoît Magimel Certificate 15 154m 11s

Recent French films to hit the headlines and the box office have addressed burning political or social issues (Of Gods and Men, The Class) or offered a comic vision of class and regional divisions (Bienvenue chez les Ch'tis, Potiche, Rien à déclarer). Little White Lies, one of the surprise hits of early 2011 (more than five million viewers in France), appears to do none of these things. Nor, despite a distinguished cast including Marion Cotillard, Benoît Magimel and François Cluzet, is it a star vehicle since it works as an ensemble film and Jean Dujardin, arguably its biggest name, is eliminated at the end of the credit sequence.

This is the story of a group of friends who gather for their usual summer holiday in desirable Cap Ferret on the southwest coast, even though their best friend Ludo (Dujardin) has been seriously injured in a moped accident. There are two couples in the group -Max (Cluzet) and Véronique (Valérie Bonneton), who are older and wealthier than the rest (and in whose house they gather), and Vincent (Magimel) and Isabelle (Pascale Arbillot) – as well as Antoine (Laurent Lafitte), Eric (Gilles Lellouche), Marie (Cotillard) and three young children. They are also reunited with Jean-Louis (Joël Dupuch), a local oyster farmer who is an old friend of Max's family.

Generically, Little White Lies hovers between the 'intimist' ensemble film (numerous meal scenes), melodrama (Ludo's accident, disfigured hospital bed scenes and funeral) and comedy, sometimes verging on farce - in this respect the scenes involving the neurotically tidy Max and his fight against a plague of weasels are the most successful. At times the film also nods towards the rom-com, though the romantic troubles of the hapless Eric and Antoine, trying to lure their reluctant girlfriends to Cap Ferret, are milked for comedy rather than offering any insight into postmodern love. At other times, through the character of Marie (Cotillard) and the seaside setting, Little White Lies evokes Rohmer-style romantic entanglements, though without the elegant dialogue. The latter is sorely lacking in the excruciating



Louise Monot, Gilles Lellouche

and excruciatingly long - closing scene of Ludo's funeral, in which the bereaved friends outdo each other in tearful inarticulacy.

So why did the film make such an impression? One answer lies in the overarching holiday narrative, a resonant French trope. Little White Lies clearly hit a nerve in mirroring a generation of immature adults, all pushing 40 or older yet bent on hedonistic pleasure and regressive games, from eating chocolate in bed to throwing someone in the sea, and stuck to their mobile phones, laptops or web cameras. The presence of Jean-Louis as surrogate father further infantilises the group, despite the fact that several have settled down with children of their own. Another explanation lies paradoxically in the film's apparent lack of social anchorage. While Max's affluence is explained by his successful restaurant business, and Vincent works as a physiotherapist, others have vaguely intellectual-artistic occupations (occasional sitcom actor, recording tribal songs in Latin America). The political world never impinges - the only time someone 'reads' a newspaper it is as camouflage. Yet Little White Lies is topical in precisely this respect, registering a new bland and solipsistic middle class of middle-aged media, arts and business professionals whose world is the chosen milieu of many middle-ofthe-road French films (and television series) of today.

If actor-turned-director Canet thus succeeds in capturing the zeitgeist, it's a pity he doesn't do so in more subtle or innovative ways. Even though there are compensations in the gorgeous location and some excellent actors (Cluzet, Bonneton and Cotillard especially), I personally regret that the most charismatic of them spends his time off-screen on a hospital bed.

Ginette Vincendeau

**SYNOPSIS** France, the present. As he leaves a Parisian nightclub on his moped, Ludo is hit by a lorry. While he fights for his life in hospital, his friends decide nevertheless to go on their usual holiday to Cap Ferret. The hosts are successful businessman Max and his wife Véronique; the others in the group are Marie, Eric and Antoine, and Vincent and Isabelle and their young son. We follow their holiday activities and occasional quarrels, as well as communal meals some at the beach house of local oyster farmer Jean-Louis. Vincent declares an unrequited passion for Max; Eric and Antoine try to entice their estranged partners to join them. Marie's affairs and sexuality are more opaque - she was Ludo's girlfriend but has affairs with women as well as men, one of whom briefly visits. Learning of Ludo's death, Jean-Louis berates the friends for their selfishness. At Ludo's funeral, Marie reveals that she is pregnant.

#### **CREDITS**

A film by Guillaume Canet Produced by Alain Attal Screenplay Guillaume Canet Director of Photography Christophe Offenstein Editor lervé de Luze Art Director

©Les Productions du Trésor, EuropaCorp, Caneo Films, M6 Films Production Companies Les Productions du Trésor presents a Caneo Films, Les Productions du Trésor, EuropaCorp M6 Films co-production with the participation of Canal+, CinéCinéma, M6 in association with Cofinova 6. Compagnie Cinématographique Européene, Panache Productions Executive Producer lugo Séligr Unit Production Manager Grégory Valais Production Manager Nora Salhi Post-production Supervisor Nicolas Mouchet Assistant Directors 1st: Ludovic Bernard 2nd: Christel Bordon Script Supervisor Steadicam/2nd Unit Camera Operator Rodolphe Lauga Surfing Camera Operators Nicolas Dazet Vincent Kardasik Gaffer Michel Tessier Key Grip André Kalmes Digital Effects Duran Duboi Set Decorator Costume Designer Wardrobe Caroline Condat Laurence Glentzlin Key Make-up Thi-Than-Tu Nguyen Manuela Taco Special Make-up Effects Guillaume Castagne

Lounge" by Gianni Ferrio; "The Weight" – The Band; "If I Were Jean-Claude Farnaud pallbearers Your Woman" - Gladvs Knight & The Pips; "Hang on Sloopy" – The McCoys; "To Be True" by Guillaume Canet,

Maxim Nucci, Marianne Groves – Maxim Nucci; "Fistful of Love" – Antony and the Johnsons; "Kozmic Blues" – Janis Joplin; "My Way" – Nina Simone; "This Old Heart

Frédéric l

Sonhie Ass

Soundtrack

Key Hair Stylists

Music Supervisor

Girl" – Jet; "Faixa" "Welcome to the

"Are You Gorna Be My

Gérald Portenar

of Mine (Is Weak for You)" - The Isley Brothers; "Bonjour Jeanne" – Joël Dupuch; "Fortunate Son" – Creedence Clearwater Revival; "Cold Water" – Damien Rice; "Montage Day Dream" – David Bowie; "Talk to Me" by Nucci; "That Look You Give That Guy" – Eels; "Holding Out for a Hero" - Bonnie Tyler, "Amen Omen" - Ben Harper, "Crucify Your Mind" -Sixto Rodriguez Sound Pierre Gamet Jean Goudier Jean-Paul Hurier Marc Doisne Stunt Co-ordinators Mechanical: Jean-Claude Lagniez Patrick Ronchin Physical: Michel Carliez Albert Goldberg

Maxim Nucci – Maxım

CAST

François Cluzet Marion Cotillard Benoît Magimel Gilles Lellouche Jean Dujardin Laurent Lafitte Valérie Ronneton Véronique, Véro Pascale Arbillot Isabelle Anne Marivin Louise Monot Joël Dupuch Hocine Merabet Matthieu Chedid Raphaël Maxim Nucci Franck Néo Broca Marc Mairé Arthur Jeanne Dupuch Mado Merabet Brigitte Sara Martins Marie's girlfriend Edouard Montoute Ludo's friend in nightclub Nikita Lespinasse √irginie, ext Niseema Theillaud Sabine, Ludo's mother Patrice Renson Juliette's future husband Jean-Claude Lagniez boating instructor

Jean-Claude Cotillard Max's hotel design Pierre-Benoist Varoclier Benoît Petit Jean François Bredon physiognomist in nightclub Jean-Louis Fourrier funeral priest Claude Lellouche

Dolby Digital/DTS In Colour [2.35:1]

Distributor Lionsgate UK

13,876 ft +9 frames

French/Belgian theatrical title Les Petits Mouchoirs

#### Louise - Michel

France 2008 Directors: Benoît Delépine, Gustave Kervern With Yolande Moreau. Bouli Lanners, Benoît Poelvoorde

Two social misfits take to the road to seek revenge on the business concern that wronged them. It's a template that worked for writer-director team Benoît Delépine and Gustave Kervern in their earlier deadpan comic odyssey Aaltra, and with some minor tweaks it stands them in reasonable stead here too.

The previous film sent its odd couple off to Finland on wheelchairs for a showdown with the manufacturer whose shoddy farm machinery robbed them of their mobility. This time, the closure of a toy factory launches Yolande Moreau's disgruntled exemployee on a mission to take out the boss responsible, accompanied by Bouli Lanners as the gun-toting fantasist she seemingly mistakes for a genuine assassin. You'll certainly remember Lanners as Aaltra's Finnish barroom crooner whose weirdsville mangling of pop-kitsch standard 'Sunny' was one of the laugh-out-loud highlights of a movie not short on them. From the perspective of UK viewers, though, it looks like the bourgeois-baiting freshness of Delépine and Kervern's much cherished 2004 debut has been a hard act to follow, since there were only fleeting festival opportunities to catch the duo's follow-up Avida, and now a two-year wait for Louise - Michel to make it into distribution.

In the meantime, it's as if the filmmakers have decided to push the shock value of their black comedy just that bit harder, upping the ante from a pair of physically challenged rapscallions taking advantage of the well-meaning middle-class folks they meet on their way, to the kill-the-CEO conceit given a workout here. Timely, of course, given the state of the global economy (the film premiered a week after the collapse of Lehman Brothers), so we can certainly empathise with abandoned workers seeking payback, and root for social inadequates Louise and Michel (they're both cross-dressers who've hoped in vain that a superficial gender switch would help them fit in). Moreover, what initially seems like the film's dodgiest lapse of taste, Michel inveigling his cancer-stricken, terminally ill cousin to totter into the reception and shoot down the aforementioned CEO. remarkably becomes its most potent moment of moral conundrum. The bullets that ill-fated Jennifer puts into him and then herself mark a searing expression of rage at the misfortunes life has visited on her. The zinger here is that the victim isn't even the right guy, though the question of whether the boss(es) deserve to die is a persistent one, causing laughter to drain away when Louise and Michel fulfil their mission - guns blazing - and the film merrily accentuates the carnage in a serious misjudgement of tone. It's not that we're offended, since we're aware Delépine and de Kervern are trying to

**SYNOPSIS** Picardy, France, present day. The closure of a toy factory leaves its female workers sharing a meagre redundancy payout. Barely literate Louise (a transvestite whose real name is Jean-Pierre) suggests they pay a hitman to take out the boss who ordered the closure. Louise is fooled by self-styled 'security manager' Michel when he presents himself as a professional assassin. A crossdresser whose real name is Cathy, he's a gun fetishist unable to pull a trigger in anger, so he persuades his terminally ill cousin Jennifer to carry out the hit. She staggers into a business reception and shoots the boss and herself. Unfortunately, she has shot the wrong man: the closure order came from the Brussels headquarters. Louise and Michel drive to the Belgian capital, where they share a hotel bed and discover each other's true gender. The corporate HQ turns out to be in Jersey. After boarding a fishing boat packed with illegal immigrants, the pair finally find the mansion of the wheeler-dealer responsible. Louise shoots his staff, his wife and adopted child; Michel shoots the tycoon. Later, in prison, Michel has Louise's baby.

Région Picardie and

Executive Producer

Production Manage

Production Supervisor

Elisa Larrièn

Anne Bennet

Loïc Jouanian

Supervisor

Gaffer

Key Grip

Claude Neme

Assistant Directors

1st: Gérard Bonne

2nd: Cécile Roullie

Script Supervisor

Michel Foropon

Digital Effects

Production Buyer

Laurent Weber Property Master

Costumes

Wardrobe

Effects

Cécile Roullie

Géraldine Bastien

Make-up Géraldine Garetier

Special Make-up

e Canda

Post-production

Département de l'Aisne

get us to rise to the bait, it's just that the whole thing's suddenly stopped being funny. With risk-taking filmmakers, perhaps that's to be expected, but Louise - Michel (the protagonists' names conjoin in homage to a real-life 19th-century French female anarchist) stumbles when its freewheeling approach lapses into overcalculation.

Notwithstanding Séraphine star Moreau's amazing combination of savage gruffness and underlying vulnerability, and Lanner's ability to find the pathos in Michel's selfdeception, there's a sense that the characters' bumbling misadventures are pitched slightly too far from plausibility to generate real emotional involvement. When Delépine and Kervern hit the target, we laugh, we cringe, we get it - and even though their success rate here isn't as high as we might hope, it's still good to know they're far from complacent in pushing themselves and their humour right to the edge. Trevor Johnston

#### CREDITS

A film by Benoît Delépine Produced by Mathieu Kassovitz Benoît Jaubert Written by Benoît Delépine Gustave Kerverr Director of Photography Editor Stéphane Elmadijan Art Director

Original Music

©MNP Entreprise, No Money Productions. Arte France Cinéma Production Companies MNP Entreprise presents an MNP Entreprise, No Money Productions Arte France Cinéma co

Alexis Kinebanyan Frédéric Balmer Titles Ercidar Soundtrack 'Internationale" -Orchestre National. Choeurs de la Radiodiffusion Française, Manuel Rosenthal: "Ouais ouais ouais formidable!" Charlies Olemiczak as Charlie Oleg', George production with the Bernier as 'Professeur participation of Canal+ Choron'; "Lonely Song"; CinéCinéma and CNC -"It's Impossible" Centre national de la Daniel Johnston; "Jesus cinématographie Christ mon amour With the support of

Philippe Katerine; "Je suis sentimental' Christophe Salengro "Métabolisme explosif en milieu terrestre" – Palo Alto; "Alcohol and Nicotine" – Steve Davey; "Mille milliards" "1000 hateaux Sound Recordist Guillaume Le Braz Re-recording Mixer Sound Editors Thomas Couzinier Alexis Place

#### CAST

Yolande Moreau Ferrand Bouli Lanners Cathy 'Michel' Pinchon Benoît Poelvoorde Guy the enginee Albert Dupontel Mathieu Kassovitz

Joseph Dahan funeral parlour Agnès Aubé Francis Kuntz deputy directo Hervé Desinge Fabienne Berne secretary

Terence Debarle erence Yannick Jaulin

Sylvie Van Hiel Jacqueline Knuvser

Pierrette Broodthaers Christine Ancelin Christine Patricia Sageot Sylvie Sageot Béatrice Croisille Stéphanie Davergne Stéphanie Marguerite Ducroquet Jackye De Nayer

Garance Fiévet Lumir Richet Jean-Michel Carlier Philippe Arezki Benoît Delépine Jawad Eneijaz waiter in seedy bar

Piloto Lemi Cétol Eric Martin aughing ma Catherine Hosmalin Michel's mothe Siné

Michel's father Alanis Freitag Pierre Renverseau Miss Ming Jean-Louis Barcelona Aurore Lagache

farm owner's wife

in Brussels Jacky Lambert Philippe Katerine Dominique Delhotte Christophe Salengro go-go dance Olivier Simola client Pascal Rahaté and his family family having breakfast

Clotilde Delcommune Aurélia Petit hostess on Segway Nicolas Crousse miraculously cured

in Jersey Gustave Kervern

manager

Frédéric Pierre Stéphane Canda Guillaume Le Braz Denis Robert watchman Jean-Luc Ormières businessman Charles Steve Davey Aliette Langolff businessman's wife Anaïs Samoko adopted baby **Duarte Prioste** 'garden gnome

in prison Robert Dehoux chaplain Isabelle Delépine wise woman Manaël Simola-Bourgaux baby Franck Benoist policeman

Pierrette Trabouillet Stéphanie Trabouillet Lvdie Sueur Arielle Chantal Degremont Elise Minot Vanessa Masset Minette Sene Lou Mary Claudine Personne Sylviane Boitel Brigitte Bourgeois Monique Martin Angélique Olszyna Anita Brios Sahine Thorel Aurélie Ganachaud Catherine Loriot Lucilia Dos Santos Véronique Lenfant Marie Ancelin Vanessa Bue Delphine Chakaria Marcelle Hemache Pierrette Nicaud lessica Roux Kathie Saure

and Géraldine Bastien Violaine Arsac Corinne Blond Amandine Seeuws Claire Wartel Héloïse Devérité Mélanie Beauvais Louise Labouche Léa Cratère Justine Courbo Gaëlle Lemaire Kevin Pelletreaux Dylan Pelletreaux Chloé Morins-Foropon Pelletreaux Family M. and Mme. Verdez Jean Brochart Anne Bennet

Joseph Simas

Dolby Digital In Colour [1.66:1]

Distributor Axiom Films Limited



Natural bored killers: Yolande Moreau, Bouli Lanners

#### **Mars Needs** Moms

USA 2011 **Director: Simon Wells** With Seth Green, Dan Fogler, Elisabeth Harnois, Mindy Sterling Certificate PG 87m 57s

Nine-year-old Milo (motion-capture body of Seth Green, voice of Seth Dursky) is an underappreciative brat whose mom (Joan Cusack) snaps and sends him to bed. When Milo feels bad and goes to apologise, he finds her being abducted by Martians. In Close Encounters of the Third Kind (1977), Melinda Dillon panicked as her son was snatched by aliens; here, it's the other way round. Resourcefully clambering on board, Milo is knocked unconscious by the zero gravity and wakes up on the red planet, where he discovers Gribble (Dan Fogler), a slobby Apatow male. ("There's no such thing as too much television," he enthuses in between frequently questioning Milo with the hopeful, "Best bros?") Wanting nothing more than videogames all day, this obese overgrown infant initially refuses to help Milo rescue his mother. Only when cajoled by the idealist needling of rebellious Martian Ki (Elisabeth Harnois) does Gribble agree to join the team.

Together, Milo, Gribble and Ki form one of the most grating trios in children's animated movies in recent memory. Milo has Seth Green's distinctive body language, all bandylegged swaying, but with the voice of a real adolescent pain. Gribble hyperventilates pop-cultural threads of associations and blurts out songs like a cut-rate mid-1990s Robin Williams, and Ki completes the noxious threesome with a language derived entirely from sitcoms making fun of hippie slang (a riff, perhaps, on the aliens in Joe Dante's Explorers who speak only in the television broadcasts they've received, but dumbed-down).

In this film's Mars, the women live indoors and run society, while the males are systematically cast out onto the planetary surface, illiterate and drooling; a decision made when the Martians noticed that the men only wanted to dance and play, while the women actually accomplished things. Like a much more sinister

Knocked Up, the film suggests that, left to their own devices, men will live out a perpetual childhood (granted, all the bong-hits and beer cans are elided here). Simplistic though such gender notions may be, the already loud and annoying film takes it one step further, ultimately blaming this beyond-feminist state of affairs on 'the Supervisor' (Mindy Sterling), a withered crone whose sad shrieking to her fellow females ("I did this for you") tells the final moral: live by the nuclear family or die without it. No wonder Gribble's been on Mars since the Reagan administration: so has this film. •• Vadim Rizov

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Produced by Robert Zerr Jack Rapke Steve Starkey Steven Boyo Screenplay Simon Wel

Wendy Wells Based on the book by Berkeley Breathed Director of Photography Edited by

Production Designer

©lmageMovers Digital **Production Companies** Walt Disney Pictures ImageMovers Digital

Line Producer Performance Capture Peter M. Tobvansen

Associate Producers Ryan Chan Performance Capture

Unit: David H. Venghaus Jr Unit Production Manager David Bemstein IMD Production

Daniel Carbo Production Supervisor

Gabriela Rio Production Co-ordinators Laura C. Bower Jessica Beisler David Binegar Shayna Louise Cohen Brandon Foster Allison L. Francis Jenna Rose Kerr Ashley Koons Samantha Liss Indi Miller Cheryl Ann Sansonetti Leah M. Santos Brett Skaggs Lisa Skinner

Chris Thomas

Production Controller Susanne B. Larive Post-production Supervisor gina Came Assistant Directors 2nd: leffrey Schwartz Script Supervisor Performance Capture

Casting Victoria Burrows Scot Boland Camera Operators

Unit: Maurice McGuire Dale Myrand Nick Paige Chris Schenck

Key Grip

Digital Executive Producer Sandra Scott Digital Producer Mer-Ming Casino **Digital Effects** Supervisors Joel Friesch Ryan Tudhope

Special Effects Supervisor

Michael Lantieri

Kathryn Otoshi **Animation Supervisors** Senior

**SYNOPSIS** The US, the present. Young Milo, tired of his mother's discipline, tells her he would be better off without her. When he goes to apologise, he sees her being taken to a spaceship and sneaks aboard.

Arriving on Mars, Milo meets Gribble, a human who tells him that Martians have been abducting human mothers to extract their parenting skills and implanting them into robots to raise their female children, destroying the mothers in the process. Milo sets out to rescue his mother.

When Milo is captured by the Martians, the radio device he carries to keep in touch with Gribble is used to track Gribble down. Milo is rescued by Ki, a rebellious Martian. Together, Milo and Ki rescue Gribble. Milo learns that Gribble followed his own mother to Mars, but was unable to save her in time. The three regroup on the rubbish-ridden surface of the planet, discovering an ancient portrait of a mother, father and child Martian. Ki realises that the Martians used to have families, rather than using robots to raise the women and leaving the men to fend for themselves. Milo rescues his mother. When Ki tells the Martians that there used to be families on Mars, they revolt against their leader. Milo and his mother return to Earth. Lovestruck Gribble stays on Mars with Ki.

Jenn Emberly
Animation Leads

Webster Colcord

Jonathan Lyons Jimmy Almeida Animators

Jason Behr

Jeremy Bolan

Evelyn Botter Ross Burgess

Bryon Caldwell

Rena M. Fowle

Keith Johnson

Oz Gani

Julie Jaros

Dan Kunz

Jax Lee Jean Lin

David Latour

Patrick Lowery

Guido Muzza

Yuhon Ng Richard Oey

Micheal Parks Tal Peleg Salvador Ruiz Jr

Andrew Schneider Brett Schroeder

Roland Vallet

Pete Billington CG Supervisor

Supervisor

Damon Wolfe

Effects/Crowds

Michael Brainerd

David Hermanson

Christina Hsu Michael Janov

Jeff A. Johnson

Tom Lynnes Andrew D. Lyons

Kawaldeep Singh Eric Texier

rich Turner

Mario Capellari

Edward Davis Richard Ducker

Brad Fox

Ian Jenkins

Betsy Mueller Alex Prichard

John Stillman

Karen Ansel Jeff Arnold

Joe Bailey Natalie Baillie

Jim Gibbs

Al Bailey

Technical Directors

Michael Clemens

Clear Mens Josh Paller

Dave Rand

Evan Ryan

Derek Cheung

Stéphane Cros Mike Dacko Cameron D. Folds

mee Houk

1st: David H. Venghaus Ji Unit: uca Kouimelis

Performance Capture Unit – Stage: Brian Garbellini Performance Capture

Performance Capture Unit: Dennis Hoerter Visual Effects

Supervisors Kevin Baillie Senior: George Murphy

Matte Department Supervisors Glenn Cotte

Motion Graphics Artists Dav Mrozek Rauch

George Aleco-Sima George Banks Effects Supervisor CG Builds Supervisor **Data Acquisition CG** Crowds Supervisor Technical Directors Rony Edde Allan Gersten Christopher Hamilton William Konersman Lighting Supervisor Lighting/Compositing Jonathan Harman Thomas L. Hutchinson

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Practical Concept Layout Supervisor Modellers Digital Layout Camera Supervisor Eric Carney chnical Director Supervisors April Warren Technical Director Justin Stockton Model Leads Technical Director

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Rick Thomas Nick Von Tagen Stereo Supervisor Anthony Shafer Stereo/Comp Finishing Leads Jennifer MacKenzie Greg Maloney Stereo Technical

**Directors** Cruz deWilde Lucy Liu Doug Wright Motion Capture Supervisor ry Roberts

Marco Brezzo Georgia Cano Josh Cardenas Arun P. Chidambaram Motion Capture Leads John Root Kate Choi Christina Drahos Daniel Fazel Alex A. Fleming Diego Garzon Sanchez Howard Gersh

Edward Ted Helmers Kevin Iching Hong Sunghwan Hone Adrian Iler Chris Jolly Michael Kennen Woei Hsi Lee Michael Leung Christopher Lexington

Richard Liukis

Mocap Costume Suit Supervisor Performance Capture Unit: Antonio Almara:

Logan Breit
Supervising Art Norm Newbern Art Directors

Lead Look Development Artist Look Development

Technical Directors
Robert Mannic Barry Armour Matthew Bouchard Beau Casey Brent Elliott Brad Falk Lee Kerley Aaron Lawr Doug MacMillan David B. Menkes

Christos Obretenov Hiromi Ono Brandon Onstott Alex Wang Model Supervisor

Fon Davis John Duncan John Goodson Pierre Maure Nick Bogle Roy Sutherland

Steve Rheinfrank Sven Jensen Digital Set Designers

David Chow David Moreau Jim Wallis Set Decorator Concept Artists Darren Bacor Aaron Becker Eddie Del Rio Nathan Dollarhite Paul Hamblin

David Hobbins Marc Taro Holmes Lei Jin Greg Knight Jason Merck Emmanuel Shiu Mark Sullivan

CG Concept Artists Young Duk Cho Matt Dougan Landis Fields Brian Freisinger Leon Kogan Alfonso Villar

Colie Wertz

Dan Whitton Punn Wiantrakoor Zac Wollons Prop Master Michael Gastaldo Construction Co-ordinator Performance Capture Unit:

John Villarino Department Head Make-up

Performance Capture Unit: Tegan Taylor

Make-up Artists Performance Capture Unit Amy Schmiederer Stefanie Owens Hair Performance Capture Unit: Gina Bonacquisti End Titles Scarlet Letters Orchestra Conductor Pete Anthony Supervising Orchestrator John Ashton Thomas Soundtrack "Crazy Little Thing Called Sound Designer Randy Thon Production Sound Mixer Performance Capture Unit William B. Kanla Re-recording Mixers Randy Thom Tom Johnson Supervising Sound Editor Stunt Co-ordinator

CAST

Seth Green Milo Dan Fogler Elisabeth Harnois Mindy Sterling the supervisor Kevin Cahoon Wingnut Joan Cusack Tom Everett Scott dad Jacquie Barnbrook Matthew Henerson Adam Jennings Stephen Kearin Amber Gainey M Aaron Rapke Julene Renée Kirsten Severson Matt Wolf Martians Raymond Ochoa Robert Ochoa Ryan Ochoa Meredith Wells Teagan Wells Seth Dusky Marianne Rennett Jo McGinley Daniel James O'Conner Edi Patterson

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour US prints by International prints by [2.35:1] [1.44:1]

Voice perform Erik Schaper

April Warren

Distributor Ruena Vista International

7.915 ft +8 frames













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On DVD 25 April

#### **Meek's Cutoff**

**USA 2010** 

Director: Kelly Reichardt With Michelle Williams, Bruce Greenwood, Will Patton, Zoe Kazan

Philip French once dubbed the western genre "a voracious bastard of a form, open equally to visionaries and opportunists". Kelly Reichardt's austere, resolutely enigmatic and desolately beautiful pioneer fable suggests she's both at once, paring the western audaciously back to the bone and infusing it with her trademark minimalism.

Meek's Cutoff is simultaneously cerebral and astonishingly cinematic, a historical road movie that stretches the inhospitable landscapes and marginal living of Wendy and Lucy (2008) in intriguing directions. Reichardt is the mistress of signalling much from minute details, transforming the serene opening image of settler women wading across a river, straight out of N.C. Wyeth's pioneer paintings, with the terse, tension-inducing 'LOST' scratched into a branch by Thomas Gately. Her spare vision seems the embodiment of novelist Marilynne Robinson's suggestion, heading up the press notes, that alongside the noisy male myths of gunplay and conquest, there is one mostly perceived by women – of "a West dominated by space and silence".

There's plenty of both here, surrounding a small wagon train of three settler couples, trudging through the sun-baked Oregon High Desert in 1845, increasingly mistrustful of their blowhard guide Stephen Meek as water, and his blustering excuses, run low. Watching their struggle, Meek's Cutoff creates a parallel Old West, one stripped of the traditional trappings of action sequences, expressive characterisation and widescreen. Its Academy ratio gives a claustrophobic, domestic feel you jump when the camera, roaming over firewood foraging, ends on a pair of Indian feet. Though one could glimpse The Searchers (1956) in its lunar landscapes, or Days of Heaven (1978) in its detached mood and often eerie beauty, the film's small, inwardlooking narrative and headily large themes make it a piece of considerable originality. Time, like the wagon-train, moves molasses-slow here, and Jon Raymond's subtle scripting locates the drama within the pioneers'



Into great silence: Michelle Williams

predicament as they bicker over whether to trust Meek, or the Cayuse Indian they eventually capture to guide them, who may be leading them to water, or to massacre. What invests us in their plight is Reichardt's lingering obsession with the wheelmending, bread-kneading, waterrationing, hardscrabble materiality of pioneer life, a close-up view of the women's West unearthed recently by historians. We're riding shotgun, feeling the precarious struggle for survival as Michelle Williams's stoical, compassionate Emily shares food with her struggling neighbours, and Shirley Henderson's journey-frayed mother reminisces about the easy life her father's pigs led by comparison.

However, the film's unswerving severity, with muttered dialogue as heavily rationed as water (it's as taciturn as True Grit is prolix) and the corralling of its cast in Christopher Blauvelt's gorgeous but distancing long-shots, leads the viewer to scrabble restlessly for meaning. The political allegory aligning Meek's cowboy bluster with the Bush years is a tad heavyhanded, even more so when young wife Millie's rants about the Indian's rock-scratched petroglyph 'signals' suggest today's hysteria about terrorism. Rather more effective are the film's glancing but resonant hints at biblical allegory, feminist fable or the reimagining of macho pioneer melodramas such as

SYNOPSIS Oregon, 1845. Three pioneer families have been led on a route off the main wagon trail by boastful guide Stephen Meek, and are lost. Meek's insistence that he knows the way is increasingly disbelieved as water supplies dwindle and they trek through the Oregon High Desert. Young wife Emily Tetherow encounters an Indian brave. Ten-year-old Jimmy White finds gold nuggets but, seeking water, they can't stop to investigate further. Meek and Emily's husband Solomon hunt down the Indian. After some arguing, the pioneers reluctantly decide to let him lead them to water. Emily feeds him, and mends his boot. The Indian scratches carvings in the rocks, and the pioneers fight over whether he is signalling to his tribe. Emily's wagon is smashed to pieces being lowered down a hill. She draws a gun on Meek when he threatens the Indian. William White collapses from exhaustion. The Indian leads them to a tree, which may indicate water nearby. Millie and Thomas Gately don't trust him, and wish to head north. The rest of the group, including Meek, appoint Solomon their leader. They decide to follow the Indian, who strides into the distance. The scene fades to black.

The Way West (1967). Raymond's concentration on the fracturing community rather than the individual, part of the film's upending of genre norms, also means that only Bruce Greenwood's garrulous Meek and Michelle Williams's expertly nuanced Emily, wary and warm in equal measures as she reluctantly defends the Indian against Meek's kneejerk racism, register strongly. But while its overarching ambiguity can infuriate, most notably in a daring and frustratingly oblique ending, it's also its strongest suit. What's manifest in Meek's Cutoffisn't destiny, but the difficulty of gauging truth, whether it concerns what's over the hill, or within a human heart.

**■◆** Kate Stables

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by
Kelly Reichardt
Produced by
Neil Kopp
Anish Savjani
Elizabeth Cuthrell
David Urrutia
Screenplay
Jon Raymond
Cinematographer
Christopher Blauvelt
Editor
Kelly Reichardt
Production Designer
David Doemberg
Composer

©Thunderegg, LLC Production Companies An Evenstar Films, filmscience and Harmony/Primitive Nerd presentation

Jeff Grace

Executive Producers
Todd Haynes
Phil Morrison
Rajen Savjani
Andrew Pope
Steven Tuttleman
Laura Rosenthal
Milke S. Ryan
Co-producer

Vincent Savino
Unit Production
Manager
Brett Cranford
Production
Co-ordinator

Tanya Smith
Production
Accountants
Arpita Banker
Nicole Hawkins
Locations

Post-production Supervisor Joshua Rappaport Assistant Directors 1st: Chris Carroll 1st: Matt O'Connor

2nd: Kyle Eaton
Script Supervisor
Gordon Bell
Casting
Laura Rosenthal

Oregon: Simon Max Hill B Camera Operator/ Steadicam Operator Greg Schmitt Gaffer

Key Grip
Brian Shotzbarger
Art Director
Kat Uhlmansiek
Property Master

Property Master Ryan Smith Costume Designer Vicki Farrell

Department Head Make-up Leo Won Key Make-up Linda Andrews Make-up Artist Jamespatrick Smith Jr Key Hair-Wig Stylist David Kennedy Title Design

Marlene McCarty
Main Title Illustration
Guthrie McCartyVachon
Score Produced by

Jeff Grace Dave Eggar Sound Design Leslie Shatz Sound Mixer Felix Andrew

Re-recording Mixer Leslie Shatz Supervising Sound Editor Javier Bennassar Stunt Co-ordinator

Stunt Co-ordinator
Jason Rodriguez
Historical Consultants
M.E. Buckner
Michael P. Jones
Animal Provider

#### CAST

A-List Animals

Michelle Williams
Emily Tetherow
Bruce Greenwood
Stephen Meek
Will Patton
Solomon Tetherow
Zoe Kazan
Millie Gately
Paul Dano
Thomas Gately
Shirley Henderson
Glory White
Neal Huff
William White
Nod Rondeaux
the Indian

In Colour [1.33:1]

Distributor Soda Picture:

#### Passenger Side

Canada 2009

Director: Matthew Bissonnette With Adam Scott, Joel Bissonnette, Richard Medina, Mickey Cottrell

Like Abbas Kiarostami's 10 (2002), most of *Passenger Side* takes place in a car as its protagonists drive around a city encountering characters whose life stories provide a portrait of a time and place. Reeled off as a list, this cast of characters — rich suburbanite, transvestite hooker, ex-actor junkie, illegal Mexican workers, desert sage, Valley-girl drunk and porn-movie director — namechecks every cliché in the LA book. But what keeps *Passenger Side* interesting is the understated wit of the dialogue and the way the truth of its situation gradually unfolds.

Driver and passenger are two brothers, 37-year-old novelist Michael and his younger sibling Tobey, a former junkie now come clean. Their relationship feels unforced and natural and their conversations nicely replicate the dynamic of two people so familiar with each other that not everything needs to be spelled out or explained. There are no big scenes or revelations, and it's through listening carefully to their asides and one-liners - with gags whose references range from James Joyce to the Church of Scientology (given added humour by the fact that Adam Scott's Michael is a Tom Cruise lookalike) - that we gradually build a portrait of their shared history and present. Michael may be behind the wheel, but from the outset it's Tobey on the passenger side who is driving the journey.

The brothers are a contrasting pair. Tobey appears streetwise, extrovert and optimistic, at home in every social stratum, understanding and inhabiting the world as it is. Seemingly embittered and selfcontained, Michael lives in the past, surrounding himself with outmoded technology, refusing engagement and writing novels that replay his family history in barely disguised form. We absorb this information and make connections much as we might in real life. But the Lynchian twist at the end undermines easy assumptions about the characters' motivations and requires us to replay the dialogue to understand what's really going on.

You'll probably know if you're going to like Passenger Side from the opening shot (a sofa, typewriter and retro telephone, which rings, is answered by Michael - framed from chest to knees - who talks, hangs up and then sits down and thinks, allowing us to see his face for the first time). It's held for long enough to give anyone expecting an action movie time to leave. Michael and Tobey are Canadians who've lived in LA for eight years, and other images of the ocean, of desert wildlife, of car tail-lights snaking along the highway – play like the vision of an outsider wondering at the details of a city its

**SYNOPSIS** Los Angeles, the present. Novelist Michael cancels his plans to spend his 37th birthday on a date when his ex-junkie younger brother Tobey phones to ask for help. As they drive around LA on Tobey's instructions, encountering a rich suburbanite, a transvestite hooker, an ex-actor junkie, illegal Mexican workers, a desert sage, a porn-movie director and a racist mechanic, Tobey reveals that he is on the trail of his former girlfriend, Theresa. He tells Michael they haven't seen each other for six months but spoke on the phone the night before and agreed to marry. As each lead draws a blank, the brothers give up and go to a bar; Theresa walks in and while Tobey is buying drinks she tells Michael that she knows Tobey loves her, whereas Michael never did. After asking her to promise never to tell Tobey the truth, Michael walks out and returns to his apartment.

inhabitants no longer notice. Sometimes the camera seems to hover simply so we can hear entire songs from the assortment of indie tapes Michael plays in his vintage BMW. (It's a soundtrack that even features two songs by the Mekons – a band we fans know to be the best in the world.) The diegetic music comments on the action - "Just an ordinary night", "Where is she now?" - but there is also huge pleasure in just looking and listening, in allowing yourself to drift along in the film world much as Michael and Tobey drift through the city. • Vicky Wilson

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Matthew Bissonnette
Produced by Corey Marr Written by Matthew Bissonnette Director of Photography Jonathon Cliff Editor Matthew Hannam

©Green Car Movie Company Inc Production Companies Corey Marr Productions and 105 Films present Produced with the participation of Telefilm Canada Produced in association with The Movie Network, Movie Central **Executive Producers** Adam Scott Corey Marr Matthew Bissonnette Line Producer/

Script Supervisor Paige Reinis Steadicam Operator Hugh Bell Gaffer Scott Tremblay Key Grip Chuck May Visual Effects Darren Wall Set Decorator/Props Costume Designer Make-up Artist/ Hair Stylist Rhiannon Webb Soundtrack "Punks in the Beerlight" Silver Jews; "Hit the Ground Running" – Smog, "Cannibal Café" - SNFU: "Mıni TV's' "Graveyard" - Chad VanGaalen; "Ordinary Night", "Last Night on Earth" – the Mekons; "Kid Dynamite" – Squirrel Bait; "The

van Beethoven; "Call of the Wild" – The Nils; "Final Day" – Young Marble Giants: "Jak" -Volcano Suns; "Driveway to Driveway Superchunk; "Freak Scene" - Dinosaur Jr.: "Fucked Up Ronnie" -D.O.A.; "Isabel" -Unrest: "Wild Sage" -The Mountain Goats: "Rough Gem" – Islands; "Be What You Want" – Asexuals; "Suzanne" -Leonard Cohen; "You Don't Have to Make Me Feel Better" - Mac McCaughan; "Hard Drive" – Evan Dando; "Passenger Side" -Music Consultant Mac McCaughan Sound Recordists

Greg Dulli

Gale Harold

Maja Miletich

Adam Balsam

Travis Walck

Robin Tunney

Sean Parker

nurse

Rebecca Buhi

Eileen McIntire

Ben Booker

Steve Hunt

James Delmer

Ricardo A. Garcia

bartender Theo Burkhardt

Shannon Cornett

Jenny Gustavsson

Sarah Emmons

Stephen Glover

Megan Menzel

David Saucedo

Anette Hein

bar patrons

Dolby Digital

[1.85:1]

Distributor

Axiom Films Limited

Connor Murphy-Boyd Siobhan Murphy-Boyd

porn P.A

Rachael Santhon

as station attendant

Adam Douglass Re-recording Mixers

Matt Chan Supervising Sound Matt Chan

CAST Adam Scott Joel Bissonnette Richard Medina

man with knife Mickey Cottrell suspicious mar Vitta Quinn Dimitri Coats Victor Martinez **Pina** 

Germany/France/ United Kingdom 2011 **Director: Wim Wenders** 

Filmgoers may have first encountered the work of celebrated experimental German choreographer Pina Bausch through Pedro Almodóvar's Talk to Her (2002), which opened with her performance of 'Café Müller', a dance whose themes of unconsciousness and desire resonated throughout the film.

Bausch is the ghost at the heart of this new 3D documentary/dance film from Wim Wenders. She died of cancer on 30 June 2009, after several years spent discussing the film with Wenders and two days before shooting was scheduled to begin. Intended as a tribute and a conversation, Pina is charged by its status as a monument and a memento mori - vet with only tantalising archival glimpses of Bausch in rehearsal, and the recollections of her dancers cut up until they resemble the platitudes of reality TV contestants, the film struggles to generate a narrative or thematic backbone, relying instead on often breathtaking - visuals that make the viewer want to see the dancing live.

While Almodóvar's film drew on Bausch's work (and her living presence) for its haunting themes, Wenders is engaged in a different project, one that's concerned with what is lost when live performances go unrecorded, and also when they are recorded. At times, as in the opening sequence from 'The Rite of Spring', Wenders offers both a clear introduction to Bausch's singular dance language and, as the dancers appear to come towards us, vertiginous wonders, capturing the choreographic thrill of bodies moving singly and together in space.

While the film offers arguably the least sensationalist and most cinematic use of 3D technology seen so far, its insistence on securing the illusion of depth of field often works against, rather than for, its goal of capturing the staged dance performances. Cutting to close-ups and changing perspectives not only breaks the illusion (a complaint frequently made about filmed performances) but also undermines the 3D as the frame intrudes, severing dancers' limbs as they approach the camera. The question of film's relation to theatre, which vexed early critics such as Hugo Münsterberg, arises again here, complicated by the fact that Bausch was an anti-illusionistic choreographer, committed to fracturing narrative and space.

Dance film has been involved in technological innovations since the early years of cinema, as Loie Fuller, Mary Wigman, Maya Deren and Busby Berkeley developed choreographic and cinematic techniques in tandem, something that has arguably continued in the work of video-makers and artists such as Spike Jonze and Sam Taylor-Wood. Bausch's stage work was not conceived, or reconceived, for film (and unlike many contemporary choreographers, she didn't use film

on stage), so in some ways Pina feels obsolete: conceived outside the history of dance film, and without the innovations that mark it.

It is only when Wenders moves the dancers away from the theatre and out into the world that his use of 3D comes into its own. Positioning dancers in fabulous evening wear around the uncannily tidy town of Wuppertal with its surreal suspension railway and pavilions, and out into the equally surreal countryside of Bergisches Land (which appears to have a river, a desert, a quarry and an escarpment, as well as transcendent light), Wenders begins to find a cinematic language equivalent to - rather than dedicated to archiving -Bausch's innovations in dance.

In the film's only clip of Bausch talking, she describes returning to her role in 'Café Müller' and finding herself unable to dance it with conviction until she remembered that, in the initial run, she'd danced it with her eyes looking down behind closed lids, rather than towards the front. It is this kind of haptic, uncanny detail that Almodóvar's film suggests by embedding the dance in the narrative and his characters' bodies, while Wenders focuses on technical mastery. Yet Pina also points the path to regeneration, by moving dance into strange, suggestive landscapes and away from the theatrical space that continues to haunt cinema's idea of itself. Sophie Mayer

#### **CREDITS**

**Directed by** Wim Wenders Produced by Wim Wenders Gian-Piero Ringel Written by Wim Wenders Based on pieces and choregraphies by Pina

Directors of Photography Hélène Louvart Jörg Widmer Editor Toni Froschhammer Art Director Film Score Thom Hanreich

©Neue Road Movies & Eurowide Film Production

Production Companies

HanWay Films presents a Neue Road Movies production in co production with Eurowide Film Production, ZDF and ZDFtheaterkanal in association with Arte, 3sat Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch Pina Bausch Foundation, L'Arche Editeur and Pictorion das Werk With the support of Filmstiftung NRW, DFFF Deutscher Filmförderfonds, FFA -Filmförderungsanstalt, MBB - Medienboard Berlin-Brandenburg, BKM, CNC - Centre national de la cinémalographie With the participation of the French Ministry of Culture and Communication (Centre National du

Cinema et de l'Image Animée) & CNC New Technologies in Production A film for Pina Bausch by Wim Wenders **Executive Producer** 

Jeremy Thomas Co-producers Claudie Ossard Chris Bolzu Commissioning Editors Wolfgang Bergmann Gabriele Heuser

Dieter Schneider Line Producers Peter Hermann

Helen Olive
Associate Producers Heiner Bastiar Stefan Rüll Stephan Mallmann Dr Mohammad Zahoor

Co-ordinator Sabine Hesseling Production Co-ordinators Marie-Christine Emst Elisa Gomis

Production

Accountants Boris Dillen Mane-Noëlle Hauville Stage Manager Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch: Felicitas Willems Location Manager René Saldjughian

Post-production Supervisor Dominik Bollen Assistant Directors 1st: Connne Le Hong Reshoot 1st: Heidi Frankl Script/Continuity Anne Lensing

Sonia Zoe Simiionovio Lighting Director Fernando Jacon Camera Operator B: Hugo Barbier Steadicam Jörg Widmer



Cherchez la femme: Joel Bissonnette. Adam Scott



Rite of spring cleaning: 'Pina'

Key Grip Visual Effects 3D Producer Director of Stereography Alain Derobe 3D Supervisor Stereography Thierry Pouffan 3D Consultant Patrick J. Palme Stereoscopic Consultant Stefan Albertz Set Design Peter Pabst Rolf Börzik Artwork Helga Rechenbach Ulrike Robben Propaganda B Artistic Consultants Dominique Mercy Robert Sturm Props Arnulf Eichholz Jan Szito Costume Design Mariön Cito Rolf Börzik Wardrobe Harald Boll Silvio Franco Andreas Maier Katrin Moos Ulrike Schneider Make-up Astrid Webei Fritz Schulze Susanne Tenner Music Supervisors

Milena Fessmann

Choreographies

Rehearsal Directors

Le Sacre du printemps

Barbara Kaufmann

Beckmann

Pina Rai

Café Müller

Malou Airaudo

Helena Pikon

Soundtrack

Kenji Takagi Kontakthot Bénédicte Billiet Josephine Ann Endicott Vollmona Daphnis Kokkinos Dominique Mercy Robert Sturm **Ballet Masters** Tanztheater Wuppertal Pina Bausch: Malou Airaudo Christine Biedermann Ernesta Corvino Andrey Klemm Ed Kortlandt Christine Kono Paul Melis Agnes Pallai Janet Panetta Anthony Rizzi Sound Recordist André Rigaut Re-recording Mixer Matthias Lempert **Technical Directors** Manfred Marczewsk Jörg Ramershoven

Dominique Mercy

#### WITH

performed by Regina Advento Malou Airaudo Ruth Amarante Jorge Puerta Armenta Pina Bausch Rainer Behr Andrey Berezin Damiano Ottavio Bigi Bénédicte Billiet Ales Cucek Clementine Deluy Josephine Ann Endicott Lutz Forster Pablo Aran Gimeno Mechthild Grossmann Silvia Farias Heredia Barbara Kaufmann Nayoung Kim Daphnis Kokkinos Ed Kortlandt **Eddie Martinez** Dominique Mercy Thuspelda Mercy Cristiana Morganti

Morena Nascimento Nazareth Panadero Helena Pikon Fabien Prioville Jean-Laurent Sasportes Franko Schmidt Azusa Seyama Julie Shanahan Julie Anne Stanzak Michael Strecker Fernando Suels Mendoza Aida Vainieri Anna Wehsarg Tsai-Chin Yu

guest dancers for "Le acre du printemps Alexeider Abad Gonzales Stephan Brinkmann Meritxell Checa Esteban Paul Hess Rudolf Gigleberger Chrystel Wu Guillebaud Mu-Yi Kuo Szu-Wei Wu Tomoko Yamashita Sergey Zhukov Andy Zondag

"Kontakthof" dancers ith teenagers over 14 Flutura Aivazi Kira Clemens Philipp Danisch Timo Dieckmann Pia Jansen Maria Färber Marvin George Luca Greco Lisa Hymmen Lisa Kleinschmidt Jonas Kiran Kosmoll Lydia Kumi Kim Lörken Katja Manke Jan Möllmer Lennard Pfennig Jonas Quatuor Melissa Raucamp Mona Remfort Ramona Rexfort

Alexandros Sarakassidis Andy Sichui Björn Tappert Rosario Tayano

Florian Wisnewski

Joy Wonnenberg

"Kontakthof" dancers

with ladies and gentlemen over 65 Rosemarie Asbeck Karlheinz Buchwald Ulla Buchwald Lore Duwe-Sche Remd Geike Jutta Geike Günter Glörfeld Peter Kemp Gerd Killmer Anke Klammer Werner Klammer Thea Koch Krista Lange Dieter Linden **Ernest Martin** Heinz Meyer Brigitte Montabon Renate Nickisch Heinz Nölle Klaus Rubert Bärbel Sanner Foemann Hannelore Schneider Reiner Strassmann Margarita Schwarze Ursula Sieckmann Margret Thieler

Sandrine Pillon

Dolby Digital In Colour [1.78:1] 3D Subtitles

**Distributor** Artificial Eye Film Company

**SYNOPSIS** This 3D documentary/dance film opens with an aerial shot of the Tanztheater Wuppertal in Germany, home to legendary choreographer Pina Bausch and her ensemble from 1973 until her death in 2009, just before filming was due to start.

On the stage inside the theatre, covered in earth, a dancer performs a series of complex, ritual gestures. The company of dancers then files in from the wings. The film presents sections of four Bausch productions: 'The Rite of Spring'; 'Café Müller', performed by six dancers with closed eyes on a stage littered with tables and chairs; 'Kontakthof', about the rituals and romance of social dance; and 'Vollmond', an elemental piece performed under and over a deluge of water.

In voiceover we hear the dancers' recollections of Bausch; we see archival footage of Bausch at rehearsals, and restagings of elements of the four dances around the town of Wuppertal and in the countryside of Bergisches Land.

#### Rango

USA 2011

Director: Gore Verbinski Voices of Johnny Depp, Isla Fisher, Abigail Breslin, Ned Beatty Certificate PG 107m 9s

In 1991, Steven Spielberg produced An American Tail Fievel Goes West, a pleasant drawn cartoon spoofing the western, with heroic mice, black-hatted cats and James Stewart in his last role, as a grizzled law-dog. Now Gore Verbinski directs Rango, a grittier, CGI western with snakes, toads, armadillos and Johnny Depp's Rango, a highly strung chameleon who uses the myth of the west to mould his shapeless identity. It seems likely that Rango will gain a cult fanbase and be a contender for next year's animated Oscar. Its commercial prospects are shakier.

That's because Rango isn't a family film like Fievel Goes West. It's debatable whether it's for families at all. The film is more interested in grandiose archetypes and loving pastiches than in creating appealing characters, and it's as parched of warmth as its desert town is of water. The starting-point is a cartoon cliché: hollow-man hero Rango arrives in town pretending to be what he's not. On to this the script pours a heavily annotated hero's journey, culminating in Rango's delirious quest through vast desert landscapes, the chameleon with no identity meeting the Man With No Name - Clint Eastwood, albeit voiced by Timothy Olyphant.

True, Rango remembers it's a cartoon, with a band of omnipresent doleful owls providing musical commentaries on the story. The best slapstick is in a bar scene (partly alluding to Alan Rafkin's 1968 film The Shakiest Gun in the West), where Rango belches fire into the face of a bad-guy (Ray Winstone), resulting in a 'slow-burn' glare. There's also the expected CGI spectacle, scored magnificently by Hans Zimmer, a stagecoach chase is crossbred with an Apocalypse Now-style air-attack starring a squadron of dive-bombing bats.

Rango resembles Who Framed Roger Rabbit (1988) in that both are genre pastiches by live-action directors using animation to attract parents with kids. while not making any concessions to the latter in their scripts. Both draw on Chinatown (1974), with villains who don't want to skin puppies or rule nurseries (agendas that children can understand) but instead want to build superhighways or animal Las Vegases. The dialogue isn't the split-level kind from Pixar, exemplified by the 'laser envy' double entendre in Toy Story (1995). Instead it's aimed over children's heads for long stretches, delivered by the likes of Ned Beatty (who was, admittedly, folksy villain Lotso in Toy Story 3) and Harry Dean Stanton. In Rango's campfire scene, a critter thoughtfully remarks, "I found a human spinal column in my faecal matter once...'

Viewers may split in a commercially dangerous way. Older animation fans, especially those tired of the adulation given to Pixar, may embrace *Rango*; but

the casting vote could go to parents of bored tots. For decades, cartoon creators and fans have railed against the dictum that animation is for children. (Gore Verbinski told the *New York Times* that he was "dying for" animated films rated PG-13 or R.) *Rango*, though, may struggle against a mainstream audience that doesn't give a fig for grown-up cartoons.

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by
Gore Verbinski
Produced by
Gore Verbinski
Graham King
John B. Carls
Written by
John Logan
Story
John Logan
Gore Verbinski
James Ward Byrkit
Edited by
Craig Wood
Production Designer
Mark' Crash' McCreery
Music

©Paramount Pictures

Corporation Production Companies Paramount Pictures and Nickleodeon Movies present a Blind Wink/GK Films production A Gore Verbinski film **Executive Producer** ILM Executive Producer II M Senior Producer Jacqui Lopez ILM Producer Co-producers Adam Cramer David Shannon

Consulting Producers Mark Raksh Unit Production Manager Emotion Capture Unit: Adam Somner ILM Production Managers Carol Norton Danielle Rubin Jenna Grigg Thomas Lisa Todd Production Supervisors Digital: Michael Bauer Emotion Capture Unit: Gary Kout Christine Altomani Production Co-ordinators Chrysta Marie Burton ILM:

Cynthia Crimmins Rachel Galbraith Mane Stephanie Gruet Flannery Huntley Peisan Kang Karen Kelly Tauni Oxborrow Morgan Smith Production Accountant Patrick Siembieda Assistant Directors 1st: Simon Morgan Emotion Capture Unit 1st: Adam Somner 2nd: lan Calip Script Supervisor Emotion Capture Unit: Sharron Reynolds Casting

Christopher Bannister

Barbara Bellanca Mélanie Cussac

Denise Chamian Head of Story James Ward Byrkit Story Artists Josh Hayes David Gosman David Feiss David Feiss

David Gosman
David Feiss
David Lowery
Tom Derosier
Anthony Leonardi III
Jurgen Gross

Director of
Photography
Emotion Capture Unit:
Rafael E. Sanchez
Cinematography
Consultant
Roger Deakins
Camera Operators
Emotion Capture Unit
Rafael E. Sanchez
Martin Schaer
Chief Lighting
Technician
Emotion Capture Unit:
Patrick Hoeschen
1st Company Grips

Patrick Hoeschen

1st Company Grips
Emotion Capture Unit:
J. Michael Popovich
Thomas Gibson

Visual Effects

Visual Eriects
Supervisors
Tim Alexander
John Knoll
Feature Animation
Industrial Light & Magic
Animation Director
Hal Hickel
Technical Animation

Supervisor
Virginie Michel
D'Annoville
Lead Animators
Charles Alleneck
Derrick Carlin
Maia Kayser
Shawn Kelly
Cedric Lo

Jakub Pistecky
Andy Wong
Peter Kelly
Animators
Samati Boonchitsitsak
William Alex Cannon
Jeremy Cantor
Kian Shyang Chong
Mickael Coedel
Fredenic Cote
Chuck Duke
Michael Easton
Simon Fillat
Marco Foglia
Nick Fredin
Mara Goodale
Jean-Denis Haas
Tim Harrington
Geoff Hernphill
Jason Ho
Zani Jalani
Josh Kent

Yee Sang Khet

Alicia Kho Chansoo Kim Stephen King Atsushi Kojima Alexander K. Lee Eric Leong Mun Fai Barry Lim Zeng Lin Bradley Lorimer Michael Lum Jason Malinowsky Neil Michka Michael Midlock Shawn Miller Christopher Mitchell Erik Morganser less Morris Philip Morris Steve Rawlins Jay Rennie Maureen Seng Miles Southan Johnny Spinelli Peter Tan Roy Tan Luck Loi Woeihong Tan Woelhong lan Travis Tohill Andre Tong Greg Towner Delio Tramontozzi Chi Chung Tse

Marc Beaujeau

Weppenaar Jeff Vacanti

Tim Waddy

Edmung Wong Mun Lit Jackson Yeoh Lean

SYNOPSIS The Mojave Desert, near Los Angeles. A car swerves on the freeway, throwing out a terrarium containing a confused chameleon. The aged armadillo who caused the accident tells the lizard to go to the desert town of Dirt. On the way, the lizard encounters a monstrous hawk and a strong-willed female iguana

Arriving in Dirt, the chameleon pretends to be a hero gunslinger called Rango. He has a run-in with the local bad guys, but their showdown is interrupted by the hawk. By luck, Rango squashes it with a water tower. Dirt's mayor, Tortoise John,

appoints Rango sheriff.

Dirt is desperately short of water. Thanks to Rango's stupidity, a team of burrowing raiders enter the bank, seemingly stealing the water reserves. Rango, Beans and others give chase, taking on the raiders in an epic battle. However, it turns out the water was stolen before the raiders entered the bank. Rattlesnake Jake, who is Tortoise John's ally, attacks Rango, exposing him as a fraud. Rango wanders delirious into the desert and has a vision of 'the Spirit of the West' - Clint Eastwood - who encourages him to try again. Seeing Las Vegas, Rango realises that Tortoise John stole Dirt's water in order to buy the land and start his own city.

Rango enlists the raiders to send a deluge down Las Vegas's water pipes to Dirt. In the battle that follows, Rattlesnake Jake realises he has been betrayed by

Tortoise John and drags him off to his doom. Dirt is saved.

Vincent Yu John Zdankiewicz Edward Zhou Effects Leads Jeff Grebe Willi Geiger Michael Jamieson Lee Uren Effects Artists Florent Andorra François Antoine Joakim Amesson Jeremy Bloch Aron Bonar Michael Gaisei Mei Gangwen Branko Grujcic John Hansen Neil Herzinger Toan-Vinh Le Adam Lee Scott Mease Steven Ong Frank Petterson Christopher Root Dong Shin Timothy Teramoto Florian Witzel Don Wong CG Supervisors Kevin Sprout Raúl Essig Leandro Estebecorena Patrick Cohen Thomas Feies Gerald Gutschmidt Polly Ing David Meny Patrick Myers Nigel Sumne Lighting Sequence Supervisors Mathieu Boucher Steve Braggs Amelia Chenoweti Jay Cooper Christian Foucher leff Hatchel

Tom Martinek Akira Orikasa John Walker Lighting Technical Directors Siau Yene Ang Lin Ayetut Jill Berger Matt Brumit Bemard O. Ceguerra Kien Geay Chan Roger Chih Chao Paul Churchill Bora Dayioglu Natasha Devaud Colin Downs-Razouk Shine Fitzner Brian Flynn Andy Garcia Robb Gardner Timothy Gibbons Indira Guerrieri Michael Halsted David Hirschfield Maung Maung Hla Win Zain Homer Peg Hunter Erich Ippen Ashley Gum Young Kim Shilpa Kirpalani Frankie Kwak Jaewook Lee

Roger Lee Melissa Lin David Marsh Rvan Martin Will McCra Joseph Metten Juin Yiing Mow Thaddeus Parkinson Bruce Powell Scott Prior Steven Quinones-Colon Ricardo Ramos Philippe Rebours Michael Rich lessica Riewe Amanda Ronai Ronald S. Samson Paul Sharpe Sean Schur Erik Shepherd Kirk Shimano Rvan Smith Siyu Song Andre Surya Wiyono Marlon Sutherland Tan Lee Chia Tay Chin Siong Kieran Tether Tsae Yen Cheone Adrian Tsao David Wallace Robert Weave Khaituck Wong Vong Yonghov Texture Supervisor Texture Leads Martin Murphy

Production Manager

Simulation Leads

Layout Supervisors

Rough Layout Lead

Gerald McAl

Environment

Andrew Procto

Environmental

Carlos Munoz

Jason Rosson

Daniel Wheator

Development Lead

Environmental Lead Technical Directors

Effects Provided by

Additional Editing

Visual Consultant

Christine Cantella

Supervising Art Director

Art Director Aaron McBride

Supervisors Kevin Reuter

Supervisor

Russell Paul

Model Lead

Jung-seurig rio Set Decorator

Damian Steele

Look Development

Hard Surface Mode

John Bell

Emotion Capture Unit:

Wyatt Jones

Tom Barrett

Supervisor

Emotion Capture Unit: Rosemary Brandenburg
Conceptual Artists James Carson Jim Martin Property Master Emotion Capture Unit: Kristopher E. Peck Construction Co-ordinator Emotion Capture Unit: Michael F. Diersing Make-up Department Head Emotion Capture Unit: Nicole Sortillon Hair Department Head Emotion Capture Unit: Main Titles Designed by Prologue Films End Titles Scarlet Letters Vocalist Music Conducted by Supervising Orchestrator Music Arranged by Lome Balfe Tom Gire Michael Levine

Dominic Lewis

Atli Örvarsson

Adam Peters Heitor Pereira

John Sponsler

Last rango in Vegas: 'Rango'

Geoff Zanelli Soundtrack
"Rango" – Mariachi Sol
de Mexico de José Hernández, Mariachi Reyna de Los Angeles; "Latin Lounge"; "Ave Maria" by Franz Schubert

– Studio Group; "Forkboy" – Lard; "Welcome Amigo", "The Bank's Been Robbed" – Rick Garcia: "Cool Water – Hank Williams Sr; - Hank Williams Sr;
"Selenger's Round";
"Ride of the Valkyries" by
Richard Wagner; "An der
schönen blauen Donau,
Op.314" by Johann Strauss - Berliner Philharmoniker; "La Muerte a llegado" – Rick Garcia, George Del Hoyo; "Finale" from The Kingdom by Danny Elfman: "Right on Target by Hans Zimmer; "El Canelo", "Rango Theme Song" – Los Lobos; "Walk Don't Rango" – Los Lobos featuring Arturo Sandoval Music Consultant Choreographer Emotion Capture Unit

Sound Designer

Development Sound Supervisor Sean Masse Production Sound Mixer/Emotion Capture Unit Sound Mixer Re-recording Mixers Paul Masser Christopher Boyes Supervising Sound Editors Stunt Co-ordinator Emotion Capture Unit: Keith Campbell

**VOICE CAST** Johnny Depp Isla Fisher Abigail Breslin **Ned Beatty** Tortoise John, the mayor Alfred Molina Bill Nighy

Stephen Root Harry Dean Stanton Ray Winstone Timothy Olyphant

The Spirit of the West lan Abercrombie Gil Birmingham James Ward Byrkit Waffles/GordyPapa load/Cousin Murt/ CurlieKnife attacker/

rodent kid Claudia Black Blake Clark John Cothran Patrika Darbo

George Del Hoyo Señor Flan, mariachi accordion Johnny Depp Maile Flanagan

Lucky Charles Fleischer Beth Grant Ryan Hurst

Vincent Kartheiser Hemky Madera Alex Manugian Mark 'Crash' McCreery Joseph A. Nuñez Chris Parson Hazel Moats/Kinski/ Stump/Clinker/Lenny/B oseefus/dirt kid Stephen Root Lew Temple Alanna Ubach

Gore Verbinski Sergeant Turley/ Crevice/Slim/Lupe, mariachi violin Kym Whitley Keith Campbell

Emotion Capture Unit Jordi Caballero Troy Christian Marco Antonio De La Cruz Nadine Ellis Teresa Raquel Espinosa Ruthy Inchaustegui Rachel McDonald Elizabeth Eloise Ramos Sarah Christine Smith Allen Walls

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour [2.35:1]

**Distributor** Paramount Pictures UK

9,643 ft +8 frames

#### Redemption

USA 2007

**Director: Robert Conway** With Dustin James, Tom Noga, Ash Morgan, Clint James Certificate: not submitted 89m

What's the notch below straight-to-DVD? Straight-to-the-Poundsaver-DVDbin? Whatever it is, this low-budget, low-intelligence western is down there. Redemption is essentially a clumsy compilation of genre clichés a bloody tale of revenge, atonement and redemption, set in a two-bit town called, yes, Redemption, with taciturn gunmen, corrupt army officers, a gnomic Native American tracker, virginal whores and saloon-bar gun battles.

Not that clichés are unforgivable in a western: as with *noir* or horror, they're the recurring features that define the genre. Handled correctly they give genre its internal consistency even as a filmmaker plays with or subverts them. But director Robert Conway makes nothing new out of them in Redemption: on the contrary, you feel more acutely the wear and tear already inflicted on his hand-me-down ideas and images. Instead he brings incompetence: there are basic technical howlers here that belong in a film-school tutorial. A woman approaches a saloon bar, but in the reverse shot seems to have transformed into a different character until you realise that Conway has simply allowed two actors to walk in file, each obscuring the other in a different shot. One of the villains appears to have fired a gun off into the air, until the next shot reveals he has hit someone point blank in the head - the victim was simply cropped out of the previous view. The gunfights are just visual gibberish.

Conway isn't helped by a cast largely out-acted by the horses, but as a director, his only signature seems to be the cheap injection of sex and violence. Establishing shots of the town and its bar usually involve an extra getting into a gunfight over cards and a couple having drunken sex in a corner; the film's hero has a hacksaw applied to his leg under interrogation.

Conway not only writes but directs and edits Redemption, though I wouldn't mistake this for auteurist obsession. My suspicion is that he had to direct because no one would shoot his script, and he had to edit because no one would edit what he'd shot.

Sam Davies

#### CREDITS

Directed by Robert Conway Produced by Justin Anderson Robert Conway lason Mager Written by Director of Justin Anderson Editor Robert Conway Production Designer Music Justin R. Durbar

@Gallery Films LLC Production Companies A Gallery Films & Cas Mor production in association with Media Farm A Robert Conway film **Executive Producers** Anthony Casanova Dennis Moore Co-producer Laurin Yazzie Associate Producer Unit Production Manager Jennifer McConnell Assistant Director





**Trigger happy: Dustin James** 

1st: David Friedman

Script Supervisor John Paul Giago Casting David Paul Gillette Lighting Director Camera Operators Justin Anderson Joshua Anderson Michael Bostick Robert Conway Laurin Yazzie Steadicam Operator Gaffer Tyrone Baker Supervisor Michael Bostick Art Director Wardrobe Provided by Key Hair/Make-up Special Effects Make-up Richard 'Quin' Davis Post-production Sound Design Justin Anderson Sound Mixer Rick MacDonald Post-production Mixer Stunt Co-ordinator Historical Adviser

Jack Timal

**Dustin James** Tom Noga Ash Morgan Clint James Grady Hill Candy Stanton Peter Sherayko Shane Stevens Issac Farm Royce O'Donnell Slade Hall Saul Hard Sandy Gibbons Wes Still Anthony Casanova John Durban Matthew Dearing Chris Poulos Mark Gluckman sheriff Yosef Rodel Johnny Miguel Corona

Kevin Holzer Christina Rea Stewart Saul's wife Leanne Dearing Connor Adkyssay young Frank Drake Sherman David Membrilla Father Francisco Scott Goff Jody Davis Grace Howard Anna Harden Michael Ladezma Sally's brothe Owen Conway Chad Grimes Dennis Moore Dakota Dine Paul Metigue Don Logan sarcastic outlaw Rod Ladezma Bartley J. Overbey Debbie Overbey

Ashley Walden

Jim Cigan

Renee Smith
Dolly
Phillip Hubner
Gene Kurz
Jim Bell
Dominic Mancini
Lany Zueg
Conflederate soldiers
Jack James
the butcher
Patrick Lick
rat-boy
John Rios
bloated corpse
Monica Avalos
girl in street
Jeremy Womac
Patty Boy

Dolby Digital/DTS/ In Colour [1.85:1]

**Distributor** Metrodome Distribution Ltd

Not submitted for theatrical classification Video certificate: 18 Running time: 89m 19s

#### Red Riding Hood

USA 2011

Director: Catherine Hardwicke With Amanda Seyfried, Gary Oldman, Billy Burke, Max Irons Certificate 12A 99m 42s

It may take place under a blood moon rather than a *New Moon* but *Red Riding Hood* still shamelessly covets the commercial success of Catherine Hardwicke's first instalment in the *Twilight* franchise. This is the sequel she never got to make. Again a teenage girl (Amanda Seyfried) vacillates between two men: Henry, a rich, wimpy blond (the undersized Max Irons essaying the Taylor Lautner part), and woodcutter Peter (Shiloh Fernandez, doing the bad-boy Robert Pattinson bit he was a finalist for in the original *Twilight* film).

Seyfried's Valerie lives in a sleepy village (a world rendered as a soundstage against a generic forest) where residents put out monthly offerings to fend off the werewolf. When the werewolf breaks the truce, Father Solomon (Gary Oldman) comes to town to help. A Roman Catholic sadist, Solomon sniffs out witchcraft, throwing a mentally disabled boy into a metal chamber over a furnace to torture information out of him.

Unsurprisingly, patriarchy is the ultimate villain here. Valerie spends a lot of time worrying about whether or not she's a 'good girl' - perhaps an inappropriate term for a young woman in her late teens, especially creepy coming from her grizzled father (Billy Burke, another Twilight holdover). Her inner struggle is whether to go with solid-and-sensitive Henry or rough-butexciting Peter, who nearly takes her virginity at one point. Red Riding Hood is, after all, ostensibly a psychosexual take on the fairytale: not a new idea (cf Neil Jordan's The Company of Wolves) but still one wilder than this film can handle. The suggestive red cape and drops of blood trailing Valerie notwithstanding, this is chaste territory.

Hardwicke gained fame with 2003's *Thirteen*, a lurid portrait of LA pre-teen girlhood run amok in a hypersexualised landscape, rendered

at a pitch Kenneth Anger might find shrill. She then tried her hand at skatepunk hagiography (Lords of Dogtown, 2005) and innocuously reverential biblical filmmaking (The Nativity Story, 2006) before hitting it big with Twilight in 2008. Nothing if not nakedly calculating, she offers up more of the same here: pale young men not too overbearingly enticing maidens to shed their innocence, moody indie rock (Fever Ray) and some truly indifferent dialogue. "I have been so disrespected," the werewolf explains. Stupid, but not as much as the dance sequence, in which Zeffirelli's Romeo & Juliet ballroom hand-dances mesh with booty-grinding. - Vadim Rizov

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Catherine Hardwicke Produced by Jennifer Dawsson Killoran Leonardo DiCapno Julie Yorn Written by David Lesile Johnson Director of Photography Manch Willier

Mandy Walker
Edited by
Nancy Richardson
Julia Wong
Production Designer
Torn Sanders
Music Composed by
Bnan Reitzell
Alex Heffes

©Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. Production Companies Warner Bros. Pictures presents an Appian Way production A Cathenne Hardwicke film

Executive Producers
Jim Rowe
Michael Ireland
Catherine Hardwicke
Co-producer
Alex Mace
Unit Production
Managers
Jim Rowe
Brendan Ferguson

2nd Unit Production Manager Colleen Mitchell Production Controller Jan Dennehy Location Manager Hans Dayal Post-production

Supervisor Christy Dimmig 2nd Unit Director Andy Cheng Assistant Directors 1st: Paul Barry 2nd: Misha Bukowski

2nd: Tracey Poirier Script Supervisor Kimi Webber Casting Ronna Kress

Canadian:
Michelle Allen
A Camera Operator/
Steadicam
Stephen Campanelli

B Camera Operator Andy Wilson Chief Lighting Technician David Tickell

2nd Unit Chief Lighting Technician/Additional Photography Rvan Bailev

Key Grips Mike Kirilenko 2nd Unit: Glen Hawkins Visual Effects

Supervisor: Jeffrey A. Okun Producer: Tom Boland Visual Effects/

Animation by
Rhythm & Hues Studios
Visual Effects by
Zoic Studios
Soho VFX

Cos FX Films Special Effects Co-ordinator Joel Whist Model Maker Geoff Wallace

Geoff Wallace Art Director Don Macaulay Set Designers Peter Stratford John Burke Liz Goldwyn David Hadaway

**SYNOPSIS** The Old West. A priest receives a visitor begging for help: a young family have been robbed and murdered in their home, the daughter kidnapped. The priest, a deadly killer known as 'the Apostle', arms and sets out.

Gunslinger Frank seeks out a man named Jack and demands to know where the daughter, Jenny, is. Jack has sold her on and tells Frank to look for her in the town of Redemption. Frank finds Jenny pressed into prostitution. He kills her pimp but before he can free her he becomes embroiled in a power struggle between the rival gangs of Captain Till and 'the General', each wanting to recruit him for his shooting ability.

Frank refuses an offer from Till to kill the General for \$10,000. He finds Jenny and they sleep together. The General then takes Frank prisoner and tortures him for information about Till. Frank escapes, killing the General and many others. He visits Till and demands payment, wanting the money for Jenny. Till admits that he can't pay; Frank gives him a week to find the money. Frank confesses to Jenny that he was among those who attacked her family, but insists it was only meant as a robbery and that he wants to atone for the bloodshed.

Till arranges for Frank to be shot and Jenny kidnapped. Frank survives but is semi-paralysed. He goes after Till and his men but is shot again. Till believes he has triumphed, until the Apostle arrives and kills him and all his surviving men.

SYNOPSIS A small village in a fairytale land. The villagers give monthly offerings to the wolf that lives in the forest. One of the villagers, Valerie, is supposed to marry comparatively rich blacksmith Henry but loves woodcutter Peter. On the day Valerie and Peter plan to elope, Valerie's sister Lucie is found dead. A hunting party brings back a wolf's head. Catholic priest/werewolf hunter Father Solomon arrives and explains that if it were the werewolf's head it would transform back into a human head; the real werewolf is still out there.

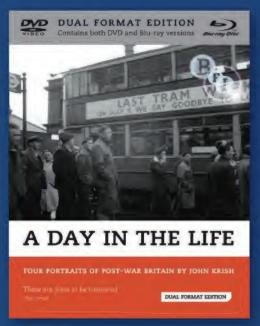
During the next three days of the blood moon, anyone bitten will become a werewolf. Disbelieving Solomon, the villagers throw a party. The werewolf attacks and speaks to Valerie, the only person who can understand him, offering to stop the attacks if Valerie comes away with him. When the mentally disabled brother of Valerie's friend Roxanne is arrested and tortured as a suspect, Roxanne tells Solomon about the incident. Indicted as a potential witch, Valerie is tied up in the town square as bait for the wolf, then rescued by Henry and Peter. Increasingly fearful that everyone around her might be the wolf, Valerie visits her grandmother. Arriving at her forest cabin, Valerie finds that her father has killed her grandmother because she realised he was the werewolf. Her father asks Valerie to come away with him, but she and Peter kill him. Bitten and infected, Peter goes away to learn how to control himself. Living in her grandmother's cabin, Valerie waits until Peter returns in werewolf form.

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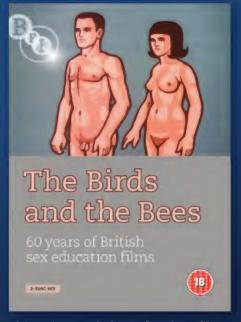
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This unique anthology of 16 short films takes in almost 60 years of the British sex education film.



#### Films

Set Decorator

Special Artwork Set Illustrator Property Master Construction Co-ordinator narles Leitrants Costumes Designed by Cindy Evans

Wardrobe Set Supervisors Patrick Grav Key Make-up Artist

Monica Hupper Make-up Effects Hair Stylist Department Head Julie McHaffie

Hair Stylists Dianne Holm Roy A. Sidick Sharon Markell Main/End Titles

**End Credits** Orchestrators Jeff Atmajian Andrew Kinney

Patrick Russ Music Supervisor Brian Reitzel Soundtrack Towers of the Void"

"Fire Walking" by Anthony Gonzalez Brian Reitzell: "Crystal Visions": "The Wolf": "Keep the Streets Empty for Me" - Fever Ray; "Let's Start an Orchestra" by Ken Andrews, Brian Reitzell Ken Andrews, Brian Reitzell: "Ozu Choral" Piano Study No.1 (Symphonic)" by Brian Reitzell – Brian Reitzell; "Crystal Visions" - The Big Pink; "Just a Fragment of You" by Anthony Gonzal Brian Reitzell - Anthony Gonzalez, Brian Reitzell

Choreographer Sarah Elgart Creature Sound **Designer** David Farmer Sound Designers Aaron Glascock Scott Martin Gershin Sound Mixer Re-recording Mixers Ron Bartlett D.M. Hemphill Supervising Sound Editor Laurent Kossavan

Scott Nicholson **Animal Wranglers** Danny Virtue Paul Jasper

Stunt Co-ordinators

CAST Amanda Seyfried Gary Oldman Billy Burke Shiloh Fernandez Max Irons Virginia Madsen

Lukas Haas Father Auguste Julie Christie

Shauna Kain Michael Hogan Adrian Holmes Cole Heppell Christine Willes Michael Shanks Adrien Laza Kacey Rohl Carmen Lavigne Don Thompson tavem owne captain's brother Megan Charpentier DJ Greenburg Jennifer Halley Marguerite Alexandria Maillot Archie Rice Bella Olivia Steele-Falconer Solomon's daughters Alexander Pesusich Jordan Becker James Michalopoulos Darren Shahlavi Dalias Blake Michael Adamthwaite Lauro Chartrand **Brad Kelly** Gavin Buhr Samuel Smith Solomon's soldiers Che Pritchard Kaitlyn McCready Michelle C. Smith Sarah Elgart

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour Prints by [2.35:1]

Distributor Distributors (UK)

8,972 ft +9 frames



That sinking feeling: Hilary Swank

#### The Resident

USA/United Kingdom 2010 Director: Antti J. Jokinen With Hilary Swank, Jeffrey Dean Morgan, Lee Pace, Christopher Lee Certificate 15 91m 16s

There's a tiny subgenre of horror melodrama in which stalkers lurk in the interstices of ideal homes - attics, wall cavities, secret passageways and basements - breathing heavily as they spy through peepholes on innocents who think they live alone. Among these are Bad Ronald (1974), Crawlspace (1986), Hider in the House (1989) and The House that Mary Bought (1995), though the closest in premise to this new addition to the roster is the 1992 TV movie Through the Eyes of a Killer, adapted from a short story ('The Master Builder') by the British writer Christopher Fowler. All the conventions of these modern gothics are deployed in The Resident: a subjective camera creeping through spaces behind the walls and peering out at Hilary Swank in stages of casual undress; a blatant red herring on site (Christopher Lee) to make the actual villain seem more plausible in the early stages; staring eyes behind plug sockets and antique ventilation holes; the notion that the stalker is trying to insinuate himself into a normal world his weird family background has denied him: and a final confrontation in which the burly menace keeps on attacking the supposedly medically qualified heroine no matter how many nails she pumps into his chest.

Once, this was intended as the first theatrical release from the new Hammer Films outfit, but it was bumped in favour of the vampire movie Let Me In and the Irish supernatural horror Wake Wood, which are more obviously in the Hammer style of supernatural melodrama. Throughout its existence, Hammer did make films like The Resident - brief British B

pictures built around fading American stars turned out in the 1950s (Stolen Face. Mantrap) before the breakthrough of The Curse of Frankenstein, the strain of 1960s grand guignol designed to ride the coattails of Psycho or What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? (elements of Paranoiac and Fanatic float about here somewhere) and, especially, the makeshift tired-old-plot TV movies the original company made in its last gasps in the 1980s under the rubric Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense.

First-time director Antti J. Jokinen, who co-wrote with Robert Orr (Underworld Rise of the Lycans), has a background in music videos, but unwisely undercranks the bravura here. Only an excess of style could have made this play, but it feels almost too respectable, as if Jokinen the director was ashamed of the clichés forced on him by Jokinen the writer. Hilary Swank is rangily photogenic, and seen often in lingerie, the bath or a sweat, but somehow doesn't convince as a stalker's ideal woman. The script doesn't dare make its heroine even partially complicit in her situation (for all the misread signals that so enrage the villain) or actively maniacal, though a proper mad scene might suit Swank's angular presence better than yet another chased-about-while-

whimpering heroine. Jeffrey Dean Morgan, all shy smile and salt-andpepper beard, is similarly not quite right for the heavy. The film is coy about the degree to which he molests the drugged heroine, but predictable when it comes to the incidental body count. The only surprise is that the flea-collared dog who shows up with the doomed ex-boyfriend doesn't get killed in line with the landlord's 'no pets' rule. 🍑 Kim Newman

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Antti J. Jokinen Producers Simon Oakes Guy East Cary Brokaw Tobin Armbrust Written by Anttı J. Jokiner Robert On Director of Photography Guillermo Nav Edited by Stuart Levy Bob Murawsk

Production Designer Dennis Washington Music John Ottman

©Resident Productions, Production

Companies

Exclusive Media Group presents a Hamm Films production An Anttu J. Jokinen film **Executive Producers** 

Tom Lassally Renny Harlin Hilary Swank Alex Brunner Nigel Sinclair

Co-producers Vicki Dee Rock

Line Producer Additional Photography Drew Bracken Unit Production Managers

Anne Johns NY Unit: Lucille Smith Production

Supervisors Tiffany Tiesiera Additional Photography: Joseph Tomczak

SYNOPSIS Brooklyn, the present. Having broken up with her boyfriend Jack, Dr Juliet Devereau needs to find an apartment. She moves into a surprisingly affordable flat in a building that's being restored by its handyman owner Max, who has taken over running the place from his elderly grandfather August. Encountering Max at an art gallery, Juliet asks him to walk her home and they almost begin a relationship, though she calls a halt before they sleep together, admitting she is still hung up on Jack.

Max, who saw Juliet in the hospital when he took his grandfather in with a suspected stroke, has been obsessed with her ever since and has lured her to the building, which is honeycombed with secret passages and spy-holes. Max traumatised as a child when his father killed his mother and himself - lurks in the walls, spying on Juliet. When it seems that Jack and Juliet might get back together, Max attacks Jack in the street. He takes to drugging Juliet and molesting her in her sleep. He kills August. When Jack shows up, Max attacks him again. Juliet, disturbed by many clues, has set up surveillance cameras and realises what Max has been doing. Max attacks her, chasing her through the passageways. After finding Jack's corpse, Juliet kills Max with a nail-gun.

Production Co-ordinators Robert Corlew NY Unit: Pamela Bertini Production Accountant Barbara Long Location Managers NY Unit: Ellen Athena Catsikeas Post-production Supervisor Claire O'Brie Assistant Directors 1st: Nick Mastandrea 2nd: Maria Mantia Additional Photography 1st: Scott Thale 2nd: Adam Fiel Script Supervisors Joanna Kennedy Additional Photography: Liz Trainor Casting Matthew Barry Naricy Green-Keyes Nancy Green-Keyes Matthew Barry New Mexico Jo Edna Boldin A Camera Operator/

Steadicam David Cron Camera Operators B: Paige Thomas NY Unit B: Peter Fernberger Gaffers David Lee NY Unit: Andrew T. Watts Key Grip Rick Stribling Visual Effects Supervisor David Stump Visual Effects by Spy Kroma Special Effects Co-ordinator Werner Hahrlein Effects Master Additional Photography: Dave Peterson
Effects Co-ordinator Additional Photography: Mark Viniello Additional Editor Tony Bacigalupi

Production Designer Additional Photography: esse Renson Art Director Set Designer Amahl Lovato Set Decorators Wendy Barnes NY Unit: Justin Scoppa Additional Photography:

Property Masters Ben Lowney NY Unit: James McDonagh Construction Co-ordinators Ron Jaynes

Julie Drach

Michael Finnerty Costume Designer Ann Roth

Costume Supervisors Daniela Moore Landrith Additional Photography: Nancy Collini

Make-up Department Head Blair Leonard NY Unit Key Make-up Kathryn Bihr Hair Department Head

NY Unit Key Hair Main Titles Ferroconcrete **End Credits** Music Performed by

The Menegroth

Orchestrated/ Conducted by Jason Livesa Music Supervisor

Michelle Belcher Soundtrack "Solitaire", "Double Dare You" – Katherine Liner; "Luck's Run Out" – Little

Sound Designer Sound Mixers Matthew Nicolay NY Unit: William Sarokin

Additional Photography

Moe Chamberlain Re-recording Mixers Chris David Gabriel J. Serrano Stunt Co-ordinator John Robotham

CAST Hilary Swank Jeffrey Dean Morgan Lee Pace

Aunjanue Ellis Christopher Lee August Sean Rosales Deborah Martinez Mrs Portes Sheila Traister ER nurse Michael Showers August ER doctor Nana Visitor real estate agent Arron Shiver Michael Badalucco moving man Michael Masse

Dolby Digital/DTS Colour by [2.35:1]

Penny Balfour

Veronica Hool

ER surgeon

nurse girl

Mark Vincent Morocco

Distributor Icon Film Distribution

8,214 ft +0 frames

#### The Silent House

Uruguay/France 2011 Director: Gustavo Hernández With Florencia Colucci, Abel Tripaldi, Gustavo Alonso, María Paz Salazar Certificate 15 86m 6s

Like other Spanish-language horror films of late - The Orphanage, the [REC] enterprise, the less successful Hierro-this Uruguayan picture tracks the physical and psychological perils of a young woman, Laura, as she and her father Wilson enter a house in the woods closed up for years, to get it ready for sale by its owner Néstor. But as soon as father and daughter try to bed down for the night, a series of mysterious noises and encounters dramatically alters the tenor of their visit.

Already remade in the English language, The Silent House is based on a real story that occurred in the 1940s in Uruguay, brought to vivid life here on a shoestring budget. Directed by newcomer Gustavo Hernández, the film tries to reconstruct the story from the Polaroid stills that were found at the scene, treading familiar territory effectively and resorting to characteristic traits of the horror and psychological thriller genres - a nursery rhyme, ghostly figures running in the background and, of course, a major twist. It's this twist that constitutes the film's main drawback, as it retrospectively triggers certain incongruous reactions to elements that don't work narratively, skewing our identification with the characters. In addition, the fact that Laura is dropped into the danger-zone too early on doesn't help either, as it doesn't allow enough time to build up the necessary tension.

That said, The Silent House has one final trick up its sleeve; the film was shot in its entirety in one takearguably an efficient way of cutting costs but more pertinently a means of enhancing claustrophobia, a sense of being entangled in a continuous threat that never lets go. It's not a new technique - Aleksandr Sokurov famously used it in Russian Arkin 2002, and so in a way did Hitchcock in Rope in 1948, tricking the viewer into believing that a series of tenminute takes (the average length of a reel back then) were continuous but cinematographer Pedro Luque skilfully turns this gimmick into an engrossing technical and visual contrivance. The action therefore plays out in real time; Florencia Colucci's subtly incarnated Laura is an acting tour de force which, with barely any dialogue, relies on a startlingly dexterous choreography and close-ups on her brightly lit face. A remarkable exercise in atmosphere and suspense, The Silent House is mostly filmed in the dark; the use of impromptu lighting issuing from a halogen lamp, a torch or a candle facilitating a stunning, virtually

SYNOPSIS Uruguay, the present. A young woman named Laura arrives with her father Wilson at a house in the woods. The house has been closed for many years; Laura and Wilson are going to get it ready to be sold by its owner, Néstor. When they arrive, Néstor gives them some blankets to spend the night and tells them not to go to the first floor. On the verge of sleep, Laura hears noises coming from the first floor and wakes her father, who goes to investigate. After hearing a loud thump, Laura goes upstairs to find her father dead. She runs into the woods, where she encounters Néstor and sees the ghostly figure of a young girl in a white dress. Néstor takes her back to the house. The noises are heard again, and Néstor is also attacked. Laura finds incriminating Polaroid pictures of Néstor, her father and herself. When Néstor regains consciousness he asks Laura why she killed her father and attacked him. It transpires that Néstor and Laura had a child, whom Néstor and her father killed. The house is Laura and Néstor's home; Laura is responsible for the attacks. Laura slits Néstor's throat.

Over the end credits the Polaroids show the three characters in sexually incriminating positions. We are told that Néstor and Wilson's bodies were found mutilated, and that police investigations were dropped for lack of evidence; Laura was never found. In a coda we see Laura looking for her daughter in the woods; she finds her and they walk towards the horizon. When the camera stops following, we see that Laura is holding a doll, but the girl isn't there.

UK Post-production

Assistant Directors Juan Ponce De Leon 2nd: Virginia Plottier

Camera Operator

Gaffer Martin Rodríguez

Mauro Scarone

Carolina Duré

Natalia Duré

Make-up

Effects

Sandra Ríos

Special Make-up

Roberto Parada

"Please" – Lucía González, Gabriel

Cecilia González, Gabriela Rodríguez,

Fmilia Perevra

Sound Design

Nandy Cabrera

Juan Iervolino

Sound Mixer

Lucas Mever

Hernán González

rancisco Nass

Sound Recordists

Casacuberta; "Children Song" – Lucía González,

Soundtrack

Costume Designers

Pedro Lugue

3D Effects

Supervisor Paula Crickard

black-and-white cinematography that deepens the film's singular sense of time and space.

There's a mesmerising inventiveness on display throughout; Luque uses all kind of props, reflections and even a Polaroid camera to elicit shocks and to trick us into thinking we've witnessed counter-shots. But most amusingly he is capable of making one handheld camera fracture into a prism of shifting perspectives lurking in the background or watching through Laura's, the viewer's, and even the dying victims' eyes - making him the true puppetmaster of this labyrinthine journey.

Mar Diestro-Dópido

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Gustavo He mández Produced by Gustavo Roi Screenplay Original Idea Gustavo Hernández

Gustavo Rojo Director of Photography Pedro Luque Editor Gustavo Hernández

Production Design Original Music Hemán González

Production Company Tokio Films presents a Tokio Films production in association with Elle Driver A Gustavo Hernández

Executive Produce Line Producer Ignacio García

CAST

Florencia Colucci Abel Tripaldi Gustavo Alonso Wilson María Paz Salazar Patricia Silveira Emiliana Nuñez Estefanía Machado girls in picture Verónica Cáceres

In Colour [1.78:1] Subtitles

Distributor Optimum Releasing

7,749 ft +0 frames

Uruguayan theatrical La casa muda French theatrical title The Silent House



One-take wonder: Florencia Colucci

#### **A Small Act**

USA/Australia 2010 Director: Jennifer Arnold

There is a very simple and very persuasive idea at the heart of this documentary from filmmaker Jennifer Arnold (American Mullet): that every small act of kindness causes ripples, setting in motion a cascade of other good deeds.

The small act that sets things in motion in this case dates back to the 1970s, when Swedish teacher Hilde Back decided to pay a modest amount each month towards the education of a child from a poor rural background in Kenya. The child was Chris Mburu. He worked hard, did well, won a Fulbright scholarship to Harvard and became a human-rights advocate for the UN in Geneva... then returned to his homeland and set up a small foundation to sponsor other kids who would otherwise miss out on secondary education for want of the \$10-a-week fees. He named it the Hilde Back Foundation in honour of the woman who'd helped him, even though they'd never met. Education, he says at one point, "is not some process by which you become more knowledgeable and read more books. For me education is a life-and-death issue.'

It certainly seems that way to Ruth, Caroline and Kimani, the three bright sparks Arnold's film follows as they study hard for their upcoming KCPE (Kenya Certificate of Primary Education) exams, chasing the top score that could be their ticket out of coffee-picking poverty. "I can't even explain how much knowledge I want," says Ruth, shy and serious, avoiding the camera's gaze; her friend Caroline dreams of going to a boarding school where there is electricity so that she can study at night; top-of-the-class Kimani has the burden of family expectations weighing on his little shoulders. The scene where the students wait - 15 minutes, then four hours, then 31 hours – for the mobile-phone text that will give them their exam results makes us hope and fear along with them, and feel their disappointments.

Given its central spread-the-love theme, it's perhaps fitting that the film itself ripples out in several meandering



Educational hazard: 'A Small Act'

narrative directions: Chris meeting the lovely Hilde in Sweden and presenting her with a 'Harvard Mom' sweatshirt; the fact that, as a Jew in Nazi Germany, Hilde was herself denied access to school in 1938; the brewing unrest and ethnic tensions of the 2007 Kenyan elections; the violence that Chris has witnessed in conflict zones around the world, where "people have so little education they are so gullible; it's easy for a politician to come and mislead them, and they take up arms".

But in the end Arnold always comes back to Caroline, Ruth and Kimani, who will, we ardently hope, grow up as confident and cheery as Chris and make waves – and ripples – of their own. • Jane Lamacraft

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Jennifer Arnold

Produced by

Jennifer Arnold Patti Lee Written by Director of Photography Edited by Carl Pfirmar Tyler Hubby Music
Joel Goodman
©Harambee Media, Inc.

#### Production

Companies HBO Documentary Films presents a Harambee Media production in association with Considered Entertainment, Cherry Sky Films A film by Jennifer Arnold Fiscal sponsorship provided by International Documentary Association Supported by a grant from Sundance Institute

SYNOPSIS A documentary about the Hilde Back Foundation, an organisation that sponsors bright children from poor Kenyan families through secondary school. The scheme was founded in 2001 by Chris Mburu, and named after the Swedish woman who paid for him to attend school in the 1970s and 1980s. Chris went on to study law at Nairobi University and Harvard, and to work for the United Nations in Geneva.

The film follows Chris as he meets Hilde for the first time. We learn that, as a Jew, Hilde herself was denied education in Nazi Germany in 1938; she fled to Sweden but her parents perished in the concentration camps. Chris flies Hilde to Kenya to attend the sponsorship scheme's inauguration ceremony.

The film also follows the fortunes of Kimani, Ruth and Caroline, three pupils at Mukubu primary school who are preparing for their KCPE (Kenya Certificate of Primary Education) examinations and hope to get good enough results to gain a place at secondary school. The Hilde Back Foundation demands a KCPE score of at least 350; all three children perform badly and get well below that figure. Their families are hugely disappointed. Despite his low score, Kimani is offered sponsorship by Chris's foundation.

End titles tell us that the film's producing team now sponsor Ruth and Caroline.

Documentary Film With support from Chicken & Egg Pictures, Cinereach, IFP Made with assistance from The Australian Broadcasting Corporation

also appearing

Mary Wanjiku Doris Karimi Jacinta Mumbi

Geoffrey Mwitu Nathaniel

Michael Njenga

Nancy Wambui Ndua

Patrick Gacheru Kania

George Nugi Dinah Kajuju M'Aburi

Caroline Njoki Ruth Wairimu Ndauwa Joseph Kibui Ndauwa

Teresia Njoki Sarah N. Munenge Florence N. Kihara

Joseph Mwaura Gachunga Inga Björk-Klevby

Regina Wacici Solomon K. Muthee Valerie Gullberg

Regina Gathoni

loel Kariuki

Faith Kariuki

Kamau

Esther Wairimu

Lucy Wambui Peter Gitau Kamau

Ann Waceke David

Moses Waweru Nieri

Margaret W. Kuria Peris Nyambura Beth Wambui Ndauwa

Nancy Nyambura Bonface Karuru

Richard N. Mune

Jane Kimotho Dennis Muiruri

Karuma Daniel Ndauwa Wycliff Murimi

Benedict Mburu Astrid Roos

Lvdia Mburu Bornface Muriithi Christina Bleyie

In Colour

Distributor

[1.85:1] Part-subtitled

Dogwoof Pictures

Scott Campbell Charles M. Mathu Martin N. Mburu

**Executive Producers** Joan Huang for Home Box Office: Senior Producer for Home Box Office: Lisa Heller

Associate Producers Norman Arnold Thiew S Chin enneth Lee Marilyn Lee Gwedolyn Sessions Jimmy Tsai Richard Vogel Patricia Vogel

Production Manager Vincent Mbugua

Wanyoike Production Co-ordinators Kenya Crew: Scholar Muigai Sweden Cre

Story Consultant Additional Editing Jennifer Arnold

Consulting Editor
for Home Box Office:
Geof Part

Post-production Consultant
Cece Hall
Titles/Graphic Design Carina Feldmar Soundtrack

"Ndatuire Ndimuiraga Muirirei"; "Je! Wajua. Yesu anipenda" Sound Recording Sound Mixed by Jonathan Wal Richard 'Tricky' Kitting

Supervising Sound John Leveaue

WITH

Hilde Back Chris Mburu Patrick Kimani Nyambura Caroline Gaceri Ruth Wairimu Jane Wanjiru Muigai George Kihara Thang'Wa

**Sparrow** Hong Kong 2008

Director: Johnnie To With Simon Yam, Kelly Lin, Lam Ka Tung, Lo Hoi Pang

Taking three years to make and another three years to find distribution in the UK, Johnnie To's Sparrow is by no means a new film but one well worth catching. Known in the west as one of the best genre filmmakers from Hong Kong, beloved by the likes of Quentin Tarantino, To has been in the public eye over a relatively long and consistent career thanks to well-choreographed action movies such as Fulltime Killer (2001), Election (2005) and Mad Detective (2007). Sparrow is a minor film for him, a highly personal labour of love never intended for a large audience; it's a romantic mood-piece with all sorts of nods to cinema in general and a kind of gentle nostalgia for the old days. It's the kind of film you'd watch on a rainy Saturday afternoon.

We open in the apartment of a pickpocket named Kei (Simon Yam) as a sparrow flies in and perches on a large lamp - it looks like a superannuated lighting rig used on a movie set. Though Kei tries to set it free, the bird returns again. Puzzled, Kei makes his way to breakfast in his local café, as per ritual, with his three pickpocketing pals. He asks if the bird is an omen and is told it's almost

certainly bad luck.

'Sparrow' is Hong Kong slang for a pickpocket but the sparrow here seems an emissary of the mysterious and beautiful Chun Lei (Kelly Lin), who keeps turning up in the lives of all four men, casting a spell on each. It transpires that she is the unhappy moll of ageing gangster Mr Fu, who like that London racist cliché Fu Manchu seems to wield almost supernatural power and influence over his enemies. He too was once a pickpocket, and when he detects that these smalltime crooks are in his orbit he sets out to knock them back: the legs of the busiest movers get broken, the hand of the most skilful lifter of wallets gets smashed by a nailspiked piece of packing crate. But this is the only violence in the movie, and not much of it is really seen. Soon the men are determined to help Chun Lei even more, contriving to steal the keys of Fu's safe from about his neck during a session with his acupuncturist. Finally, all is resolved in a pickpocketing showdown akin to a dance-off, only with umbrellas, lightning handiwork and Hong Kong monsoon rain. It's a lovely scene, 'Snatchin' in the Rain' with a dash of The Umbrellas of Cherbourg.

There are many things to delight in. One is the shimmering camerawork, all smooth dollies and crane shots and views from those vertiginous Hong Kong highrises; the acting is a fine ensemble work of some subtlety. The score from French composers Xavier Jamaux and Fred Avril is integral to the movie, keeping the mood light, from smooth jazz modifiers to a ride in a car with a woman smoking a cigarette, the musical soundscape somehow evoking

**SYNOPSIS** Hong Kong Island, present day. A sparrow flies into the apartment of Kei, leader of a gang of pickpockets, portending bad luck. Soon afterwards a mysterious and beautiful woman approaches all four members of Kei's pickpocketing team. Falling for her charms, each man finds himself on the wrong side of local crime kingpin Mr Fu. Henchmen shadow the men, who are beaten up and brutalised. A poster campaign in the neighbourhood publicises their faces as thieves.

Coming face to face with Mr Fu, the men learn that the mysterious woman is his moll Chun Lei, and that she is desperate to escape his clutches. She looks longingly at her captive Taiwanese passport every time Fu opens his safe, but they fail to take the hint. When Fu orders that all the pickpockets be brought to his den for a showdown, Kei defies him and demands a pickpocketing contest to win the girl. The pickpockets fail to take the passport from Fu's jacket; unexpectedly, Fu gives it to Chun Lei anyway, crying as he is driven away in the back of his limousine. The four men return to their carefree lives.

Mulholland Drive. The film's old-fashioned 1960s aesthetic (not so much steampunk as transistor-punk) is also beguiling: men with briar pipes watch women in phone booths, cars are old, medical equipment antique and mobile phones barely used. There's no pop culture here, no TV, no internet, just newspapers and bicycles and letterboxes and horrible British-style fried breakfasts from another era.

There's no serious plot to speak of and the motivation of the woman at the centre of the piece wouldn't pass muster in a Hollywood scriptwriting class, but that's all part of the charm. This is in essence a highly skilled director relaxing and having fun, indulging a private pleasure and fashioning a love letter to Hong Kong, particularly the Hong Kong of his 1960s childhood. •• Roger Clarke

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by
Johnnie To
Produced by
Johnnie To
Screenplay
Milkyway Creative Team
Chan Kin Chung
Fung Chili Chiang
Director of
Photography
Cheng Siu Keung
Cinematographer

Cinematographer
To Hung Mo
Editor
David Richardson
Art Director
Tony Yu

Roger Clarke

Music

Xavier Jamaux

Fred Avril

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Kong) Limited, Newlink Development Limited, Foj Limited coproduction Executive Producers

Daneil Lam Chiu Suet Ying Administrative Producer Alvm Lam Production Manager Jackson Ha Production Supervisor Ding Yun Shan Project Manager Elame Chu Post-production

Executive Calmen Lui Assistant Directors 1st: Jeff Cheung 2nd: Chan Wai Hung 2nd: Joe Chan Continuity

Andy Ma Jack Lar Gaffer Wu Kwok Chiu Digital Effects Artist Man Siu Lun Property Masters Lam Wai Ming Ko Kin Wah

Lau Kwok On
Costume Designer
Stanley Cheung
Make-up
Man Yuen Ling
Midco Chu

Hair Stylist Joe Kwong Supervising Sound Editor Martin Chappell Action Choreography

CAST Simon Yam Kei Kelly Lin

Chung Chun Lei

Lam Ka Tung

Lo Hoi Pang

Law Wing Cheong Sak Kenneth Cheung

Lam Suet Lo Chun Shun Jonathan Lee Jackson Ha Jeff Cheung Hung Wai Leung Yeung Yee Yee Lo Hau Keung Cheung Chi Ping Tong Pui Chung Tiffany Wu Wai Ling

Singh Manjit Dolby Digital In Colour [2.35:1]

Tang Tai Wo

**Distributor** Terracotta Distribution

Charis Chung Hoi Ying

Chinese theatrical title Man jeuk

## **Sweetgrass**

USA 2009 Recorded by: Lucien Castaing-Taylor

*Sweetgrass* is our Film of the Month and is reviewed on p50.

SYNOPSIS Montana, 2003. In early spring on the Raisland-Allestad Ranch in Sweetgrass County, 3000 sheep are rounded up and sheared and new lambs are tended to, in preparation for summer pasture. This involves a 150-mile journey into the Absaroka-Beartooth Mountains to graze on public land across four counties. Though this tradition has existed since the 19th century, this is the final time such a journey will take place (the ranch, founded in 1900, will shut down in 2004).

A group of cowboys herds the sheep into the mountains, but several eventually depart, leaving just two herders, John and Pat, to tend the flock over the summer. They face numerous challenges protecting the sheep, not least from packs of bears. Like their own dogs and horses, the duo – in particular the younger Pat – seem worn out by the strains of the job. When they finally bring the sheep down from the mountains in late summer, the elderly John faces an uncertain future.

#### CREDITS

Recorded by Lucien Castaing-Taylor Produced by Ilisa Barbash Editing Ilisa Barbash Lucien Castaing-Taylor

©llisa Barbash and Lucien Castaing-Taylo Sound Editing/Mix Ernst Karel Consultant

#### WITH

John Ahern Elaine Allestad Lawrence Allestad Pat Connolly Billy Allestad John Jankens Jackie McKenney Mark Miller John Sweet

Dolby Digital In Colour [1.85:1]

**Distributor**Dogwoof Picture



Flock doc: 'Sweetgrass'

### Tomorrow, When the War Began

Australia 2010 Director: Stuart Beattie With Caitlin Stasey, Rachel Hurd-Wood, Lincoln Lewis, Deniz Akdeniz Certificate 12A 103m 39s

There are faint echoes of *Picnic at Hanging Rock* (1975) in the first story in Australian author John Marsden's series of popular novels for young adults. In Peter Weir's celebrated antipodean arthouse milestone, teenage girls daytripping to the eponymous outcrop mysteriously disappear without trace; in the paradoxically titled *Tomorrow, When the War Began,* a group of teens trek to a remote sinkhole called Hell and discover on their return that the world they knew has disappeared: their hometown has been invaded and totally suppressed by foreign forces.

Screenwriter Stuart Beattie's past credits include a story and some of the characters for the Pirates of the Caribbean films, and his solidly mounted directorial debut feels like a self-assured recce into virgin franchise country. From the outset, with its motley teens already guerrillas hiding in the bush as Ellie (Caitlin Stasey) starts to narrate in flashback the events that brought them to this point, there's a sense that Tomorrow, When the War Began will end on a dot dot dot, with the promise of a follow-up. The imperative then is to set up characters that viewers will want to come back to, so it may be a drawback to the prospective series that this gang of friends is so blandly drawn. As Ellie phones round her mates to enlist them for the camping trip, each character is established with a single brushstroke - 'the posh one', 'the straitlaced one'. 'the loud one' - which the film barely advances on.

These soap-opera-ready seven (later eight, when they're joined by 'the stoner') are relatively engaging in the peppy early stages of the film as they muck about in the lush, subtropical paradise of Hell and the foregone-conclusion romantic pairings edge closer to fruition. There's an atmospheric moment when the group wonder at a fleet of bombers flying over their haven in the dead of night. But Beattie's film becomes less convincing as an action movie once Ellie's band return to find their hometown of Wirrawee under foreign (tellingly Asian) control and they realise they are the community's last hope.

The teens are forced to grapple with what it takes to kill in wartime, leading to a Went the Day Well? moment in which the pacifistic 'straitlaced one' finally takes up a machine gun at a crucial juncture. But Beattie struggles to juggle such a large group of protagonists once the narrative is given over to lots of running around in the dark and evading capture. Nor does he engineer very exciting situations for them: apart from a daring escape in a bulletproof bin lorry, the



Brollywood: Law Wing Cheong, Lam Ka Tung, Simon Yam, Kenneth Cheung

#### -ilms

 action highlights are a couple of lavishly billowing explosions. The impressed lingering of the camera on these pyrotechnics gives the film a quaint, parochial flavour. When the finale involves the blowing up of a bridge, a vital supply route for the invaders, the sense of repetition is palpable – you can feel the film's fuse fizzling out. • Samuel Wigley

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Stuart Reattie Produced by Andrew Masor Michael Boughen

Written by Stuart Beattle Based on the novel by

John Marsden Director of Photography Ben Nott Editor

Marcus D'Arcy Production Designer Robert Webb Original Score Composed by

Johnny Klimel Reinhold Heil

©Screen Australia and Omnilab Media Pty

Production Companies Omnilab Media and

Screen Australia present in association with Paramount Pictures [Australia] an Ambience Entertainment production A Stuart Beattie film Produced with the assistance of the Screen NSW Regional Filming

In association with Paramount Pictures Financed with the istance of Omnilab Media and Screen

Executive Producers Christopher Mapp Matthew Street

David Whealy Peter Graves Line Producer

Anne Bruning Production Managers Libby Sharpe

2nd Unit: Production Co-ordinators

2nd Unit:

Naomi Piper

Production Accountant Jeremy Atcliffe Locations Manager Mary Barltrop Post-production 2nd Unit Director Ian Thorbum

Assistant Directors 1st: Phil Jones 2nd: Betty Fotofili 2nd Unit 1st: Jamie Crooks 2nd: Guy Campbell Additional Photography 1st: Charles Rotherham 2nd: Hamish Roxburgh Miniature Photography 1st: Jamie Crooks

2nd: Chris Evans Script Supervisors Kristin Voumard 2nd Unit: Jo Weeks

Casting Anousha Zarkesh Camera Operator/ Steadicam/Aerials Marc Spicer Camera Operators

David Williamson Miniature Photography David Elmes

B Camera Operator Additional Photography David Elmes Gaffers

Reg Garside 2nd Unit: Steve Monk Additional Photography: Mark Jeffries Miniature Photography Grant Wilson

Key Grips 2nd Unit: Simon Cooke Miniature Photography:

Visual Effects Chris Godfrey Producers: Mat Harrington

Visual Effects by



Alien nation: Caitlin Stasev

House lloura Robyn's Hill Showground/Main Street Truck Chase/ Buggy Crash/Bridge Explosion Fuel VFX Landscapes/Cobbler's Bay/Snake Sequence/ Mower Explosion/Truck Chase/Tanker at Bridge The Lab Sydney Special Effects Supervisors Dan Oliver Lloyd Finnemore 2nd Unit - Set: Trengove Miniature Photography Special Effects Supervisors: Dan Oliver Lloyd Finnemore Build Supervisor:

Additional Editor

Fight/Helicopter &

Bombing of Corrie's

Ceinwen Berry Supervising Art Director Michelle McGahey Art Directors Damien Drew 2nd Unit: Brian Edmonds Additional Photography Martin O'Neill Set Designer Arnanda Clarke Set Decorator Bev Dunn Concept Illustrator Property Master Construction Co-ordinator Construction Manager Greg Hajdu Costume Designer Terry Ryan Make-up/Hair Supervisors Paul Pattison Additional Photography:

Trish Glover

Make-up Artist Hair/Make-up Artists Shane Thomas Hayley Atherton 2nd Unit: Sabrina Domenis Titles/End Credits **Design** The Lab Sydney Original Score Performed by Sydney Scoring Conductor Brett Kelly Orchestrations

Jordan Balagot Jonathan Levi Shanes Jessica Wells Angus O'Sullivan Daniel Baker Lochlan Mackenzie Spencer Music Supervisor

Norman Parkhill Soundtrack "Steer" – Missy Higgins; "Honeymoon Is Over" – The Cruel Sea; "Cosmic Egg" - Wolfmother: 'Restaurant Piano" -Guy Gross; "Fader The Temper Trap; "Don't You Think It's Time"

Bob Evans; "Black Hearts (On Fire)" – Jet; "Flame Trees" - Sarah Blasko; "Poison in Your Mind" – Powderfinger; Tomorrow" - Nic Cester, Davey Lane. Sound Recordist

Mark Blackwe Sound Mixer Re-recording Mixers Gethin Creagh Robert Sullivar Supervising Sound Editor

Andrew Plain Stunt Co-ordinator Chris Anderson

CAST

Caitlin Stasey Ellie Linton Rachel Hurd-Wood Corne McKenzi Lincoln Lewis Kevin Holmes Deniz Akdeniz Homer Yannos Phoebe Tonkin Chris Pang Ashleigh Cummings Robyn Mathers Robyn Math Andy Ryan Chris Lang Colin Friels Dr Clement Don Halbert Olivia Pigeot Mrs Linto Stephen Bourke Kelly Butler Julia Yon Mrs Takkan

Mr Cole Gary Quay Michael Camilleri tanker drive Dolby Digital/DTS

Dane Carson

Matthew Dale

Mr Mathe

[2.35:1]

Distributor Paramount Pictures UK

9.328 ft +9 frames

#### **Tracker**

United Kingdom/New Zealand 2010 Director: Ian Sharp With Ray Winstone, Temuera Morrison, Nicholas McGough Certificate 12A 101m 54s

Set in New Zealand shortly after the conclusion of the Second Boer War (1899-1902), Tracker explores the personal consequences of British colonialism by setting up a three-way conflict between newly immigrated Boer farmer Arjan van Diemen (Ray Winstone), native Maori Kereama (Temuera Morrison) and various representatives of the British army, institutionally responsible for the deaths of van Diemen's family and Kereama's ancestors. So despite a central situation in which van Diemen is hired by the British to track down Kereama (framed for the manslaughter of a British corporal), it comes as little surprise that the two men turn out to have far more in common than otherwise, and the cat-and-mouse game that forms the bulk of the narrative has at least as much to do with establishing mutual respect as with carrying out designated tasks.

The bulk of the film is a twohander between well-matched leads. Winstone and Morrison are broadly similar in age and CV (they made powerful impressions as violent yet psychologically complex patriarchs in Nil by Mouth and Once Were Warriors respectively), and their already resonant screen presences are backed by a weighty physicality: each looks more than capable of doing serious harm to the other. The full-bearded, heavyset Winstone is particularly effective as the taciturn Boer, gradually and usually reluctantly drip-feeding details of his wartime experience when pressed by the more garrulous Kereama – whose ability to live off the land establishes him as a fellow son of the soil. Quite literally in Kereama's case, since he carries a small bag of earth bequeathed by his grandfather, hanged by the British for unspecified acts of subversion.

The British on the other hand are caricatures to a man. The contrast between the ramrod-straight Major Carlysle, the drunken buck-passer Sergeant Major Saunders and the greenhorn Private Renwick works on the simplistic level of representing different facets of imperialism in microcosm, but Nicolas van Pallandt's overly schematic script gives these characters little room to breathe.

Thanks to an accident of distribution, Tracker is opening in Britain at roughly the same time as Jerzy Skolimowski's fugitive opus Essential Killing, and suffers badly from the comparison. The New Zealand scenery can hardly fail to impress but Harvey Harrison's images are strictly picture-postcard, lacking the surreal charge with which Skolimowski and his cinematographer Adam Sikora infuse their landscapes. Similarly, David Burns's overly declamatory score has none of the aural inventiveness of Pawel Mykietyn's

SYNOPSIS Australia, the present. Teenager Ellie begins a video log, narrating the events of the film in flashback.

Ellie gathers a group together - Corrie and her boyfriend Kevin, neighbour Homer, friends Robyn and Fi, Ellie's crush Lee – for a camping trip to a remote valley called Hell. The friends enjoy a day larking around at Hell's sinkhole; romantic interest develops between Homer and Fi, and Lee and Ellie.

That night, Ellie awakens to see military aircraft flying overhead. When the teens return to their hometown, Wirrawee, they discover houses abandoned and the power down. At the showground they find the town's citizens rounded up by foreign soldiers. They are pursued by soldiers but manage to escape, subsequently realising that they've lost Lee and Robyn.

Ellie and Homer find Lee and Robyn at Robyn's home, where an injured Lee is being treated by the local dentist. Escaping the town in a bin lorry, the four rejoin the others and decide to return to Hell. They stop at the house of schoolfriend Chris, who is stoned and unaware that the war is happening; Chris joins the group. After hearing a radio report about the invasion, the group realise the importance of the Wirrawee Bridge as a supply route for the invaders. At night, they return to town and blow up the bridge after parking a stolen petrol tanker under one of

Ellie finishes her video log, asserting the friends' resolve to plan further resistance against the invaders.



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#### Films

■ subtle string harmonics, and much of the dialogue is too concerned with establishing plot points. Winstone in particular is at his best when taking a leaf out of Vincent Gallo's book and not saying anything at all, which is no criticism of his (convincing) South African accent: like his character, he acquits himself with honour.

Michael Brooke

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by lan Sharp Produced by David Burns Trevor Haysom Written by Nicolas van Pallandt Director of Photography Harvey Harrison

Harvey Harrison
Editor
Sean Barton
Production Design
Rick Kofoed
Music

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Companies
UK Film Council & New
Zealand Film

David Burns

Zealand Film Commission present in association with NZ On Air an Eden Films & T.H.E. Film production in association with Phoenix Wiley & Liberty Films

Made with the support of the National Lottery through UK Film Council Premiere Fund

Executive Producers Stephanie Pettigrew Sue Cook Gareth Wiley Richard Fletcher

Line Producer
Emma Slade
Associate Producers
Jon Staton
Irfan Mian

Irfan Mian
Production
Co-ordinator
Desray Armstrong
Production
Accountant
Alex Cole-Baker

Location Managers
North Island:
Jacob McIntyre
South Island:
Phil Turner
Post-production

Supervisor Emma Zee Assistant Directors 1st: Joe Nolan 2nd: Donna Kofoed Script Supervisor Sarah Hinch Casting Stu Turner

Script Editor Brad Haamı Steadicam Operator/ Splinter/2nd Camera Alex McDonald Gaffer Grant McKinnon

Grant McKinnon Key Grip Tony Keddy On-set Visual Effects Mike Latham

Media Missions Ltd Film FX **Visual Effects by** Rolf Mohr Studios Additional:

Additional:
Andrews UK Ltd
Molinare – MfM
Pixion
South Island Art

Director
Ken Turner
Lead Props Buyer/
Dresser
Deidre McKessar
Construction Manager
William (Winks)

Schmidt
Costume Design
Bob Buck
Costume Supervisor
Paul Booth
Make-up/Hair
Designer

Linda Wall

Make-up/Hair Artist
Jayne Donaldson

Make-up Artist
Lisa Shearer

Main Titles Concept

Mardi-Louise van

Heerden

Main Titles Created

Fugitive Studios Ltd

Stuart Pitcher

Simon Dowling

Simon Dowling

Music Produced by

Alex Wilkins

Sound Design

Matthew Gough

Key Sound

Ken Saville Re-recording Mixers Matthew Gough Johnathan Rush

Stunt Co-ordinators Augre Davis Tim Wong



**Grizzly Boer: Ray Winstone** 

Maori Cultural Consultants Brad Haami Ngamaru Raerino Riki Bennett

CAST
Ray Winstone
Arjan van Diemen

Temuera Morrison Kereama Nicholas McGough Brooke Gareth Reeves Major Carlysle Mark Mitchinson Sergeant Major Saunders

Greg Johnson customs official Jody Brown lamplighter Jodie Hillock

Tim McLachlan Levin Steve Reinsfield Corporal Drake Stephen Papps police officer Mick Rose

Mick Rose Sergeant Leybourne Dan Musgrove posse soldier Private Renwick

Andy Anderson
Bryce
Matt Sunderland

posse soldier Crowther Jed Brophy posse soldier Barker Ross Brannigan Murray the batman Mark Clare long boat sailor Stephen Ure

Dolby Digital Colour by DeLuxe Laboratories [2.35:1]

**Distributor** Kaleidoscope Home Entertainment

9,170 ft +10 frames

## The Way

USA/Spain/United Kingdom 2010 Director: Emilio Estevez With Martin Sheen, Deborah Kara Unger, Yorick van Wageningen Certificate 15 128m 19s

Emilio Estevez's fourth feature as writer-director took shape via a real-life odyssey of self-discovery when he and his father Martin Sheen set out to reconnect with their Spanish ancestry by travelling the Camino de Santiago, the iconic pilgrim route to Santiago de Compostela in Galicia. The Way is fiction but it inevitably draws on true experience, notably travel writer Jack Hitt's Off the Road compendium. Moreover, minor characters have very real antecedents: Tchéky Karyo's beatific cop, who claims to have walked the Camino three times, is a proxy for DP Juan Miguel Azpiroz's father.

Sheen plays Tom Avery, a conservative SoCal ophthalmologist whose estranged son Daniel is killed in an accident in the Pyrenees shortly after beginning the Camino. Shellshocked by the loss of the son he feels he never really knew, Tom impulsively decides to complete the monumental journey himself, taking Daniel's ashes with him. Estevez cameos as Daniel, glimpsed in brief flashback and posthumous visions; an early scene hints at his strained relationship with Tom, as the Berkeley dropout remonstrates with his father that a life should be lived, not chosen.

Initially it seems curious that Estevez prefers to shoot the spectacular terrain in standard widescreen, but it befits Tom's tunnel-vision obduracy - one character complains that he never stops to admire the scenery; instead he trudges onwards, his face set rigid with grim determination, as if this is a kind of penance. When he hesitantly bonds with fellow pilgrims - a comically stereotyped Dutch pothead (Yorick van Wageningen), a brittle Canadian divorcee (Deborah Kara Unger) and a blocked Irish writer (James Nesbitt) - the tone starts to wobble. Estevez's direction is pleasingly unhurried but his script is often clumsy, and the quartet's travels lurch variously between gentle drama, whimsical road-movie farce and

self-help inspirational à la Eat Pray Love (though Sheen's Tom is the antithesis of Julia Roberts's wide-eyed soul-searcher).

Sheen, in commanding form here as a stifled man gradually coaxed out of his torpor, benefits from having the least to say of anyone. At times Estevez tends to over-egg the Chaucerian pudding - Nesbitt's bizarrely overstated entrance, prancing around on hay bales and soliloquising manically, is a case in point. A general paucity of dramatic thrust is also apparent. It's as if Estevez doesn't trust his own material when he attempts to inject jeopardy by having Tom nearly lose Daniel's ashes - twice. And by the time the pilgrims near Santiago, there's a sense of entropy and padding as Estevez succumbs to listless montage propped up by the MOR angst of Alanis Morrisette and David Gray.

On the positive side, sentimentality is strenuously kept at bay and nobody undergoes a bogus renaissance at journey's end. This is, despite its numerous flaws, an obviously heartfelt project for Estevez and Sheen. It's just a pity that their film doesn't really get under the skin of its pilgrims, living or departed. Matthew Taylor

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Emilio Estevez Produced by Emilio Estevez David Alexanian

David Alexanian Julio Fernández **Written for the screen** 

by Emilio Estevez Story by Emilio Estevez and selected stories from *Off the Road* by Jack Hitt

Director of Photography Juan Miguel Azpiroz Edited by Raúl Davalos Production Designer Víctor Molero Music

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Tyler Bates

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Production
Companies
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Castelao Productions
and Icon Entertainment
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Elixir Films production
An Emilio Estevez

picture
Executive Producers
Janet Templeton

Ramon Gerard Estevez Julio Fernández Alberto Marini Stewart Till

Co-producer Lisa Niedenthal Line Producer Toni Novella Associate Producers Johannes Brinkmann

Taylor Estevez

Delegate Producers
Castelao:
Teresa Gefaell

Teresa Gefaell
Filmax Animation:
Inma Castaño
Unit Production
Manager

Toni Novella Production Co-ordinators Cecilia Maric Filmax: Elisa Sirvent Accountant Pilar Pérez López Location Manager

Sergio Díaz Bermejo Assistant Directors 1st: Manu Calvo 2nd: Emilio Martínez-Borso

Borso Script Supervisor Glona Soriano Casting Mary Vernieu J.C. Cantu Europe: Lola Sopeña

**SYNOPSIS** New Zealand, 1903. British army officer Major Carlysle discovers that his Boer War adversary Arjan van Diemen has recently arrived from South Africa. That night, Sergeant Major Saunders and two soldiers disturb AWOL Maori sailor Kereama's tryst with a prostitute in an army stable. In the ensuing altercation, Saunders accidentally kills Corporal Drake. Correctly expecting blame, Kereama flees.

Carlysle leads a military search party including expert tracker Bryce, and invites van Diemen to accompany them, promising 100 gold sovereigns for Kereama alive, 25 if dead. Disputing Bryce's footprint analysis, van Diemen leaves the party early and captures Kereama independently. The two men discover much in common, both being educated outsiders with a reason to hate the British. Van Diemen's wife and daughters were killed during the war, and he used to cut the trigger fingers off the best British soldiers as a mark of respect; Kereama's father and grandfather were hanged for sedition. They rejoin the soldiers and van Diemen helps Kereama escape. Deliberately faking clues to throw Bryce off the scent, van Diemen tracks Kereama to a cave in which the latter performs a chant to Ruamano, his spiritual guardian. As the British approach, Kereama asks van Diemen to shoot him. The soldiers hear a gunshot and a body falling. Van Diemen produces Kereama's freshly severed index finger and is paid the reward.

Carlysle later realises that Kereama is still alive, and orders his recapture. Van Diemen boards a ship for Australia.

**SYNOPSIS** The Pyrenees, the present. Dr Tom Avery has come to collect the ashes of his estranged son Daniel, who has died in an accident while walking the Camino de Santiago, the famed pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela in Galicia. On impulse, Tom decides to complete Daniel's journey himself, taking with him Daniel's ashes.

At a walkers' hostel, Tom grudgingly befriends Joost, a Dutchman walking the Camino to lose weight. Tom accidentally drops Daniel's backpack containing the ashes into a river, but swims in to retrieve it. Tom and Joost are joined by Sarah, a Canadian divorcee trying to quit smoking, and Jack, a blocked Irish writer. Jack angers Tom by deciding to write about Tom's motivation for walking the Camino. Sarah reveals that she had an abortion shortly before leaving her abusive exhusband. After a drunken row with Jack, Tom spends a night in a police cell; Jack pays the bail. Tom has his backpack stolen by a gypsy teenager; the youth's father, Ishmael, returns it. Ishmael invites the pilgrims to a street party, where he advises Tom to take Daniel's ashes beyond Santiago to the ocean. The pilgrims reach Santiago, where Tom has Daniel's name inscribed on the completion certificate instead of his own. Tom continues to the coast, depositing Daniel's ashes in the ocean.

An epilogue shows Tom embarking on future solo travels.

Additional Photography Anthony Von Seck Emilio Esteve Steadicam/B Camera Operator aúl Manchado Gaffer losu Ce Special Effects Supervisor Raúl Romanillos Additional Editor hard Che Art Directors Tania Wahlbeck Israel Pérez Props Buyer Costume Designer Tatiana Hemández Make-up Artist Raquel Fidalgo Hairdresser Carmela Maellas Main/End Titles Solo Vocals Guitars/Piano/ Guitarviol/Keyboard/ Group Vocals Tyler Bates Orchestrations Music Supervisor Soundtrack James Ťavlor; "Lost!" -Coldplay; "My Oh My" – David Grav: "New Slang" – The Shins; "Pink Moon" – Nick Drake; "Thank U" -Alanis Morissette; "Fusco", "Nadal de Luintra" – Berrogüetto Supervising Sound Designer T. Morgan Sound Recordist Sound Re-recording Mixers Chris Jenkins Frank A. Montaño Supervising Sound Editor Glenn T. Morgan

CAST
Martin Sheen
Dr Tom Avery
Deborah Kara Unger
Sarah
Yorick van
Wageningen

James Nesbitt
Jack
Tchéky Karyo
Captain Henn
Ángela Molina
Angelica
Carlos Leal
Jean
Simón Andreu
Don Santiago
Eusebio Lázaro
El Ramón
Antonio Gil
Ishmael
Spencer Garrett
Phil

Emilio Estevez Daniel Avery Romy Baskerville Eurlice Renée Estevez Doreen David Alexanian Roger William Holden

Cail
Joe Torrenueva
Father Sandoval
Stéphane Dausse
French mortician
Patxi Pérez
waiter
Joan Díez
Carlo
Anthony Von Seck
setar-playing pilgrim
Matt Clark

Father Frank
José Luis Molina
policeman 1
José Javier Ruiz
policeman 2
Omar Muñoz
gypsy boy
Coro El Encuentro
Burgos
gypsy singers
Alfonso Delgado

Alfonso Delgado penitent I Víctor Molero penitent 2 Manu Calvo penitent 3 Milagros Alcalde Díez Maximiano Benito

Nebreda El Molino innkeepers Santi Prego Santiago office clerk

Dolby/DTS/SDDS In Colour [1.85:1]

**Distributor** Icon Film Distribution

11.548 ft +8 frames



**Breathtaking sheenery: Martin Sheen** 

#### Young Hearts Run Free

United Kingdom 2009 Director: Andy Mark Simpson With Andy Black, Jennifer Bryden, Lyndsey Lennon, Dorothy Lawrence Certificate 12A 93m 27s

Back in 1974, when Young Hearts Run Free is set. I was a teenager in a small mining village not far from the film's fictitious location. Like its protagonists, I was about to leave for university in London, fulfilling a longstanding dream sparked years earlier by the romantic stories in my mother's old-fashioned magazines. The standard plotline ran something like this: provincial northern girl is seduced by bright city lights; girl meets callous adman, who throws her over for a more sophisticated rival; girl returns home to discover her friendship with the boy next door is really love; marriage; the end. Substitute 'boy' for 'girl' and you've pretty much got the premise of Andy Mark Simpson's debut film. You might say that the old stories aren't necessarily the best ones.

Though its background is the 1974 miners' strike that brought down the Heath government, Simpson claims his film is really about the timeless themes of teenage love, friendship and rebellion. His cast of young newcomers turn in some good performances, especially Lyndsey Lennon as Claire, whose girl next door is underplayed enough to seem like the real thing. But often both story and setting fail to convince - despite the swathes of patterned orange wallpaper and brown corduroy. The decision of miner's son Mark to work as a scab to save up to go to art college seems a particularly Thatcherite form of teenage rebellion from a couple of decades later. And while there was certainly a northsouth divide back then, I don't believe provincial girls were all kindhearted innocence and city dwellers had the monopoly on infidelity, cruelty and lust. The supposed culture clash between Londoner Sue and the village drives the narrative, but its ramifications are never explored - certainly no one grows in understanding or changes as a result of the encounter, which makes it seem a bit pointless

In terms of politics, the meetings between Mark and colliery manager Mr Stevenson provide a handy summary of the debate between worker solidarity and individual pragmatism, with Stevenson easily persuading Mark that it's worth betraying his friends in order to get on in the world. Mark's choice of scabbing seems as unlikely and hard to fathom as some of the film's other details: for instance, the 1974 strike ended with the defeat of the Conservative government at the end of February but the story is set in July/August; my memory of 1974 was that grants were generous and only well-off parents were expected to fund their children's education; I believe the relationship between police and picket lines was antagonistic rather than friendly; and even in the rural

SYNOPSIS Barnston, Northumberland, 1974. Miners at the village pit are on strike. Mark, whose father was killed in a mining accident ten years ago, has given up his ambition to go to art college to stay at home with his mother. Girl-next-door Claire, whose father leads the strikers, has won a place at university. Claire has a crush on miner Tony; Mark has a crush on Sue, a Londoner staying with her aunt between school and university. When Sue discovers Mark is an artist she seduces him and they start a relationship.

Claire's parents say they can't afford to send her to university because of the strike. To the disgust of the village, Mark works as a scab to save the money to follow Sue to London and attend art college. Tony tries to have sex with Claire but she realises this is not what she wants.

In the local pub Sue and Mark have a confrontation with Tony and his friends. Just before returning to London Sue tells Mark their relationship won't survive. Claire and Mark argue. Mark goes to London for an interview and stays with Sue; she takes him to a club where she flirts and kisses other boys.

When Mark returns home Tony beats him up for being a scab. Mark is offered a place at art college but hangs up the phone. He and Claire make up and become a couple. She goes to university and he plans to start college the following year.

Bill E. Meeks

friendly miner on bus Wayne Thompson

Billy Fane

Jo Kelly

Graeme Trotter

Craig Rutherford

Brian Hindmarch

blacklegs bus driver

fighting policeman

picketer in orange jacke

allotment chase miner 1 lan 'The Machine'

injured allotment chase

Val Blythe

Dave Ross

Adam Baroni

Jason Savin

Jordy Cernik

Freeman

northeast mothers had long since given up on 'brazen hussy' as a term of abuse for other people's daughters.

In this fairytale world events are signalled well in advance and then recapped to make sure we have understood their significance. Characters are little more than symbols, with Mark depicted as a goody-two-shoes who is enchanted and corrupted before returning to his former self. I think we are meant to warm to him, but for me it was hard going – and like his friends I found his betrayal of their principles hard to believe.

**■ Vicky Wilson** 

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Andy Mark Simpson Produced by Andy Mark Simpson Written by Andy Mark Simpson Director of Photography David Beaumont Editor Mark Waters Production Designer

Richard Reay
Original Music
Robert Owen

©Bede Films Ltd
Production Company
A Bede Films

A Bede Films
production
Associate Producers
Stephen O'Neill
Margaret Pullan
Joyce Spencer
Production

Co-ordinator Graeme Stokoe Accountant Jamie Pullan Assistant Directors Ist: Katy Roberts Stunt Scenes Jack Tarling Casting

Sam Claypole
2nd Unit Camera
Garry Douglass
Additional Editing
Richard Reay
Costume Consultant
Eric Doughney

Make-up Wayne Thompson Faye Garland Elliott Sinclair

Soundtrack
"I Believe That We Can Find a Groove", "Keep Yer Feet Poundin" – James Marsh: "Wor Lass Is a Bonny Lass" – Duncan Stuart, Susan Craven; "Sunshine", "Yeah I Need Your Love" – Beth McDonald, James Marsh: "Animal" "Northem Boy Down Deep South"
Sound Design
Chris McQuillan
Sound Recordists
Garry Allsopp
2nd Unit:
Chris McQuillan

Chris McQuillan
Fight Co-ordinator
Bret Yount

CAST
Andy Black

Thomas Wainright
man talking to Mark in
nightclub
Frances Holland
girl talking to Mark in
nightclub
Andy Black

CAST
Andy Black
Mark Summers
Jennifer Bryden
Sue Proudlock
Lyndsey Lennon
Claire Armstrong
Dorothy Lawrence
Mary Summers
Danny McCready

girl talking to Mark ir
ightclub
Alex Kinsey
man kissing Sue in
nightclub
Heter Michael
McGowan
London barman
Paul Court
art college professor

Danny McCready
Big George Armstrong
Jay Carter
Tony Best
Peter G. Reed
Mr Stevenson
Matthew Brown
Jonta
Fran Biggs
Mrs Jean Tait
Misson
Matthew Brown
Jonta
Mrs Jean Tait
May Cready
Matthew Brown
Jonta
Christine Arksey
Emma Barwell

Mick Barwel

Paul Barwell

Ann Ridley

Margaret Armstrong

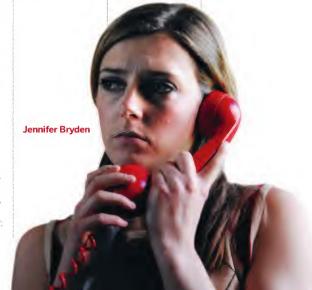
Simon Conroy Christian Davis Andrew Doyle Andrew Edwards Patrick Edwards John Finlayson Dave Furness Christopher Grav John Harland Daniel McCready Jr Anthony Moad Kirsty O'Neil Sarah O'Neil Dennis Pullan Erica Pullan Jamie Pullan Craig Simpson Paul Simpson Elliott Sinclair lan Skinner Kevin Somers Paul Tyrell Emma Whitehall Ian Wiggett Paul Wrightson Shelley Clark Ann Lawrence Claire Lawrence Joan Lowerson Richard Moore Dennis Pullan Margaret Pullan Kath Simpson Paul Simpson Bret Staward Malcolm Staward pub, village hall and streets background

Kevin Bradlev

In Colour [2.35:1]

**Distributor** Bede Films Ltd

8,410 ft +0 frames



## **Your Highness**

USA/Japan/United Kingdom 2010 Director: David Gordon Green With Danny McBride, James Franco, Natalie Portman, Zooey Deschanel Certificate 15 102m 23s

The directorial trajectory of Darren Aronofsky might seem unexpected, given his progress from the shoestring indie grunge of Pi to the lavish melodramatic kitsch of Black Swan (even if certain running themes notably self-destructive monomania are evident). But Aronofsky's progress is a model of predictability beside that of David Gordon Green. His debut feature George Washington (2000) was a languorous, near-plotless film set in the rustbelt North Carolina city of Winston-Salem which turned its quasi-documentary gaze on a group of youngsters (all played by nonprofessionals) whiling away a summer day. In its cool originality, unhurried gentleness and indifference to conventional narrative neatness, it epitomised an appealing style of laidback independent filmmaking. In an interview given at the time of the film's release, Green remarked, "If I ever make anything clever you can shoot me. Incoherent is fine. Clever, who needs it?"

Now, a decade later, Green might need to put the firing squad on speeddial, since his latest film definitely falls into the category of clever - and by no means incoherent. Your Highness is an adult-oriented fantasy film in the tradition of The Princess Bride (1087) and Stardust (2007), but with added raunch it's probably the first Hollywood fantasy movie to include the term "buttfuck". The plot follows the familiar fairytale template of the seemingly useless younger brother who makes good in the end (the Brothers Grimm's 'The Three Feathers' furnishes a classic example) but treated in the Judd Apatow lockerroom mode of 'triumph of the asshole'. The script, co-written by Danny McBride (who also plays the slobbish Prince Thadeous), works in gags about penises, masturbation, child abuse, genital warts, bestiality and the aforementioned anal sex, along with a few rude puns: a disreputable tavern is named the Horse Piss (read 'hospice') Inn. The cast are evidently enjoying themselves: McBride of course is in his element, James Franco sends up his clean-cut image as heroic elder brother Prince Fabious, and after the rigours of Black Swan, Natalie Portman relaxes into the less demanding role of invincible warrior-maiden Isabel. Justin Theroux visibly relishes his turn as über-baddie Leezar, casually plucking a passing Tinkerbell-style fairy out of the air to pull off its wings before crunching it up and sniffing it like a line of coke.

Green directs with wit and pace, paying enough attention to the play of relationships to ensure that the elaborate special effects never entirely take over. To be fair, after the witless stoner-fest of 2008's Pineapple Express (which also featured Franco and McBride), Your Highness marks a step



My aim is true: Natalie Portman

back up in Green's filmography, and if appealing to the brighter end of the frat-boy market was the aim, he's probably dead on target. But it's hard not to regret the fresh, offbeat promise that was shown in the limpid vision of George Washington. 🍑 Philip Kemp

#### CREDITS

Directed by David Gordon Green Produced by Scott Stube Written by Danny R. McRride Ben Best Director of Photography Edited by Craig Alper Production Designer Mark Tildesley Music Steve Jablonsky

@Universal Studios

**Production Companies** presents a Stuber Pictures production Produced with the support of financial incentives provided by Northern Ireland Screen In association with Dentsu Inc. Northern Ireland Production Services Generator Entertainment

Executive Producers Danny McBride Andrew Z. Davis Jonathan Mone Mark Huffam

Unit Production Managers Peter McAleese Andrew 7 Davis Production Manager 2nd Unit: Donald Sahourin Production Supervisor 2nd Unit Production Co-ordinator Financial Controller Andy Henn Location Manager Production Consultant 2nd Unit Director Assistant Directors 1st: Chris Newman 2nd: Richard Goodwin 2nd Unit 1st: Terry Madden 2nd: Terence Madden Script Supervisors

Co-producer Peter McAlees

2nd Unit Lynda Marshall Casting Aerial Director of Photography 2nd Unit: John Marzano Camera Operators A: Gerry Vasbenter R: Mark Milsome A: Fraser Taggart B: Peter Field Gaffers Steve Costello 2nd Unit: Martin Smith A Camera Grip Rupert Lloyd Parry 2nd Unit Key Grip John Flemmin Visual Effects Superviso Mike McGee Producer: Gary Thorn Animation/Visual Effects by

**SYNOPSIS** The legendary kingdom of Morne. Prince Fabious returns in triumph with his knights from a quest against the sorcerer Leezar, bringing with him a young woman named Belladonna, whom he freed from the sorcerer and wants to marry. His father the king receives him joyfully and preparations for the wedding begin. Fabious asks his lazy, dissolute younger brother Thadeous to be his best man – arousing the jealousy of Boremont, leader of his knights. On the day of the wedding, Leezar appears, overpowers Fabious and the knights with his magic, and abducts Belladonna.

The king orders Thadeous to accompany his brother on the quest to rescue Belladonna, on pain of banishment. Thadeous resentfully agrees, and the princes set out with the knights, Thadeous's squire Courtney and courtier Julie. They visit an ancient wizard who gives Fabious a magic compass and tells him to find the Blade of Unicorn, the only weapon that can kill Leezar, in the labyrinth of Maldestartin. It turns out that Julie and the knights have gone over to Leezar. The princes and Courtney narrowly escape, only to be trapped by female warriors ruled by Marteetee, who pits them in gladiatorial combat against his champion. Fabious kills the champion, but Marteetee conjures up a hydra-headed monster. It's slain

by mysterious warrior-maiden Isabel, who also kills Marteetee.

Isabel seduces Thadeous into revealing their quest and makes off with the compass. The three proceed to Maldestartin, where Fabious is captured by the knights and taken to Leezar's tower. Thadeous and Courtney track down Isabel; she tells them she too wants revenge on Leezar. Together they enter the labyrinth, where Thadeous finds the Blade of Unicorn and kills the guardian minotaur. Leezar is preparing to kill Fabious and rape Belladonna when Thadeous, Isabel and Courtney arrive, free Fabious and in an epic battle kill Leezar, Julie and the knights. Thadeous bids Isabel a sad farewell.

Back in Morne, the wedding of Fabious and Belladonna is celebrated. Isabel appears and tells Thadeous that she loves him, but that a witch's curse has locked her into a chastity belt. He sets off with her on a quest to kill the witch.

Visual Effects by Special Effects 2nd Unit Special Effects Creature Effects Created by Spectral Motion, Inc. Additional Editor Supervising Art Director Art Directors Tom McCullagh Paul Kirby Set Decorator Art Director Set Decorator Concept Artists Norman Walshe Peter Popken Production Buvers Shane Bunting Alice Felton Property Master David Balfour Construction Co-ordinator Brian Martin Construction Manager Tom Martin Costume Designer Hazel Wehh-Costume Supervisors Rachael Webb-Crozier Mark Ferguson Armour: Simon Brindle 2nd Unit: David Crais Make-up Designe Tina Earnshav Key Make-up Pamela Smyth Key Make-up Artist Creature/Make-up Effects Designed by Mike Elizalde Key Hair Designer 2nd Unit Key Hairdresse Main/End Titles Opticals Score Conducted by Orchestrations Penka Kouneva Geoff Stradling Frank Macchia Soundtrack "Tanz Nachtanz", "La Volta", "Propinan de melyor", "Courente" -arranged by Paul Englishby; "Julie's Lute", "Isabel's Panflute" by Paul Englishby; "Greatest Quest": "Horse Piss Choreographer Production Sound Mixer Chris Gebert 2nd Unit Sound Mixer Re-recording Mixers Chris Jenkins Frank A. Montaño Supervising Sound Editors

CAST Danny McBride James Franco Natalie Portman Zooey Deschanel Justin Theroux Toby Jones Charles Dance Ring Tallious

Damian Lewis Rasmus Hardiker Simon Farnaby Deobia Oparei BJ Hogg royal adviser Matyelok Gibbs Angela Pleasence Anna Barry Amber Anderson Stuart Loveridge skinny prison John Fricker Rupert Davis Julian Rhind-Tutt warlock Mario Torres Great Wize wize Noah Huntley head knight Ben Wright Dastardly Susie Kelly Roma Tomelty **Brigid Erin Bates** Eilish Doran Rene Greig Kiran Shah timest one Simon Cohen the Barbarian Graham Hughes dwarf king Zhaidarbek Junguzhinov Nurlan Altayev David Garrick Daronius the S Dorian Dixon Darren Thompson David Thompson Brian Steele minotaur performer Ben Willbond Phil Holden

dwarf executi Chris Burke Sinead Burke Tobias Winter Timotay, dungeon Paige Tyler pale-skinned beauty Rhian Sugden Amii Grove Madison Welch Iga Wyrwal Charles Shaughnessy narrator/Soul of the

Dolby Digital/DTS/ SDDS In Colour T2.35:11

Distributor

Darren King Yann Delpuech

Paul Herbert

Horse Master

Heman Ortiz

2nd Unit:

Rob Inch

Stunt Co-ordinators

9,214 ft +8 frames

#### **CREDITS UPDATE**

The reviews of these films were published in April issue but unfortunately credits were unavailable at the time of going to press. We are still waiting for credits for The Company Men, The Dilemma and Waiting for "Superman"

#### **All American Orgy**

USA 2010 Certificate 18 98m 19s

#### **CREDITS** Directed by

Produced by James Bruce Brent Caballero Written by Director of Photography Dave McFarland Edited by **Production Designer** 

©Camp Ranch Production Production Company Finish Films Executive Produce Todd Gilbert

Co-executive Producer Daniel Lev Production Accountant Post-production

Supervisor Jerry Gilber Assistant Directors 1st: Ben Ledoux 2nd: Sean O'Reagar Script Supervisor

Stacey England Gaffer Ian McGlockin Key Grip Visual Effects

Supervisor Art Director Robert Savina Wardrobe

Katherine Wade Key Hair/Make-up Hair/Make-up

Dwight Dug Soundtrack "Nama Numa" "Whatever", "Rocky Balboy", "Do What You Do" - Mookie, "Take It Back" - Pink Nasty, Steve Squire, Jeremy Sidener; "Black Santa" - Kid Congo and the Pink Monkey Birds; "Wash It Down Good" – Ryder McNair; "Rhythm and Soul" - Spoon: Götterdämmerung Funeral March" by Richard Wagner; "La Traviata - Prelude to Act l" by Giuseppe Verdi; "Prelude and Liebestod" Isolde" by Richard Wagner; "Fuck All Nite" - Black Nasty, Pink Nasty, Steve Squire Sound Mixers

Michael Russo Jiles Gehbauer Sound Re-recording Mixer/Supervising Sound Editor

CAST Laura Silverman Adam Busch Aimee Lynn Chadwick Jordan Kessler Gordon Yasmine Kittles Ted Beck Edrick Browne

Marcus Bennett Brent Caballero Adriene Collins

T2.35:17

Distributor Metrodome Distribution

8,848 ft +4 frames

LIS feetivals title **Cummings Farm** 

#### **Arthur and the Great Adventure**

France 2009 & 2010 Certificate PG 107m 14s

#### **CREDITS** A film by

Screenplay/Dialogue Based upon the film Arthur and the Invisibles/Arthur et les Minimoys written by Luc Besson, Céline Garcia, based on a universe by Patrice Garcia Director of Photography hierry Arbogast Editing

**Production Designer** Composed, Arranged and Produced by ©EuropaCorp. TF1

Films, Apipoulaï Prod, Avalanche Productions **Production Companies** EuropaCorp presents a EuropaCorp production in co-production with TF1 Films Production. Apipoulaï Prod and Avalanche Productions with the participation of Canal+ In association with Sofica EuropaCorp With the support of Région Île-de-France In partnership with CNC

- Centre national de la cinématographie Associate Producer Unit Production Manager

David Deshaves Production Managers Camille Courau

Leïla Smith Project Manager Fannie Pailloux Production

Co-ordinator Live Action Photography: Fanny Bessor

Production Accountants Live Action Photography Romain Benoist

Claude Dallet Post-production

2nd Unit Directors Photography Stéphane Glück Reshoots: Éric Boiss

Set Direction English Voices: Barbara Weber Scaff French Voices: Fannie Pailloux

Assistant Directors 1st: Stéphane Glück Live Action Photography 2nd: Vanessa Dijar 1st: Fannie Pailloux

2nd: Sandie Louit VMC Shoot 1st: David Deshaves Script Girl Live Action Photography/VMC Shoot: Mali Cilla

Live Action Photography Casting France: Swan Pham UK

Gail Stevens Todd Thaler Reshoots Director

of Photography Vincent Richa Steadicam Operators Live Action Photography

Loïc Andrieu Reshoots: Mathieu Caudroy Electrician Chief aurent Hériti

Electrician Gaffers Reshoots William Gally Roland Dondin

Key Grip erre Mas

CG Animation, Images and Effects **CG Animation Design** Visual Effects

Sequences Supervisors Clément Renaudir Nolwenn Rimbault Mickaël Girod Sébastien Vergnon Romain Bavent Xavier André

Audrey Ferrara
On-set Visual Effects Supervisors Photography: Christophe Bernard Laurent Paniss Benoit Houtin

Video Capture Camera Operators/Visual Effects Photographers Florent Chedreau Gaspard Audouin Edgar Becourt Thomas Busuttil

Joseph Crosland Arthur Fevrier Souleymanne Dicko Thomas Fontaine Emmanuel Paulin Dennis Schultz 3D Special Effects Supervisor Arash Habibi

Freddie

Highmore

Matte Superviso Rami Hage

Sequence Supervisors Thibault Debeurme Ludovic Chailloleau Frédéric Barbe Fabrice Lacroix John Hreich Aline Lemaire Isabelle Perin-Leduc Clément Richard Frédéric Boulin Mourad Simoussa

Lead Animators Julien Belloteau Cédric De La Forest Divonne Damien Zeelen Fabien Le Gal Jérôme Rouvelet Rémi Martin Richard Villatobas Marc Phoutharath Emmanuel Margoux Julien Aullas Nicolas Candido Bruno Etchepare Benjamin Mulot Ekkarat Rodthong Thomas Devorsine Yann Lagoutte

Julien Bolhach

Julien Buisseret

Sébastien Come

Sylvain Crombet

Pascal Etangsale

Alexandre Lagallarde

Aurelien Faure

Yoël Godo

Benort Delozier

Boris Duong

Antoine Deschamps

Anne Coulet

Restore Supervisor **CG Lighting** Guillaume Desbois Senior CG Artists Supervisor Raphaël Zito Chadi Abo Christophe Andréi Textures/Mapping Supervisor: Sébastien Tricoire Xavier Allard Nicolas Chevallier Co-supervisors: Frédéric Barbe Olivier Prigent Djelloul Bekri Frédéric Fourie Herve Barbereau CG Set Supervisor Florent Cadel Anne-Sophie Bertrand

CG Set Co-supervisors Anne Sophie Palermo Grégory Ginsburge François Bonniere Stéphane Bourdageau Consulting Supervisor

Hannibal-Vladımir

Nicolas Schneider

Poenaru Francis Polve

Sylvain Potel

Olivier Prigent David Verbeke

Mathilde Tolled

Fabien Paillisse

Christophe Zito

Special Effects Jean-Baptiste Bonetto Producer: Yves Domenioud Computer Graphics Patrick Clerc Charlie Clerc

Mickaël Goussard Model Making SvIvain Gremion Baptiste Henry Location Production Thibaut Bunoust Managers

Tristan Hocquet Evelyne Tissandier Jeff D'Izarny François Jumel Abdelnabi Krouchi Model Makers: Christianne Lohezic Jean Louis Kalifa John Lagache Jean-Christophe Fabrice Lagayette Leblanc Laurent Blas Olivier Corbex Hervé Thouement Grégory Lanfranchi Yann Le Corre Jean-Louis Lebreton Catherine Chia-Ying Lee Brigitte James Renard Natacha Leroux Valérie Bertoux Anthony Lyant Anh-Tu Mai Bruno Dubois Olivier Diacci Christophe Moreau Alex Maugé Eddy Moussa Anne Dolet Thierry Nguyen Nicolas Maillard Vincent Gazier Bruno Guillemet Loris Paillie

Marie Barthes Samuelle Sommier Caroline Choine Alice Auboiron Véronique Mallaval Set Decorators Françoise Doré Sabine Delouvrier

Alain Pitrel Props VMC Shoot: Carole Poitou Eric Blanchard

Construction Supervisor Pierre Battaïa Wardrobe Chief

Photography: Corinne Bruand Wardrobe Live Action Photography Capucine Martin

Camille loste Lorenzo Mancianti Head Make-up Artist Live Action

Photography lorence Batteault Make-up Artist

Live Action Photography Aya Yabuuchi

Live Action
Photography Special
Effects Make-up

Supervisor: Jean-Chnstophe Spadaccini Artists: Guy Bonnel Sébastien Imart Geoffroy Felley Frédéric Laine Christophe Chabenet Denis Gastou Chief Hair Stylist

Live Action Photography: Fric Rodhain

Hair Stylists Photography: Laurence Boulet Alexandra Bredin Joëlle Tanca ngélina Poteloin Mélanie Gerbeaux

Symphonic Parts Performed by Symphonic Conducted

Eric Serra All Other Parts Performed on the X-Plorer Starship by Programming by: Eric Serra Orchestrations Music Supervisor Alexandre Mahout Soundtrack
"Ride of the Valkyries" by Richard Wagn Past the Point"; "I Just Wanna Say" – Inès Sawsen; "Still D.R.E." – Dr. Dré featuning Snoop Dogg; "Hot Liquorice" "Need 4 Speed"; "La Peche aux moules";
"Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Jane Taylor; "Piano Sonata no.11 (alla Turca)", "Eine kleine Nacht Music (A Little Night Music)" by Wolfgang Arnadeus Mozart; "Let's Get It Started" - Maxime Lebidois & Maxime Pinto aka the M&M's, Sydney Benichou; "The Imperial March" by John

T. Williams; "Rebel Rebel" – Darkos (Iggy Pop) Sound Design Guillaume Bouchateau

Production Sound Mixers Martin Boissau Reshoots: Lucien Ralihar

Sound Mixing Stunt Co-ordinators

Equestrian: Mario Luraschi

Jean-Claude Lagniez

#### CAST

Freddie Highmore Mia Farrow Ronald Leroy Crawford

Robert Stanton Armand, Arthur's father Penny Balfour Arthur's mother Richard William Davis

Jean Betote Njamba Valery Koko Kingue Abdou Diire Bienvenue Kindoki Laurent Mendy

Ibrahima Traore Aba Koita Steve Routman

David Gasman Cooper Daniels

George Lucas Norman Stokle Stuart Rudin

#### **CREDITS UPDATE**

James Angelo Baffico Dashiell Harmon Eaves Joseph Rezwin Stephen Shagov

Stephen Croce Antony Hickling Lee De Long

Alan Fairbairn pump attendant Peter Hudson ral Montgomery Cyril Descours Officer Connelly

voices of Freddie Highmore Arthur Selena Gomez

Lou Reed Iggy Pop Snoop Dog

Will.I.Am Stacy Ferguson Douglas Rand

David Gasman the king/Bogo chief Allan Wegner mono cyclop/Di Vinci Barbara Weber Scaff rlanapple Jerry Di Giacomo uitto/guard

Paul Bandey Leslie Clack the ferryman/translator Matthew Géczy

Dominic Gould Jesse Joe Tercelin Kirtley Jeffrey Bracco

Nathan Rippy Robert Burns

commande Jodi Forrest Mrs Springler Lee Delong Matthew Géczy Mike Powers graffiti artısts Paul Bandey Robert Burns Andy Chase Lee Delong Jodi Forrest David Gasman

Jerry Di Giacomo Matthew Géczy Dominic Gould Barry Johnson Tercelin Kirtley Nathan Rippy Michael Robinson Stephen Shagov Jimmy Shuman Jesse Joe Walsh Barbara Weber-Scaff Christian Erickson

Christine Flowers Alexis Kendrick Christian Merret Palmair

Matthew Gonder

video photography cast Douglas Rand Régis Royer Tonio Descanvelle Philippe Sax Tonio Descanvelle

Agnès Delachair Boris Vigneron Seides/ferryman Matthew Gonder Boris Vigneron

Maya Gueritte Emmanuelle Moreau Douglas Rand Philippe Sax Alain Ftoundi

Fabien Christine Venus McGomis Mahamadou Coulibaly

video photography cast for clip/end credits
Mathias Malzieu Éric Serra-Tosio Elisabet Ferrer Guillaume Garidel

Dolby Digital/DTS **[2.35:1]** 

Distributor Entertainment Film Distributors Ltd

9.651 ft +11 frames

This film is a re-edit, for UK release, of Arthur et la vengeance de Maltazard/ Arthur and the Revenge of Maltazard@2009 and Arthur 3 La Guerre des Deux Mondes/Arthur Worlds@2010

#### **Cave of Forgotten Dreams**

Chauvet Cave

Julien Monney

Michel Philippe

artist, archaeologist Carole Fritz

Dominique Baffier

Nicholas Conard

archaeologist, curator of

archaeologist, University

Valérie Feruglio

archaeologis

f Tübing

Maria Malina

archaeological

perimental

Maurice Maurin

narrated by Werner Herzog

Part-subtitled

Distributor

Picturehouse

Entertainment

8,103 ft +0 frames

In Colour

[1.85:1]

echnician

Gilles Tosello

Jean-Michel Geneste

Director of the Chauvet

earch Project

Canada/USA/France/UK 2010 Certificate U 90m 2s

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Produced by Erik Nelson Written by Director of Photography Edited by Maya Hawke Music Ernst Reiseger

©Creative Differences Productions, Inc.
Production Companies History Films presents a Creative Differences production A film by Werner Herzog Produced in association with More4 Produced in Partnership with The French Ministry of Culture and Communication With the participation of Conseil Général de l'Ardèche, Syndicat Mixte de l'Espace d Restitution de la Grotte Chauvet, Région Rhône

Executive Producers for Creative Differences: Dave Harding for History Films: Julian P Hobbs David McKillop Molly Thompson in France: Le Cinquieme Rêve Co-producers

Judith Thurman Amy Briamonte Phil Fairclough Commissioning Editors, Channel 4 Tabitha lacksor Hamish Mykura

Associate Producers Nicolas Zunino Alain Zenou Accounting Bill Hayes Hong La

Supervising Producer Post-production 3D Systems Design Kaspar Kallas Stereographer Stereoscopic 3D Consultants

Dave Blackham Espot Film Motion Graphics 3D Animation

José Péral Serge Valcke Production Sound Post-production Mixer

WITH Jean Clottes

former Head of Scientific Research **Drive Angry** 

USA 2010 Certificate 18 104m 12s

#### **CREDITS**

Directed by Produced by Michael De Luca Producers Adam Fields Written by Todd Farmer Patrick Lussier Director of Photography Brian F Edited by

Production Designer Nathan Amondson Music by/Score Produced by/Guitars and Solo Strings

Michael Wandmacher

@M4 Films Inc **Production Companies** Millennium Films presents a Michael De Luca Production and a Nu Image production in association with Saturn

A film by Patrick Lussier **Executive Producers** Boaz Davidson Joe Gatta Avi Lernei Danny Dimbort Trevor Short

Co-producers Zach Schiff-Abrams Unit Production

Manager Ed Cathell III Production Supervisor Production Co-ordinator Stacy Parke **Production Controller** Location Manager Post-production

Supervisor 2nd Unit Director Assistant Directors 1st: Steve Danton 2nd: Janell Sammelman 2nd Unit 1st: Juan Mas

2nd: Adam C. Boyd Script Supervisors Christine Lalande 2nd Unit: K Lynn Martin Casting

Nancy Navor

Nancy Navor Louisiana: Rvan Glorioso 3D Stereographer 2nd Unit

Stereographer David 'Mickey' Taylor Camera Operators A: David Crone B: Adam S. Ward 2nd Unit

B: Adam S. Ward Steadicam Operator

Chief Lighting 'Final Hour Blues"; Technicians "F\*\*k the Pain Away" – Peaches: "Laser Love" – T. Rex: "Sandman" – Max Pomerleau 2nd Unit: Jamie Moreno Key Grips Smith 2nd Unit: Ferrell A. Shinnick The Raveonettes; Visual Effects Things Bright and Supervisor Glenn Neufeld Visual Effects by Action: "Stone in My Hand" - Everlast Additional: 'Amazing Grace' Creative Dataworks, Inc. GodKiller Designed/ Created by - Weston Ca Sound Designer Steve 'Falco Art Director Set Designer Sound Mixer

Property Masters Editor

Construction Co-ordinator Jerry G. Henery Costume Designer Mary E. McLeod Costume Supervisor Andrée Fortie Department Head

Set Decorator

2nd Unit:

of Make-up Kristina Voge Key Make-up Artist Special Make-up Effects Designed/ Created by

Gary J. Tunnicliffe Two Hours in the Dark, Make-up Effects Designer: Gary J. Tunnicliffe Puppeteers: Gary J. Tunnicliffe Mike Jay Regan

Solina Tabrizi Key Hair Stylist Main/End Titles Designed by Orchestrations

Department Head

Susie Renchasil Seiter Music Supervisor Soundtrack 'Raise a Little Hell" -Trooper: "Wrong Path":

**Nicolas Cage** 

Robbyn Kırmssé; "I Like to Rock" – April Wine; "You Want the Candy" Answer" - UNKLE: "All Beautiful": "That's the Way I Like It" – Easy "Alive" – Mark Campbell; "Drive Angry" Re-recording Mixers

Tom 'Cougar' Johnson Juan 'Charger' Peralta Supervising Sound Robert 'Chopper' Shoup Stunt Co-ordinators Johnny Martin 2nd Unit: Johnny Martin Oakley Lehman

CAST

Nicolas Cage John Milton Amber Heard William Fichtner The Accountant
Billy Burke Jonah King David Morse Charlotte Ross Christa Campbell Tom Atkins Katy Mixon Jack McGee Todd Farmer Frank, Piper's boyfriend Wanetah Walmsley

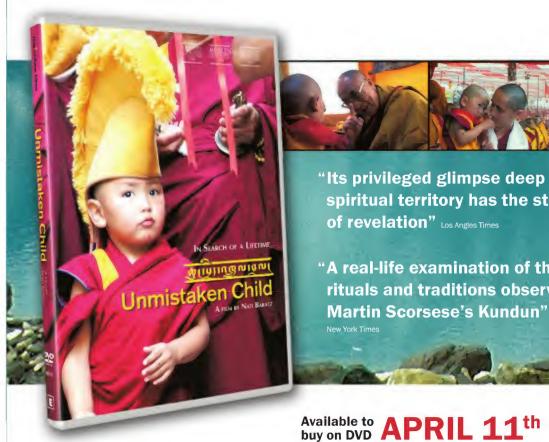
American Indian mother Robin McGee guy with carnera phone

Fabian Moreno Edrick Browne Marc Macaulay Pruitt Taylor Vince Julius Washington uniformed officer
Jamie Teer Bryan Massey trooper 1 Tim Walter trooper 2 Kent Jude Bernard Brent Henry Gerry May ews reporter 1 Sherri Talley TV female news reporter 2
Arianne Martin (older) Con Schell fucking driver Nick Gomez fucking middle Joe Chrest Oakley Lehman cultist with iron pipe Thirl R. Haston cultist with sickle Jake Brake cultist with machete
Tim J. Smith cultist with hatchet Jeff Dashnaw cowboy with cattle prod Tim Trella cultist with sledge James Hebert man in leather jacket Kenneth Wayne Bradley Kendrick Hudson Michael Papajohn tattooed guy April Littlejohn Henry M. Kingi Simona Williams lady in leopard skin Shelby Swatek truck-driving woman Kimberly Shannon Murphy girl in Morgan Dolby Digital/DTS

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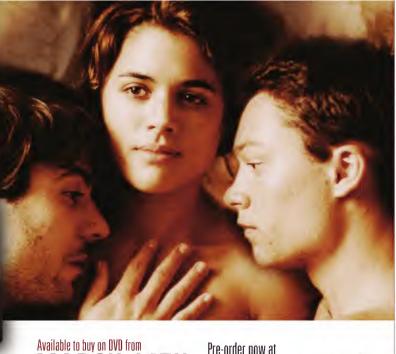
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#### **CLOSE-UP**

# The art of Michelangelo

Even in his earliest films, Antonioni reveals himself to be one of cinema's modern masters, says **Michael Brooke** 

#### La signora senza camelie

Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy 1953; Eureka/Masters of Cinema/Region B (Blu-ray)/Region 2 (DVD); Certificate PG; 102 minutes (Blu-ray)/98 minutes (DVD); Aspect Ratio 1.37:1; Features: Gabe Klinger introduction, trailer, booklet

#### Le amiche

Michelangelo Antonioni; Italy 1955; Eureka/Masters of Cinema/Region B (Blu-ray)/Region 2 (DVD); Certificate PG; 106 minutes (Blu-ray)/102 minutes (DVD); Aspect Ratio 1.37:1; Features: Gabe Klinger introduction, trailer, booklet

Even though his reputation as one of cinema's great modern masters has been established for more than half a century, the films of Michelangelo Antonioni's first decade as a feature filmmaker remain comparatively sidelined when set against his 1960s and 1970s output. This can partly be blamed on patchy distribution - although 'Le amiche' ('The Girlfriends') was the first of his films to open commercially in Britain (in 1959) and 'La signora senza camelie' ('The Lady Without Camelias') played in BBC2's 'Cinema 625' slot (in 1965), they never had much of a repertory life, and this turns out to be their British video debuts.

Antonioni's third feature chronologically (albeit the second to open in Italy following censorship-related delays to 'I vinti'), 1953's 'La signora senza camelie' can superficially be seen as a precursor to Truffaut's 'Day for Night' (1973) in its entertainingly satirical look at the machinations behind the commercial Italian film industry. Clara Manni (Lucía Bosé) is elevated from shopgirl to starlet as she inadvertently catches the popular taste for lightly eroticised melodramas. but proves unable to measure up to her producer-husband Gianni's desire that she set her sights higher - largely because his crude notion of 'great art' is to have her emoting in costume as Joan of Arc to an understandably indifferent audience. Small wonder that she flees the cinema into the arms of the diplomat Nardo (Ivan Desny), though his view of her is also based more around her image (as an actress, or symbol of glamour) than the woman herself.

At this point it becomes clear that the film-industry setting is merely a conveniently familiar backdrop for what we can now read as a quintessentially Antonioniesque exploration of a woman's psychological divorce from the social and cultural norms dictated by her circumstances – in this case, plucked from obscurity to a life of haute bourgeois luxury that she hasn't been trained to



From shopgirl to starlet: Lucia Bosé in 'La signora senza camelie

#### It's fascinating to see how close he had already come to his mature style

appreciate. She's forced to perform just as much when the camera is switched off, especially in the toe-curling scene in which Gianni (Andrea Checchi) announces her engagement to her parents, as big a surprise to Clara as it is to them. It's fascinating to see how close Antonioni had already come to his mature style, with his eye for the expressive possibilities of modernist architecture (and de Chirico-like spaces within that architecture) already almost fully formed.

'Le amiche', adapted from a novella by Cesare Pavese by Antonioni and two distinguished female screenwriters (Suso Cecchi d'Amico and Alba de Céspedes), also draws on popular melodramatic forms – indeed, a bald synopsis of its



Sex and the city, Italian-style: 'Le amiche'

account of the travails and romances of a group of five female friends could almost be mistaken for a 'Sex and the City' flick. It was criticised at the time for being excessively novelettish (much more than Pavese's spare original), though each of its various social and romantic encounters adds up to a complex anatomisation of the peculiar ennui experienced by the isolated rich and a guide to the 'social diplomacy' that Clelia (Eleonora Rossi Drago) needs to recognise in an unfamiliar environment. Like Clara in the earlier film, she has risen through the social ranks, though in her case it is under her own steam as a self-made businesswoman recently relocated to Turin to open a branch of her fashion boutique.

She first encounters her future friends when one of them, Rosetta (Madeleine Fischer), attempts suicide in an adjacent hotel room - an early warning to Clelia and viewer alike, Momina (Yvonne Furneaux) has little interest in her husband beyond his financing of her lifestyle (there are plenty of other distractions during his business-related absences), while the vain, superficial Mariella (Anna Maria Pancani) seems interested only in pure hedonism. Ceramicist Nene (Valentina Cortese) is affianced to the painter Lorenzo (Gabriele Ferzetti), whose attempt at capturing the unstable Rosetta on canvas leads to an inevitably doomed affair. Though notionally the most level-headed of the quintet, Clelia herself struggles with her feelings for her assistant Carlo (Ettore Manni): she's

sophisticated enough to recognise that her superior social and professional class shouldn't be a barrier but nonetheless feels that their relationship lacks anything beyond the attractively superficial (Nene and Lorenzo have similar concerns when her creative career outpaces his). Far talkier than most of Antonioni's other films, 'Le amiche' nonetheless clearly indicates his future path: an extraordinarily nuanced and suggestive scene involving multiple meetings on an otherwise deserted beach signposts 'L'avventura' five years later.

**Eureka's Masters of Cinema offshoot** has already released two superb Antonioni DVDs, 'Il grido' (1957) and 'La notte' (1961), but these dual-format releases (that is, a Blu-ray and DVD in the same box) raise the bar even higher and emphasise how invaluable the high-definition treatment can be to films that have such a keen eve for surface tactility. The lustrous blackand-white photography of the earlier film looks almost lab-fresh, and while 'Le amiche' shows more signs of wear, it too is a marked improvement on all previous small-screen releases, benefiting from the Cineteca del Comune di Bologna's 2008 restoration. Both get very similar extras in the form of video discussions by Gabe Klinger, original theatrical trailers and the usual hefty booklets compiling archival reviews, interviews and correspondence, the most rewarding of which is Antonioni's soul-searching reply to Italo Calvino's criticisms of 'Le amiche'.

#### **NEW RELEASES**

#### The Beyond

Lucio Fulci; Italy 1981; Arrow Video/ Region-free Blu-ray, Region O DVD; Certificate 18; 88 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1; Features: introduction, audio commentaries, interviews, featurettes, alternative pre-credits sequence, trailer, booklet

Film: Though lauded by genre fans, the grotesquely violent and unabashedly misogynist horror films of Roman director Lucio Fulci (1927-1996) have tended to be dismissed by critics bound to orthodox notions of 'good taste'. Nonetheless, with high-profile figures such as Guillermo Del Toro and Quentin Tarantino repeatedly citing his influence, and an ever-growing appetite for his movies among cult-film audiences, Fulci's stock continues to rise.

Derided by one prominent critic as "shamelessly artless" on its 1981 British theatrical release, The Beyond now enjoys the reputation of being exemplary Italian horror, and probably the director's most fully realised work. Featuring an underdeveloped plot in which a New Orleans hotel is found to be built on one of the seven gateways to hell, The Beyond sees Fulci eschewing conventional narrative cohesion and instead embracing a stylistically accomplished, surreal mode of filmmaking in which gruesome set pieces segue into oneiric passages of 'pure cinema'. Fulci creates a fragmented nightmare within which crumbling zombies shuffle, eyes are gouged out, throats are torn and faces melted with acid. The Beyond is memorable for these bravura scenes of violence and surrealism, but also for Fulci's original depiction of New Orleans, Fabio Frizzi's haunting score and Sergio Salvati's baroque scope cinematography. Disc: Arrow's Blu-ray presentation contains a high level of detail and preserves the grain inherent in the 2-perf Techniscope film format. The transfer is slightly brighter than on previous DVD editions. Strangely, the sepia-tinted pre-credits sequence is presented in black and white. (JB)

#### **Blood Simple**

Zhang Yimou; China 2009; Momentum/ Region 2; Certificate 12; 86 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1 anamorphic

Film: Not a publishing glitch: Zhang Yimou really did shoot a remake of the Coen Brothers' 1984 debut, letting his hair down after a decade of gigantism culminating in the Beijing Olympic ceremonies. As with Gus Van Sant's Psycho (1998) and Tom Savini's Night of the Living Dead (1990), familiarity with the original boosts enjoyment as Zhang cleaves limpet-like to the Coens' core narrative, including the concluding water droplet (heavyhandedly CGI-enhanced here). But there are differences galore in the treatment: eerily hill-spiked red widescreen landscapes make a compellingly surreal backdrop for the convoluted burial shenanigans; the character previously played by a sweaty,



Dark Star John Carpenter's debut has worn its four decades remarkably well. If Samuel Beckett ever saw it he'd have recognised a kindred spirit

garrulous M. Emmet Walsh is now a near-silent, unnervingly expressionless killer; and the treatment of the central marital triangle (and a typically brilliant use of colour) is a nostalgic reminder that Zhang once made Ju Dou (1990). But the most memorable elements are Zhang's own: a dazzlingly choreographed noodle preparation sequence, the abacus-based safe lock, and a comic subplot about two disgruntled workers which turns abruptly to horror as one gets caught up in the main narrative mechanics. It's hardly a masterpiece but it's more fun than most remakes: small wonder the Coens sent Zhang a thank-you letter. Disc: A fine transfer, although there are no extras. (MB)



Last stop: 'The Elephant Will Never Forget'

#### **Dark Star**

John Carpenter; US 1974; Fabulous Films/ Region 2; Certificate PG; 70/83 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1 anamorphic; Features: documentary, Andrew Gilchrist commentary, Alan Dean Foster and Brian Narelle interviews, 3D Dark Star tour, trivia, trailer

Film: Hooking up with old flames is a perilous undertaking, as true of films as it is of people. Happily, John Carpenter and Dan O'Bannon's micro-budget debut has worn its four decades remarkably well (better, in truth, than many of his later films). Much of this tale of terminally bored astronauts blowing up unstable planets to aid colonisation missions is still genuinely funny, though its cheeky nose-thumbing to the then recent 2001: A Space Odyssey is parallelled by a similarly palpable sense of loneliness and insignificance in a pitilessly vast universe – if Samuel Beckett ever saw it he'd have recognised a kindred spirit, especially when the computerised bomb reaches its literally devastating conclusion through the application of ruthless logic. Discs: Like the film, this two-disc 'Hyperdrive Edition' was clearly a labour of love, offering two separate cuts (though not the original 45-minute student version), a two-hour retrospective documentary, a commentary by an unnervingly obsessive but hugely knowledgeable fan, and much more besides. Technical standards are as high as the 16mm source material permits, and a visible advance on earlier editions. (MB)

#### A Day in the Life

John Krish; UK 1953-64; BFI dual format/ Region 0; Certificate E; 90 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: 'I Want to Go to School, 'Mr Marsh Comes to School, interview with director at BFI Southbank, essay booklet

Film: One of the considerable bonuses of the BFI's laudable exhumation of the British sponsored film has been a reappraisal of Krish's work. These four documentaries are among his finest, showing off the controlled eloquence, technical virtuosity and sheer humanity he brought to his commissioned short films. His best-known work. The Elephant Will Never Forget, a Cockney crammed 11-minute elegy for the London trams scrapped in 1952, made with 'stolen' film stock expressly against the producer's wishes, is atypically sentimental but potently nostalgic. The doomed trams glide like liners through the night, before their burning hulks form an elephants' graveyard, while a music-hall ditty hymns the joy of "riding on top of the car".

By 1961, the affecting NSPCC fundraising film They Took Us to the Sea had achieved Krish's characteristic balance of clarity and compassion forbidden to show cruelty to children, it signals deprivation through the hungry gazes and hungry mouths of Birmingham urchins agog at the delights of Weston-super-Mare. There's the merest whiff of Free Cinema (about which Krish airs trenchant views in the extras) in the shots glued to their antics, but Jack Beaver's mutable score and the skilful contrasts of paddling pleasure versus lobbing bricks on Brummie bombsites illustrate Krish's deftness at using classical techniques to infuse his sponsor's message with social commentary. Our School (1962), an NUT-sponsored 'day in the life' of a Hertfordshire secondary modern, is a harder sell for those not entranced by Krish's constructed scenes of Brylcreemed teens shepherded through vocational classes, or by his earnest, homiletic narration. However, I Think They Call Him John (1964), a desperately moving portrait of the Sunday chores of a retired miner, uses a masterly combination of slow pacing, beautifully framed shots and spare and thoughtful narration ("The old are an army of strangers we have no intention of joining") to tease out a life story from his memorabilia and create a portrait of the loneliness of old age.

There's an awful poignancy in watching all four films, products of hope-filled Boom Britain, full of bright new schools and appeals to "interpret each child for what he is, and what he can become", just as Bust Britain is briskly rolling up the welfare state and reality TV immolates its last vestiges of social responsibility. Is there any chance that the Big Society will give rise to documentaries that are half as clear-eyed and empathetic as these? Disc: A fabulous restoration job whose extras include the engagingly odd careers-guidance short Mr Marsh Comes to School (1961), disguising sage advice in slyly comic sketches for the bewildered school-leaver, and the charming but penetrating portrait of a primary school I Want to Go to School (1959). The booklet provides Patrick Russell's excellent

#### **NEW RELEASES**

overview of Krish's mid-period output and Kevin Brownlow's fond recollections of working with him, but the pièce de résistance is a wonderfully waspish interview with Krish himself. (KS)

#### **Empire State**

Ron Peck; UK 1987; Network/Region B Blu-ray/Region 2 DVD dual-format; Certificate 18; 98 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: writer and director commentary, deleted scenes, trailer, screen tests, costume research and production design galleries, audio-only research interview, C4 'Right to Reply' excerpt, PDF screenplay and journal notes

Film: Nine years after the defiantly independent Nighthawks and its 16mm evocation of a closeted gay teacher's double life, writer-director Ron Peck edged closer to the mainstream with this clubland thriller set in the early days of London's Docklands redevelopment. Back in 1979 John MacKenzie's The Long Good Friday accurately predicted the area's future economic significance, but here we catch that fascinating moment when the old warehouses are still standing, shiny new office complexes are being planned and the smell of money is in the air. Ray McAnally's boxing promoter and club owner represents the old East End about to be fleeced by ruthless

yuppies and their lawyers, but he still controls the Empire State nightspot, point of intersection for the film's myriad plot strands. In the director's commentary on this lavish edition, Peck suggests Robert Altman as an influence on his ensemble drama's social fresco, a fair enough comparison except for the fact that its various character trajectories (ambitious rent boy, investigative journo, visiting US investor, etc) never really lock into meaningful dramatic conflict. Thematically, it's spot-on, yet weak storytelling lets the side down, even if the 1980s fashions and electro soundtrack retain a time-capsule appeal. Discs: A pristine Blu-ray transfer caps an impressive package of extras. (TJ)

#### The Kartemquin Films Collection: The Early Years Volumes 1 & 2

Gordon Quinn, Jerry Temaner, Stan Karter; US 1967-70; Facets/Region 1 NTSC; 175 minutes total; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: interviews, trailers, documents

Films: Still in business, Kartemquin Films was begun in 1966 by University of Chicago grads Gordon Quinn, Stan Karter and Jerry Temaner, and their non-profit mandate in that tumultuous era was on-the-spot, confrontational documentaries that furthered progressive causes and interrogated



Fight club: 'Empire State'

the role of the artist in society, all while maintaining a devoted allegiance to Chicago proper. Many of their first films had no credits (indeed, according to IMDb, Karter has never put his name on any film), and as the years wore on Kartemquin became an expressly educational production studio fostering features such as Hoop Dreams, The Last Pullman Car and the PBS miniseries The New Americans. But at the beginning the fumes of collective purpose and social rage were in the air, whether the team was chronicling the efforts of Christian teens to put on an 'anti-war mass' (the truly inspiring Thumbs Down, 1968) or participating in and reflecting on the 1969 student strike and administrationbuilding occupation at the university (Hum 255 and What the Fuck Are These Red Squares?, both from 1970) in response to the invasion of Cambodia.

Ethnographically specific, the films are vintage artefacts from the bygone heyday of gritty 16mm activist docmaking, when idealism was sky-high, when film classes made movies out of on-campus crises, and when active protest was doubly worth doing if you were doing it on film. (The contrast between these fiery co-eds and committed youth-groupers and the American undergraduates of today is horrifyingly extreme.) Quinn and co didn't pioneer the form, nor did they attain the mysterious eloquence of Chris Marker's Vietnam-era shorts. But the practical Kartemquin agenda was always social change and awareness over cinema, and the films fairly pulse with immediacy and consequence. Discs: The films have not, it appears, been restored, and thus retain the projector-beaten texture so distinctive of their day. The new interviews with Quinn and Temaner, two ageing grey liberal lions, are both helpful as context and fascinating as history. (MA)

#### Larks on a String

Jirí Menzel; Czechoslovakia 1969; Second Run/Region 0; Certificate 15; 90 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.66:1 anamorphic; Features: Jirí Menzel introduction, booklet

**Film:** The closest the Czech Renoir came to barbed political satire, Jirí

Menzel's fourth feature was given the greenlight during the 1968 Prague Spring, blackballed (and mothballed) on completion, and belatedly premiered soon after the Velvet Revolution. Another two decades on, it stands up very well: if historical specifics are blurred by distance and memory, Bohumil Hrabal's source stories mocking political dogma's overweening absurdity have an all too recognisable universality. Václav Neckár essentially reprises his Closely Observed Trains role as a hapless beau whose bride is banned from her own wedding, while Rudolf Hrusínsky strikes a resonant chord as the proletarian apparatchik overseeing a penal colony-like junkyard whose employees have fallen out of favour with the regime: he knows full well that his own status is primarily due to political fashion. To underscore this essential truth, Hrusínsky, Menzel and Hrabal would be blacklisted for much of the following decade. Disc: Menzel and cinematographer Jaromír Sofr approved the transfer, and Sofr explains in a booklet note that the variable image quality is due to the negative being mutilated before the film was banned, the missing footage retrieved from a workprint. Menzel contributes some delightfully idiosyncratic self-filmed reminiscences, and the meaty booklet essay is by Czech cinema expert (and S&S contributor) Peter Hames. (MB)

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#### The Long, Hot Summer

Martin Ritt; US 1958; Optimum Releasing/ Region 2; Certificate PG; 111 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1; Features: trailer

Film: The first of Ritt's 'outsider' movies, this CinemaScoped Southern family melodrama injects a little Tennessee Williams and a lot of Peyton Place (unsurprisingly, since the film's producer, Jerry Wald, also produced that show) into its bawdy, sweat-beaded adaptation of three William Faulkner stories, in which Paul Newman's canny drifter electrifies a sleepy town run by Orson Welles's ruthless businessman. Released in the same year as Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, it gives the tyranny of its own Big Daddy a more roguish comic spin.

#### **REDISCOVERY**

# But if the story, most particularly the implausible barn-burning reconciliation of the finale, seems a tad unwieldy, there's much fascination in a clash of acting styles that sees Newman's laconic Actor's Studio naturalism go head-to-head with Welles's false-nose, BBQ-sauce panstick and declamatory actor-manager stylings. Surprisingly, the result's a draw once you've seen Welles bellow and wheedle for grandchildren from Joanne Woodward's sassy spinster daughter, in a performance that can adroitly (albeit showily) turn on a sixpence.

Disc: It's a just-about-adequate transfer whose colours shift disconcertingly within scenes from 1950s pastels to a murky blue-green hue. The trailer, the single extra, is well worth a look for the neat and shameless way it converts Ritt's stagey but dramatic exchanges into a panting sex-fest. (KS)

#### Man of Aran

Robert Flaherty; UK 1934; Park Circus/ Region 2; 77 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: two contemporaneous Flaherty shorts, 1978 documentary, modern short film, outtakes, photo gallery

Film: Robert Flaherty's small corpus remains inescapable, his foundational eminence in both documentary cinema and filmed ethnography ever controversial. For many, Flaherty's commitment to living among and documenting remote, traditional communities, such as the barren Aran Islands off Ireland's west coast, is cancelled out by his fabrications for the screen. The 'family' at the centre of Man of Aran were unrelated islanders; a highlight sequence was notoriously premised on an already discarded practice (shark-fishing with harpoons).

It's crucial to note that Flaherty's 'docu-fiction' doesn't psychologise his raw material - Man of Aran is less docudrama than 'docu-fable'. The inner lives of Flaherty's islanders, no less than those of John Grierson's drifters, are inaccessible and irrelevant: their relationships to one another as archetypal as their relationships to land and to sea. Dramatisation instead provides structure for such themes, within which Flaherty proved himself one of cinema's great stylists, his sound films frequently suggesting silent cinema. Like most 1930s documentaries, Man of Aran was shot silent: its intermittent voices are risible as 'dialogue' but fine as a component of dirt-cheap stylised sound design accompanying astounding visuals: majestic widelensed compositions alternating with remarkable kinetic sequences conveying the ocean's many moods.

Few filmmakers now attempt (let alone master) such 'dreamlike documentary', perhaps for good reason. It's impossible to disagree, factually, with Paul Rotha's contemporary complaint that Man of Aran is essentially reactionary, eschewing socioeconomic analysis and instead transforming rural poverty into romantic poetry, even by reviving dead cultural practices. The problem, still

## The independent

**Kieron Corless** on 'Milestones', a scathing, shambling monster of a movie by American pioneer Robert Kramer

#### **Robert Kramer Collection**

Milestones/Ice

Robert Kramer; US 1975/69; Capricci/ Arcades Video/Region 0; 199/128 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

Still little known today, New York-born Robert Kramer was a pioneer of American independent cinema. He started making films in the mid-1960s, developing a style in which fiction and documentary sometimes commingled in striking ways, at the service of a radical left politics and scathing critiques of the US government and its policies. He left America in the mid-1970s after finishing the ciné-vérité epic 'Milestones' - the film most regard as his masterpiece - profoundly disillusioned by the collapse of the US left and the government's prosecution of the war in Vietnam ('Milestones' is dedicated to the Vietnamese people). He pitched up first in Lisbon, where he shot 'Scenes from the Class Struggle in Portugal' in 1977 in the aftermath of the Portuguese revolution, and finally in Paris, where he endured mixed fortunes until his death in 1999 aged 60.

Kramer's films have garnered a cult reputation in part because they have been so difficult to see. Until recently, only 'Cities of the Plain' and 'Route One USA' have been available on DVD, and even then only in France. A restored version of 'Milestones' (1975) toured festivals a few years ago and now appears on a double-disc set together with an earlier film, 'lce' (1969), released by the excellent French label Capricci (and available through www.amazon.fr). It's a suggestive pairing. 'Ice' is the shorter, more formally disciplined feature, a fascinating curio and like 'Milestones' at times problematically naive in its politics. Shot in an almost noirish black and white and set in an unspecified future when a by now fascist



'A shambling monster of a film': Robert Kramer's 'Milestones'

American government wages war on Mexico, it focuses on a group of white militants planning and carrying out terrorist actions and ultimately preparing all-out war against the state. Its power derives from its almost documentary immediacy, particularly in outdoor scenes; circling shots of militants making untraceable calls from telephone booths feel charged with menace and foreboding. Violence can suddenly erupt out of the blue, as when one of the militants (played by Kramer himself) is castrated by police agents, or another is killed by police thugs.

'Milestones' weighs in at over three hours, a shambling monster of a film, jagged, raw, emotionally intense; watching it is like walking on hot coals. Shot in colour, it's essentially a portrait of the depletion and dispersal of the American radical left, traumatised by Vietnam and other horrors but unable to form a coherent, united response as the promise of the 1960s protest movements ebbs away. It takes the form of a loosely woven tapestry of some fifty characters across the country: there's a lot of restless soul-searching in what appears to be a mixture of scripted and improvised discussion, intercut with newsreel footage of the

Vietnam War or montage sequences detailing the US's historical crimes against native Americans and blacks. Even more forcefully, anger and violence can express themselves in strange fictionalised moments suddenly dropped in like incendiary devices, such as the attempted rape of a woman rescued by a blind man, or the death, at the hands of the police, of an activist just released from jail.

'Milestones' was attacked on release for being an unstructured, undisciplined mess. American and British critics in particular were hostile to what they saw as its indulgence of a WASP minority and their misguided and hazily expressed politics; it's true the hippyish jargon can be wearying on prolonged exposure. The film got a much better reception from French critics, especially Serge Daney, who wrote a characteristically subtle, brilliantly insightful piece for 'Cahiers du cinéma': "Had the film been this post-leftist pastoral which we're all rather anxious to see (and what a relief it would be!), it would have included some beautiful, indelibly moving moments of mutual support and solidarity. Nothing of the kind... [It] is more akin to a rite of passage (a difficult passing through, a passage through a void)." You might say into a void, bearing in mind the Reagan years lurking not too far round the corner, but nevertheless 'Milestones' pulls off a profoundly moving conclusion. despite everything we've seen hitherto, a protracted communal birth scene that strikes a note of cautious optimism and togetherness. For all its undoubted flaws, it is itself a milestone and monument of committed American cinema.

Capricci boasts a small but carefully selected number of films on its roster, including significant works by Pedro Costa and Jean-Claude Rousseau. Those two releases were accompanied by extensive booklets providing invaluable framing of the work, which the Kramer set markedly lacks, and certainly needs. There are no extras on the discs either.



Future shocked: 'Ice'

#### **NOZONE**

# Shooting from the lip

'Firing Line' was a talk show with something important to say. **Tim Lucas** finds it as gripping as any TV drama

#### Firing Line: The Young

Warren Steibel; US 1971; Hoover Institution Video Library; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1

A couple of years ago, the Hoover Institution Video Library (www.hooverpress.org) undertook the release of a number of representative episodes of the long-running PBS series 'Firing Line.' Hosted by 'National Review' founder William F. Buckley Jr, a commonplace target of impressionists, the show purported to be "the only program on the air that gives to presidents, and poets, a full hour in which to disclose themselves".

Each show, taped in colour, had a set guest and theme. Among the dozens of programmes now available on region-free disc are Richard M. Nixon on the US presidency, Otto Preminger on the Motion Picture Production Code, Hugh Hefner on the Playboy philosophy, Allen Ginsberg on the avant garde, Huey P. Newton on Black Power, Harry Reems on Deep Throat and the First Amendment, Timothy Leary on LSD, Billy Graham on the decline of Christianity, Tom Wolfe on modern architecture. David Merrick on the state of theatre, and this fascinating 1971 conversation with British novelist Anthony Burgess. The subject is supposedly contemporary youth but - appropriately for the author of 'A Clockwork Orange' and much other dystopian fiction - the conversation settles into a chillingly prophetic discussion of how declining standards of education in the humanities, parallelled with ascending standards in science and technology, are inspiring a laxness of language that, if unchecked, could rob people of their ability to interpret and analyse thought, express themselves with accuracy or, in time, defend their own rights in the face of technological autocracy. It's as riveting as any hour of dramatic television I've seen.

After a somewhat biased introduction in which Buckley attempts to pigeonhole Burgess as the author of "a fantasy of sadomasochistic sex", the two men settle down to a stance of mutually amused jousting, the latter brilliantly authoritative but occasionally levelling the floor with a self-deprecating remark behind a plume of cigarillo smoke. The programme was prompted by an article in which Burgess, then a visiting professor of English literature at New York University, had written for the 'New York Times', despairing over his students' lack of interest in the past, their disregard for tradition, and their contemporary inability to express themselves without resorting to what he calls "counters" -



Conversation piece: William F. Buckley Jr and Anthony Burgess in 'Firing Line'

words and expressions that have a certain force and occupy space in communication while actually communicating nothing (a major case in point being the word 'relevance', which many protesting NYU students were demanding of their curriculum without, Burgess notes, being able to answer the question, "Relevant to what?"). In another, still more foretelling example, one unusual for 1971 television, Burgess enacts a hypothetical conversation in which someone refers to his article as "kind of fucked-up". He argues that he is not morally offended by such language (which he relates to pre-Ebonics "black English" and describes as a disempowered language rife with "the clank of chains and slavery"), nor would he argue the viewpoint, but is appalled by the inability of such meaningless verbiage to form or communicate clear ideas, thus discouraging dialogue and isolating us as a people from each other and, more fundamentally, from ourselves. To watch this from a place only 40 years distant - when F-bombs, once the exclusive property of X films, are sanctioned in PG-13 fare, and when Facebook users habitually communicate in an abstract patois of textese, cryptic song lyrics, YouTube videos and Brainy Quotes forgotten in less time than they took to find - is to feel the spine ice at how far we've fallen in so little time, and how reliant we've become on forms of communication that are fundamentally unsatisfying, thus addicting.

Burgess also laments the young's lack of interest in the past, which has grown worse with time, it being human nature to pay less than complete attention to

To watch this from a place only 40 years distant is to feel the spine ice at how far we've fallen in so little time anything our technology makes easily retrievable. Burgess notes that disregard for tradition, not being attentive to the cyclic lessons of civilisations past, is a recent phenomenon, not prevalent at the time of his own University of Manchester youth, when the present was understood as it had been for centuries, as a pinpoint of time in which to ponder the future and reflect on the past. Under Buckley's teasing prods, Burgess draws a blank on reasoning why the present has become so important and such a province of the young, but the reason is clearly the media which, in the wake of the warproduced Baby Boom, had begun manufacturing new and non-existent dimensions of the present keyed to the young, a hall of mirrors composed of fashion and advertising and record charts celebrating the new, 'the now' and the cutting edge, while youth-oriented philosophies urged them to 'live in the moment'. Listening to this conversation, staged before an audience of earnest Seton Hall University students (none texting or sending photos as they listen), we can begin to appreciate a subtle but seismic change in popular perceptions, equal in some ways to Freud's definition of the conscious, subconscious and unconscious mind.

The latest DVDs in this series are arriving as movements are afoot in the States to encourage Congress to guarantee permanent funding for public broadcasting, and they serve as an indictment of today's PBS, no longer the haven of intelligent and provocative programming it once was and should be. Slated to attract viewers for one recent fundraiser was 'The Best of Rowan & Martin's Laugh-In', a 1969 retrospective containing a 'News of the Future' joke about 'President Ronald Reagan' being in office at the time of the dismantling of the Berlin Wall. The laugh track was off the charts, confirming - like this other cautionary discussion from our friend the past - that we are now the inhabitants of yesterday's dystopia at best, and at worst, its most absurd joke.

#### **NEW RELEASES**

 salient for factual filmmaking, is that dispassionate journalism, or radical campaigning, seldom bequeaths such enduring cinema as Man of Aran's anarchic conservatism.

Disc: Digital restoration of what was always a technologically compromised production is wholly acceptable. The outstanding extra is *How the Myth Was Made* (1978) by George C. Stoney (himself a significant documentary figure), returning to Aran for participants' reminiscences and his own clear-eyed rumination on Flaherty's legacy. When will Flaherty's last, equally problematic masterpiece *Louisiana Story* get the deluxe release it deserves? (PR)

#### **Films by Otto Preminger**

**Hurry Sundown** 

US 1967; Olive Films/Region 1 NTSC; 142 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1 Such Good Friends US 1971; Olive Films/Region 1 NTSC; 101 minutes; Aspect Ratio 2.35:1

Films: As Otto Preminger's stock value continues its slow ascent, we are naturally given cause to explore the less heralded and recognised corners of his filmography, where the filmmaker's distinctively ambivalent, unjudgemental, Fontane-like voice becomes tinctured with egomania. celebrity (Hurry Sundown came right after several appearances as Mr Freeze on the camp TV series Batman) and the demands of a changing industry. By 1967 Hollywood was a different sort of board game, radically changed from the 1940s when Preminger began, and like his fellow expatriate auteur Billy Wilder (among others) he found the generational New Wave transformations difficult to slalom.

These two late career detours are fascinating for their Premingerian ranginess and unpredictability, in tense cooperation with the experimentalism of the day, but they're quirky, uneasy freaks in their own right, too strange to be accepted by wider audiences and too conflicted to be beloved by Preminger fans. Hurry Sundown, co-adapted by Horton Foote from a Southern-gothic bestseller, is a fat, sweaty, overwrought race-relations saga set in post-WWII Georgia and dizzy with the audacity to cast Michael Caine and Jane Fonda as soulless, drawling Southern landowners (and 25-year-old Faye Dunaway as a destitute sharecropper!). Substantially less fair-minded in its depiction of evil Southern whites and righteous blacks than contemporaneous movies, the film suggests Preminger's attempt to conjure a fusion of Duel in the Sun, In the Heat of the Night and The Chase, and the results, pretensions of the time aside, are saucy, outrageous and so self-knowing (that phallic saxophone) that it seems due for a camp rediscovery.

At the other end of the spectrum, Such Good Friends may be Preminger's oddest career choice, a quasi-Woody Allen farce about Manhattan's smugly wealthy culture class, which is overwhelmed by Elaine May's pseudonymously scripted zingers and structured queasily around the passive agony that insecure rich mom Dyan Cannon endures while her faithless husband slips into an accidental coma and never comes out. Packed with crusty New Yawk-Jewish character bits (plus Joseph Papp as himself) and loopy doses of subjective imagery (as a self-promoting author, Preminger buddy and fellow Batman villain Burgess Meredith dances naked with a placard over his crotch), the rather misanthropic film builds to James Coco's epic struggle with a corset, but also helplessly poses the question of why the utterly lovely and Swiss-timed Cannon wasn't the star she should've been.

**Discs:** The HD masters are sterling, the supplements absent. (MA)

#### **Promised Lands**

Susan Sontag; US/Poland/France 1974; Zeitgeist/Region 1 NTSC; 87 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.33:1; Features: essay by Sontag, notes by critic Ed Halter

Film: Famous intellectual force that she was, Susan Sontag not only made movies amid the rest of her myriad output but also made a single documentary, a strictly observational journey through the fringes of the 1973 Arab-Israeli War. Apparently at a loss as a Jew about the conflict, Sontag landed in Sinai and Jerusalem at the tail end of the fighting, armed with a tiny crew and the bullheaded naivety required to venture blindly out into minefields, just to get a shot. The end result doesn't trumpet its political position; to some degree Sontag seems to be satisfied with her ambivalence, and lets her imagery do the talking, from the crowds praying at the Wailing Wall to the remnants of the war itself, including shattered tanks and putrefying corpses in the desert.

Promised Lands remains the only western documentary made about the conflict and it focuses almost entirely on Jews, represented in interviews by lefty writer Yoram Kaniuk and Zionist physicist Yuval Ne'eman, both exasperated by their nation's Americanstyle appetite for violence and the Arabs' refusal to surrender. Both men predictably bemoan the conflict, but for the costs it inflicts on the idealism of the new state, not for the suffering paid out by Palestinians. It's hardly a shock when

Buddy movie: 'Such Good Friends'



#### Slingshot Brillante Mendoza's film has a ferocious handheld energy that barely lets up from the virtuoso opening, a torchlit police raid on a Manila slum

Ne'eman memorably compliments the Palestinians as being "the most intelligent" Arabs – due of course to their longtime proximity to Jews.

Why Sontag of all people chose such a passive, ostensibly objective approach is something of a mystery - in her accompanying essay, first published in Vogue, Sontag is aware of finding the situation in Israel "complex", and of being preoccupied by the film as a crafted thing that captured her muddy experiences, not a document of a political reality. Her visitor's catalogue of impressions has a subtle dialectic agenda, however, as scant glimpses of refugee camps are all but swallowed by crowds of Jews shopping and socialising. The soundtrack is a restless fugue, layering busy commercial radio broadcasts over everything, even the interviews, frankly insisting that the source well of Israel's jingoism is inextricably tangled up with its westernised wealth and consumerism. However unideological, the fugue was enough, despite Kaniuk's definition of the new society as "a democracy" in which "you can say anything", to get Promised Lands banned in Israel. Today this long-unseen



#### Slingshot

Brillante Mendoza; Philippines 2008; Peccadillo Pictures/Region 2; Certificate 15; 86 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1

Film: Shot in 11 days on a tiny budget, Brillante Mendoza's film has a ferocious handheld energy that barely lets up from the virtuoso opening, a torchlit police raid on a Manila slum which cunningly introduces us to its large cast of characters, usually catching them in various kinds of flagrante delicto. The resulting study of petty criminals scraping a living in a world so institutionally corrupt that the straight and narrow is only for the terminally naive doesn't quite match its Altmanesque ambition, but it's an honourable, memorably angry entry in a line that stretches back to Shoeshine (1946) and Los Olvidados (1950). Buñuel would have relished the scene in which a beauty queen's dentures fall into an open sewer, one of many seemingly off-the-cuff but clearly carefully planned moments that are pregnant with personal, political and sociological significance. Disc: The video source has rough edges galore and the burned-in subtitles occasionally struggle for legibility but most problems clearly derive from production circumstances. (MB)

#### An Unflinching Eye: The Films of Richard Woolley

Illusive Crime/Telling Tales/ Brothers and Sisters/

Waiting for Alan/Girl from the South UK 1976-88; BFI/Region 0; Certificate E; 450 minutes total; Features: experimental shorts ('Kniephofstrasse,' 'Drinnen und Draussen', 'Inside and Outside'), interviews with Richard Woolley

**Films:** As a filmmaker Richard Woolley is nothing if not contradictory

an upper-middle-class Marxist whose work combines an often self-reflexive narrative style with storylines and characters that could have been borrowed from soap operas or TV crime dramas. Occasionally his middlebrow Brechtianism can become grating; in Telling Tales, for example, the sudden lurches from black and white into colour and the scenes in which characters address the camera directly can seem heavyhanded. At the same time, the film - which looks at the strains in a wealthy industrialist's marriage from the point of view of their housekeeper (herself married to a shop steward) - is probing and insightful, and shot in a fascinating way. Woolley's framing is unusual: in close-ups, he'll often show the side of a face, and he uses elaborate pans and zooms, and homes in on totemic objects such as the wife's necklace or the ornaments that clutter the bourgeois family's household.

Some of Woolley's films can seem like self-conscious formal exercises. *Illusive Crime* contrasts bucolic imagery of a sleepy English village, accompanied by piano music, with awkward voiceover ("The demand to give up illusions about one's condition is the demand to give up conditions which need illusions – societal existence determines individual consciousness and not vice versa"). Woolley's Godardian tactics seem incongruous given the quintessentially English settings and often plummy-voiced characters.

His 1981 feature Brothers and Sisters, about two brothers who become suspects after a prostitute is murdered, is part crime-thriller, part polemic, with Woolley picking up on class differences and exposing the casual racism of the police. Certain elements of the film now seem very dated, however, including the conversations the characters living in a communal house have about sexual politics and male hypocrisy. Waiting for Alan, Woolley's 45-minute 1984 film, effectively captures the ennui and quiet despair of a wealthy housewife whose husband treats her with indifference, as if she exists simply to service his physical and emotional needs. Again, Woolley has the character telling her own story, direct to camera.

Also included on the BFI set is Kniephofstrasse, an intriguing formal experiment rekindling memories of Patrick Keiller's work: made with a fixed camera looking at a West Berlin townscape over the course of several months, it purports to examine the effect of environmental conditions on the human psyche. "It's a typical cross-section of a modern town," the voiceover tells us as we look at two bare trees squeezed between a garage. a motorway flyover, a factory chimney and an office block. Jarring music, zooms, speeded-up imagery and sequences in which the frame judders make this a surprisingly lively and playful affair.

Discs: This box-set isn't as lavish as most BFI releases. The main extras are interviews with Woolley himself but there is no booklet to put his work in context or explain his background. (GM)

#### **NEW RELEASES**

#### Warner Archive Collection

You're a Big Boy Now Francis Ford Coppola; US 1966; Warner Archive/Region 1 NTSC: 97 minutes: Aspect Ratio 1.85:1

**Get to Know Your Rabbit** Brian De Palma; US 1972; Warner Archive/Region 1 NTSC; 92 minutes; Aspect Ratio 1.85:1; Features: trailer

Films: Courtesy of the 'on demand' Warner Archive label, two more hardto-see early works by the now venerable movie brats Coppola and De Palma finally appear on DVD, in both instances representing their first flirtations with the major studios. What also connects the two films is how a new generation of filmmakers was keen to give expression to the growing counterculture of the 1960s, with Easy Rider appearing in between them to set the old guard really quivering with fear.

In the 1960s, De Palma made very low-budget films that flirted with the radical underground, topical satire and taking his cue from Godard - visual experimentation. His move from New York to the West Coast resulted in an unhappy time at the hands of Warner Brothers before the commercial success of his venturing into the thriller and horror genres. The product of that hiatus, Get to Know Your Rabbit, follows the adventures of corporate dropout Donald (the ineffably bland Tom Smothers), carving out a new career as a dancing magician on the road. In spite of enjoyable cameos from Orson Welles and Allen Garfield, as well as the surreal presence of John (The Addams Family) Astin as Donald's desperate ex-boss, the film's overdetermined wackiness frequently falls flat, proving yet again that comedy is not De Palma's forte.

Coppola's self-penned You're a Big Boy Now - his graduation thesis from UCLA film school - has lasted better. The director has always been keen to stress that he conceived the film before seeing Richard Lester's comedies of the time, but he certainly plays many of the same tricks - fantasy inserts, jump cuts, mixing actuality with dramatisation. A junior New York librarian, 'Big Boy' is dominated by his possessive mother and domineering father, while facing that very 60s dilemma of choosing between the sympathetic, available girl and the impossible dream girl. Not all the comic dialogue still registers as such, and the supporting performances - Geraldine Page and Rip Torn as the parents, Karen Black and Elizabeth Hartman as the objects of desire - are more memorable than the serviceable Peter Kastner in the lead. Discs: Typically barebones Warner Archive efforts. (DT)

This month's DVD releases reviewed by Sergio Angelini, Michael Atkinson, James Blackwood, Michael Brooke, Trevor Johnston, Geoffrey Macnab, Patrick Russell, Kate Stables and David Thompson

#### **TELEVISION**

#### The Goodies... At Last the 40th Anniversary

BBC/LWT/ITV; UK 1970-82; Network DVD/Region 2; Certificate 12; 955 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: audio commentaries, commemorative booklets, interviews, music videos, script PDFs

**Programme:** Twinkle the overgrown GM kitten gets to attack the BT Tower again in this anniversary celebration of unbridled Goodies silliness. It cherry-picks two dozen of the best episodes of the show, as well as the entire run made at LWT after the team was unceremoniously dumped by the BBC following a decade of dedicated anarchy. The Corporation has in fact continued to treat this zany comedy pretty shabbily in the intervening years, affording it little of the respect of its near contemporaries. This is despite the fact that the show had a virtually uninterrupted 12-year run, premiering while Monty Python's Flying Circus was making its debut and still on air the year The Young Ones crash-landed on to BBC2.

If the pratfalls and cartoon violence make the antics of upper-class milquetoast Tim, hairy working-class beast Bill and mad boffin Graeme seem both childish and funny, their disarming "Anything, Anytime, Anywhere" motto provides plenty of scope for satirising the fashions and fads of the day, as well as some much tougher subjects. The most notable of these is an attack on both the absurdities of apartheid and the BBC's perversely popular The Black and White Minstrel Show.

The LWT series may feel like a qualitative step down sometimes but it does include one truly delirious episode in which the trio have to repel advances from robotic pretenders to their throne via a behind-the-scenes retread of their past BBC glories; after more than 70 episodes this functions as a very succinct, if inadvertent 'That's All Folks' to a delightful kids' show for adults.

Discs: Sadly the extras from previous releases of the BBC series have been removed, but the LWT supplements remain intact and the set does come with detailed programme guides by Andrew Pixley. The images and sound are generally problem-free. (SA)

#### **Hazell - The Complete Series**

Thames/ITV; UK 1978-80; Network DVD/Region 2; Certificate 12; 1,100 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: Nicholas Ball interview

Programme: The idea of transposing Chandler and Hammett's wisecracking private eyes from America's mean streets to the East End of 1970s London proved fruitful when football manager Terry Venables and novelist Gordon Williams (using the pen name P.B. Yuill) co-authored a series of novels featuring James Hazell, a Cockney ex-copper and ex-drunkard trying to



#### The Goodies This zany comedy series has been treated pretty shabbily over the years, afforded little of the respect of its near contemporaries

make a go of it as a private detective straddling both ends of the class divide. The stories had zesty plots and even livelier dialogue ("He was thinner than a pound note at a slimming farm"), and the transfer to TV should have been easy, taking over the slot recently vacated by the long-running Public Eye and with Nicholas Ball making a likeable yet vulnerable and frequently fallible hero. But despite strong casts and scripts by the likes of Willis Hall, P.J. Hammond and Trevor Preston, Hazell would prove to be most successful as a transitional series. Like its predecessor, it was studio-based with a strong theatrical flavour to match its videotaped interiors, but its clear desire to be more in keeping with the gritty, dynamic and realistic style of The Sweeney moved it more and more on to film and on location, creating a pronounced stylistic gap as it tried to negotiate these conflicting approaches. This would pave the way for Minder as well as Shoestring and eventually Bergerac, which quickly left it behind in the ratings. Discs: The transfers are perfectly good throughout. In the extras, Nicholas Ball reminisces about

the show in a brief interview. (SA)

#### The Virginian - Season 1

Revue/Universal/NBC: US 1962-63: Acorn Media/Region 2; Certificate PG; 2,309 minutes; Aspect Ratio 4:3; Features: cast interviews

Programme: This is a western of genuine if somewhat scrambled genre pedigree, taking the title, characters and some of the situations from Owen Wister's classic 1902 novel. The setting is Shiloh, a Wyoming cattle ranch

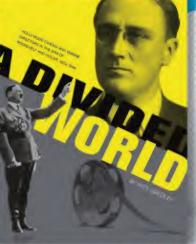
owned by Judge Garth (top-billed Lee J. Cobb) and run by the nameless title character (James Drury) with his old friend Trampas (Doug McClure) and their sidekick Steve Hill (Gary Clarke). The show was made to fill a weekly 90-minute slot, and production pressures favoured assigning episodes to self-contained units frequently run by writerdirectors such as Burt Kennedy and Sam Fuller and minor auteurs like Maxwell Shane and Douglas Heyes.

Roughly placed in the late 1890s, this debut season is thematically driven by nostalgia for a bygone era, as the coming of civilisation signals the end of the pioneering spirit of the Old West. Fuller's 'It Tolls for Thee' explores the ends of violence, with Lee Marvin as a malevolent and unrepentant criminal who kidnaps the judge, whom he considers to be a hypocrite for trying to ignore his own violent past. If Fuller's contribution is the set's star attraction, its themes resonate even more strongly in Heyes's 'West', in which a longing for the less complicated life of the old days leads Trampas to an ultimately tragic confrontation with modern 'civilisation'. Trampas also leads 'The Accomplice', in which Bette Davis gives a barnstorming performance as a seemingly meek bank teller who has dark and dangerous plans of her own - it is in this episode that Drury gets to utter his character's immortal, 'Smile when you say that." Discs: The quality of the film transfers is absolutely superb, consistently offering bold colours and sharp images. Extra include two hours of

interviews with Drury, Clarke and

Roberta Shore. (SA)









#### Eisenstein on the Audiovisual: The Montage of Music, Image and Sound in Cinema

By Robert Robertson, I.B. Tauris, 256 pages, paperback, £17.99, ISBN 9781848857315

Robert Robertson presents a lucid and engaging introduction to a key area of Eisenstein's thought: his ideas about the audiovisual in cinema, which are more pertinent today than ever before.

With the advent of digital technology, music and sound now act as independent variables that combine with the visual medium to produce a truly audiovisual result. Eisenstein explored this complex subject in his writings with more depth and originality than any other practitioner; this book is an accessible and original exploration of his ideas. Eisenstein on the Audiovisual won the Kraszna-Krausz Foundation's And/or Award for the Best Moving Image Book in 2009.

A Divided World: Hollywood Cinema and Emigré Directors in the Era of Roosevelt and Hitler 1933-1948

By Nick Smedley, Intellect Books, 208 pages, paperback, £19.95, ISBN 9781841504025

The New Deal introduced sweeping social, political and cultural change across the US, which Hollywood embraced. Then, in the paranoia of the post-war years, Hollywood became an easy target for anti-communists. A Divided World examines the New Deal and the subsequent response of the film community - especially in relation to social welfare, women's rights and international affairs. Smedley also provides an analysis of the major works of three European directors -Billy Wilder, Ernst Lubitsch and Fritz Lang. This new interpretation of an influential period in American film history is sure to generate further debate and scholarship.

www.intellectbooks.co.uk

#### Film Moments: Criticism, History, Theory

Edited by Tom Brown and James Walters, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 192pp, illustrated, paperback, £16.99, ISBN 9781844573356

Film is made of moments. In its earliest form, cinema was mere seconds recorded and projected. Even today, it is the brief, temporary and transitory that combine to create the whole. Our memories of films are composed of the moments we deem to be crucial.

The 38 specially commissioned essays in Film Moments examine key scenes across a broad spectrum of national cinemas, historical periods and genres, featuring work by renowned auteurs such as Alfred Hitchcock, Jean Renoir and Vincente Minnelli, as well as important contemporary directors such as Pedro Costa, Jia Zhangke and Quentin Tarantino. Film Moments is both an enlightening introduction for students and a dynamic and vibrant account of key film sequences for anyone interested in enhancing their understanding of cinema.

www.palgrave.com/bfi

#### **Cathy Come Home**

By Stephen Lacey, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 144pp, illustrated, paperback, £12, ISBN 9781844573165

Cathy Come Home is one of the most influential and highly regarded UK television dramas of all time. Screened in 1966 in the BBC's Wednesday Play series, it was a controversy-sparking indictment of government policy on homelessness, as well as a formally innovative work – the first single UK TV play shot on film – directed by Ken Loach and produced by Tony Garnett.

Stephen Lacey provides the first book-length account of *Cathy Come Home* and offers a close textual reading. He analyses the film and its production history, placing it in its social and cultural context. Lacey also explores how it drew on filmic and dramatic traditions – from the French New Wave to contemporary documentaries and current-affairs programmes – and explores the anti-rhetorical style of 'non-acting' now associated with Loach.

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#### **BOOK OF THE MONTH**

## Season of the witch-hunt

**Michael Atkinson** on a masterly look at cold-war cinema in its historical context

#### An Army of Phantoms: American Movies and the Making of the Cold War

By J. Hoberman, The New Press, 408pp, £19.99, ISBN 9781595580054

Movies may have been seen at their outset as something like amber cubes of captured reality, but over a century's accumulation later, what they are in toto is history - not actual, real-life historical evidence so much as a torrential parallel history intersecting at haphazard intervals with reality as it's lived, while reflecting, opposing and infiltrating it in unpredictable ways. Much pseudo-scientific research has been performed on this dynamic in the pages of unreadable academia, but what remains when the airborne toxicities clear is the simple fact that it's a story, and no one tells the story better than New York critic and Sight & Sound contributor J. Hoberman.

A happy historicist amid underpaid platoons of would-be taste-makers, Hoberman has long pioneered the deopinionated hyper-review, rarely inserting his own id into his writing as he unpacks a movie like an attic trunk. At the same time he has pursued his own battery of obsessions, which include the international Jewish legacy, the 20th-century Eastern European saga and the arc of post-war media life in general — mostly as he lived it himself, through the 1950s and 60s.

Nothing rocks Hoberman's clock quite like the romance-and-knife-fight relationship between history and pop cinema, and this new book, an idiosyncratic portrait of the Cold War's first decade and a half, is the second in a trilogy, prequel to 2003's 'The Dream Life' (which took on the 60s and includes a chapter on the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago that's begging to be converted into a feature); it will be followed by an upcoming volume that will carpet the Reagan era and the fall of the Soviet Union.

Hoberman's strategy seems both simple and perverse: recount the twin histories of real politics and movies (both their production and reception), week by week, month by month, accreting the personality of the American era one pixel at a time as it emerged from the close of World War II and crept its way disastrously towards a bizarrely idiotic state of generalised paranoia and social turmoil. In Hoberman's version, the Eisenhower epoch was no bull-market bonanza and haven for indulgent youth culture, but a landscape on the verge of neurotic implosion. The concurrent madnesses of Red-hunting, UFO-sighting



Day of reckoning: in 'High Noon' and films of its era, ideological subtext was all

and hysterical pedagogic moviemaking dominate the narrative, fuguing together in a sociopolitical whirlwind that survived, it seemed, perpetually on the brink of obliteration.

Reinspecting square mileage thoroughly raked over by previous histories, including Otto Friedrich's 'City of Nets' and Paul Buhle and Dave Wagner's 'Radical Hollywood', Hoberman leaves virtually nothing out. His calendrical epic capitalises on voluminous research through publication archives and declassified correspondence, the compounded incidents and details linked in a rush of coincidences and parallels, including the Hamlet-like sagas of Elia Kazan and Edward Dmytryk, the public and private crucifixion of virtually every Hollywood Red from Dalton Trumbo to John Garfield, the rise of Nixon and the fall of Truman. the storm of backstage ideological bickering over well remembered films of the day ('Crossfire', 'Viva Zapata', 'High Noon') and scads of then-worrisome movies that are now all but forgotten ('The Next Voice You Hear', 'The Beginning or the End, 'My Son John').

In fact Hoberman, while stepping decidedly to one side, has a high time explicating the incredible degree to which the studio heads, the filmmakers and the Federal government parsed and dissected the often muddled political message beneath the epidermis of the silliest

In this version, the Eisenhower epoch was on the verge of neurotic implosion of B movies – a farcical, mock-prototheorist situation produced by anticommunist pressure that came to haunt every level of the industry like a bodysnatching virus.

Often Hoberman wants to be little more than the tour guide here, strictly enumerating facts and unrelated occurrences that mark the timeline within days or even hours of each other. (Kazan returned to the House Un-**American Activities Committee two days** after 'My Son John' had its New York premiere, we're informed, on "the thirtythird anniversary of Zapata's murder".) In this way he aggregates an entire maddened social moment into a freeranging weft rapidly increasing in density as it's woven. The thrust, of course, is to suggestively track the development of the Cold War itself as a public state of mind, assisted and illustrated by movies but also actively running amok in people's lives. There are few authentic heroes, but an evil axis of perfectly loathsome villains: Ronald Reagan, Cecil B. DeMille and John Wayne are all so deranged by fearful small-mindedness we should be thankful that only one of them went into politics.

Critics of the day are amply quoted (especially David Platt, the forgotten-by-everyone-except-Hoberman film reviewer for the Daily Worker), and it's delightful to see how lavishly they shredded even Oscar-winners for their sentimentality and naivety. But Hoberman's curious voice – unpretentious but erudite, amused but not derisive, astonished but cynical, like a wry Wildean god recounting a strange race's plunge into psychopathy – governs the flow with wit and gravity, even as he dodges the avalanche.

#### **FURTHER READING**

#### Stanley Kubrick's 'Napoleon': The Greatest Movie Never Made

Edited by Alison Castle, Taschen, 1112pp, £44.99, ISBN 9783836523356

Speculating on the 'what ifs' prompted by 'greatest films never made' lists is the cinephile's equivalent to the historian's alternate-history exercise: irresistible fun, frequently revealing, but ultimately every bit as imponderable. What if Orson Welles had adapted Conrad's Heart of Darkness as planned, instead of a little picture called Citizen Kane? What would the reverberations have been for cinema history?

We can never know, of course, just as we can never know if Stanley Kubrick's unmade film on the life of Napoleon which he began work on in 1967, and finally abandoned in 1971, after making A Clockwork Orange - would have been his 'masterpiece', as the jacket for Alison Castle's book confidently claims. But, just as the pre-production material for Welles's Conrad adaptation gives insights into his working methods, so the real fascination here is in losing yourself in the vast quantity of original material, mostly drawn from Kubrick's own archives - where it outweighed the holdings for many of his completed films. Among the material included here is correspondence between Kubrick and historian Felix Markham, interviews, costume sketches, the 'final' script, essays and more. You're granted a remarkable intimacy with Kubrick's thought processes, following him through his astoundingly thorough research (for example, over 15,000 location photographs and almost 17,000 slides of imagery related to Napoleon) and creative decision making.



On parade: a costume test chez Kubrick

#### Night and the City

By Andrew Pulver, BFI/Palgrave Macmillan, 96pp, £9.99, ISBN 9781844572809

When Night and the City came out in 1950, Americans looked at it askance because director Jules Dassin was about to be blacklisted as a communist, while British critics sneered because Dassin was a Yank who didn't care how long it would take for Richard Widmark to run from Waterloo to Hammersmith. In contrast the French (François Truffaut in particular), who loved leftists and Americans, hailed the runaway production as Dassin's best film to date, which probably predisposed the director to move to France a few years later, where his name was pronounced differently and he went on to make the heist classic Rififi (1955).

If it hadn't been for French critics including Borde and Chaumeton who, as Andrew Pulver notes here, used a still from Night and the City on the cover of their influential 1955 book Panorama du film noir américain – it's possible Night and the City wouldn't even be considered an American film noir, despite is ex-pat director. (Few, for example, consider fellow exile Joseph Losey's 1950s British films part of the cycle.) Instead, it could be subsumed into the different, more socially observant British post-war crime mode of It Always Rains on Sunday (featuring Googie Withers, who gives quite the best performance in Night and the City) or The Blue Lamp (a film the



An American in London: Richard Widmark in Jules Dassin's 'Night and the City'

British critics patriotically preferred, as much for its geographical accuracy as for its law-and-order stance).

In this brisk assessment of the film and its circumstances, Pulver also addresses the transformation of Gerald Kersh's 1938 novel into Dassin's film, noting what was lost in turning a work rooted in intimate knowledge of Soho

lowlife into a movie that embraces the more symbolic implications of its title. Dassin, who was assigned the movie by 20th Century-Fox head Darryl F. Zanuck as a way of getting him out of the country as the HUAC hearings started, claimed the deal came together so quickly that he didn't have time to read the book. (And filmmakers wonder why

novelists hate them! Night and the City is only 240 pages long, and Kersh might well have felt entitled to ask why the arrogant big-shot who was lucky to have a job at all couldn't have read it on the plane from Hollywood to London.)

Pulver locates Kersh's novel in its literary tradition (with asides about real Soho crime), and the film in its American and British genres. He also compares the radically different versions of the film in existence: a longer British film scored by Benjamin Frankel, with a rejigged, less downbeat ending, and a tighter American take with music by Franz Waxman. Pulver takes the American version - probably correctly - as definitive and the British as a compromised rough cut, but notes that Frankel's subtler approach is not necessarily inferior to Waxman's Hollywood melodramatics.

Pulver doesn't need to go into prose poems about Dassin's noir style, relying instead on a selection of well-chosen frames to tell that story. There is a slight feel of haste, though: some observations are repeated (the author is so amazed that you used to be able to pull up outside a Leicester Square club in a cab that it's mentioned three times). It's also not strictly true to state, as Pulver does. that Patrick Hamilton's 1929 novel The Midnight Bell "never became a feature film" - although admittedly it is hard to recognise the book in Peter Graham Scott's 1963 adaptation Bitter Harvest. • Kim Newman

#### I Found It at the Movies: Reflections of a Cinephile

By Philip French, Carcanet Press, 292pp. £19.95, ISBN 9781847771292

At a party more than a decade ago, the late literary essayist Lorna Sage once remarked to me of Philip French, film critic of The Observer newspaper since 1978, that his great gift – and curse – is that he cannot forget. Reading this first collection of a planned three volumes of French's writings on film and literature this one dedicated to short essays on film – bears out the better half of Sage's fond suggestion. French's easy grasp of what seems like all of film history's most useful facts, quotes and anecdotes in their most concise form is immediate, and enviably impressive. You could call him the nabob of the nugget, were that not too trivial a title for such a formidable critic and journalist.

For instance, in this volume you can learn who invented the term 'kitchen sink school', at whose dinner table the London Film Festival was conceived. which film critic wrote the screenplays of Goldfinger and The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, who was spying for whom during the Cold War in Hollywood and that Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved thousands of Hungarian Jews from the Nazis, was inspired to do so by a screening of Leslie Howard's splendid piece of British propaganda Pimpernel Smith. The fact

that French is a one-man archive should be added to this list of polished and fascinating pieces of infotainment.

French is equally a master of the confident summary sentence. "Strictly speaking," he avers, "America is not the subject of any movie Chaplin ever made, only the setting." You feel you're in safe hands with every succinct statement. His writing is as crisp as fresh celery, as sharp as newly cut paper. A typical French essay will begin by finding an unusual connection between disparate facts or events. His essay on 'The Cold War and the American Cinema', for instance, begins with the coincidence that the town of Fulton, Mississippi was both the locale for Winston Churchill's "Iron Curtain" speech and the model for "the nasty Midwestern community" in the film King's Row, the 1942 vehicle for actor and future Cold War warrior Ronald Reagan. Having laid out the background of the McCarthyite era most vividly, French will then

Straw poll: 'Oz' director

Victor Fleming is reassessed by French offer the key questions - in this case, "Why did Hollywood capitulate so readily to HUAC?" and "What was HUAC so determinedly after?" - and answer them with careful acuity. To read Philip French, therefore, is to read the best-informed and most

French's interests range widely across the arts and politics, and he has a particular fondness for poetry that may be the secret ingredient in his superbly schooled of vivid clarity as a writer. liberal-minded As someone who writes regularly working British on the state of British cinema, I was newspaper critics. most intrigued by the 1966 essay for this magazine, 'The Alphaville of Admass', in French's prewhich he attacks the 'swinging London' eminence for me is likes of Darling, Morgan and Alfie. Though the argument is effective, that he is the I couldn't help feeling there was a touch of envy to it – that here was a member of

best

those whose criticism sits on the

bedrock of principled journalism. But

to say this still feels like a limitation.

these films' directors, being 'down with the kids', were grotesque. I cite it only to demonstrate that French is a figure from a moral age rather admirably different from today's. His short essays here - whether on neglected film geniuses like Victor Fleming, the great Japanese double act Kurosawa and Mifune, or cinematic versions of the great metropolis New York - are all gems. It is a miracle of endurance that he's still a



the National Service generation who

had just missed the party and thought



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#### Letters

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#### **One-man fan club**

Thank you for Brad Stevens's excellent feature on Woody Allen (S&S, April). I was beginning to think I was the last man standing (or sitting), as I was the only person at a showing of Whatever Works in London last year. I thought of telling the staff not to bother with the adverts as I wasn't going to buy anything.

Spencer Leigh
By email

#### **Head of the class**

I don't usually disagree with those who know more than me about a subject, vet as I was reading Nick Roddick's insightful article about class in British cinema ('Mr Busy', S&S, March), my jaw dropped at: "Nor with Chabrol's characters is class all that significant." While I agree that class war is generally less of a burning issue in France than it is in Britain, he could not have picked a worse example to prove his point than Chabrol's films, which are all about class war, one way or another (especially his films from the 1980s onwards). The man himself has said it over and over in interviews. Claude Chabrol has made the bourgeoisie (and its relationship with the 'lower' classes) his main target throughout his career; it fuels his storylines and the motivation of all of his characters.

Laurent de Alberti By email

#### **Haunting house**

Thank you so much for Charles Burnett's evocative piece on Delmer Daves's almost forgotten rural noir, The Red House ('Lost & Found', S&S, April). I too saw it on television as a child in the 1950s. Although I was terrified, the strange poetry of this extraordinary film haunted me as a young boy in the same way that James Whale's Frankenstein did, and it has remained with me ever since. Criterion are the people to rescue this gem.

Mark Venner Carbury, Ireland



#### **LETTER OF THE MONTH**

#### Cinematic crimes and misdemeanours I've just finished reading James Bell's

interview with Woody Allen (S&S, April). I was disappointed to discover that poor, deluded Woody (centre in pic) really believes that his latest crop of films are an improvement on careerdefining classics such as Annie Hall or Manhattan. I think most Woody Allen fans would agree that he did improve on films like Manhattan, but with witty and poignant films like Broadway Danny Rose, Hannah and Her Sisters and Crimes and Misdemeanors, not recent films like Match Point or Vicki Cristina Barcelona. In fact, Woody enjoyed a rich vein of form spanning the early 1970s to the mid-90s. He hit a creative peak with Manhattan Murder Mystery and the understated and self-assured Husbands and Wives. The cracks began to appear after that.

He may have made a career out of exploiting his neuroses, but he also created some hilarious and sympathetic characters, and explored adult relationships, while with the help of cinematographer Gordon Willis he could switch seamlessly from intimate scenes of people speaking in a



room to grand vistas of the streets of Manhattan. His films were bookended by jazz and ragtime soundtracks that paid homage to his favourite musicians. He also made references to the Marx Brothers, W.C. Fields, Orson Welles and his other influences. I am being nostalgic, but it's a shame to read that he is, with some conviction, pleased with his latest body of work.

Matt Humphries

By email

#### **Bafta's race relations**

In 2004, I received an apology from Amanda Berry, Bafta's chief executive, after I complained about the exclusion of Elisabeth Welch - the only black actress to achieve stardom in British cinema - from its obituary tribute in its awards ceremony. To add insult to injury, Bafta overlooked another great black star in its most recent obituary tribute: Lena Horne, who passed away last year at 92. In the 1940s, Horne became the first black artiste to sign a long-term contract with a Hollywood studio (MGM). For another, she starred in Stormy Weather (1943), and was the 'pin-up girl' for African-American GIs fighting in World War II. I find Bafta's 'oversight' unacceptable, and their inclusion of less famous names (Carol Marsh; Tura Satana, star of Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!) shocking and depressing. Ms Horne deserved better. Stephen Bourne

Stepnen bou Bv email

#### Lost in translation

The April issue does several disservices to the Japanese actor Matsuyama Kenichi ('Sensual sensibility', S&S). First, for reasons opaque, you write his given name as "Ken'Ichi", which follows no known rule of transcription from Japanese to English. A few pedants insist on dividing such names as Kenichi with a hyphen ('Ken-ichi'), no doubt to demonstrate that the syllables are 'ken' and 'ichi' rather than 'ke' and 'nichi', but it seems unnecessary and excessive. Second, you misidentify the actor in the still on page 70 as Matsuyama. The man in the still is in fact Tamayama

Tetsuji, who plays Nagasawa. Third, in the preamble to the Tran Anh Hung interview, James Bell refers to Matsuyama as a "pin-up". This seems, to say the least, disparaging. Would you have described the young Gary Oldman or Tim Roth the same way? Matsuyama is in fact one of the most ambitious and talented young actors in Japanese cinema. Two of my selections in the 2009 London Film Festival, neither picked up for British distribution, demonstrated his range: he starred in both Sai Yoichi's Kamui, a sombre and surprisingly serious-minded ninja movie made for a major company, and Yokohama Satoko's Bare Essence of Life, a low-budget indie in which he played a simple-minded farm boy. His excellent performance in Norwegian Wood strikes me as giving Tran's ultra-faithful adaptation of the novel the psychological core it needs.

Tony Rayns
By email

#### **Detachment/attachment**

In his review of Richard Dyer's book Nino Rota: Music, Film and Feeling ('Book of the month', S&S, December 2010), David Thompson takes Dyer to task for being too academic and for analysing Rota's style as characterised by "ironic detachment". At the risk of evoking what Thompson terms "the smell of the lecture theatre", I would like to point out that Dyer's – innovative and illuminating – central concept, carefully delineated over a whole chapter, is actually that of "ironic attachment". Ginette Vincendeau

Ginette vince

#### **Ominous edition**

Among the cost-saving proposals recently announced by the BFI, director Amanda Nevill plans to "review the editorial and production of our magazine Sight & Sound" in the context of competition from free online information sources.

I consider this an ominous statement. Over recent years, readership surveys have mooted the migration of SGS from its physical to an online format, which I have resolutely voted against. Now I can settle down to browse the magazine at leisure, without the need to have my eyes dazzled by a computer screen, and then file it for reference with the others in my collection, dating back to 1982, when my membership of the BFI began.

I would like to state my position, for what it is worth: if S&S ceases to be published as a physical magazine, then, reluctantly, I will cancel my BFI membership. If others feel the same in sufficient numbers, then perhaps together we can influence the decision on the future of the UK's only serious film-analysis periodical.

Christopher D.B. Shaw By email

#### Additions & corrections

April p.47 Anuvahood Cert 15, 88m 43s, 7,988 ft +8 frames; p.52 Cave of Forgotten Dreams Cert U, 90m 2s, R.103 ft +0 frames; p.54 Client-9 The Rise and Fall of Eliot Spitzer Cert 15, 117m 42s, 10,593 ft +0 frames; p.58 Eleanor's Secret Not submitted for theatrical classification, video certificate U, 73m 33s; p.60 Essential Killing Cert 15, 84m 24s, 7,596 ft +0 frames; p.71 Oranges and Sunshine Camilla Bray should be the first listed producer; p.82 You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger Cert 12A, 98m 2s, 8,823 ft +0 frames

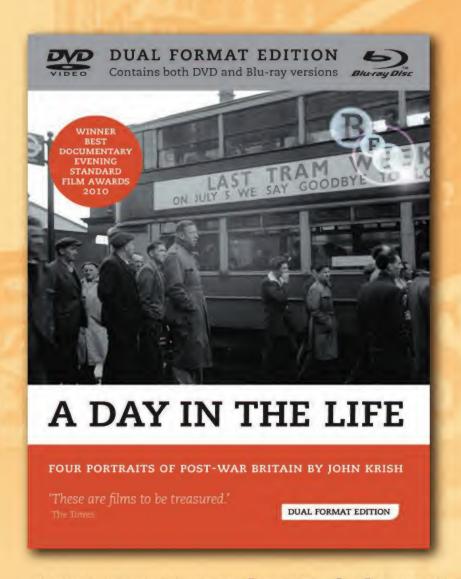
**READER OFFERS** see page 18 for details

STILLS, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (2)

# 'Hail John Krish, and the BFI for rediscovering him'



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